

# SPIN

## AZT

AIDS Drug  
Scandal

## MICHAEL HUTCHENCE

On INXS,  
Decadence and  
His New Band

## RUSSIAN WOODSTOCK

By Jon Bon Jovi

ALICE COOPER  
RICKIE LEE JONES  
TAYLOR DAYNE



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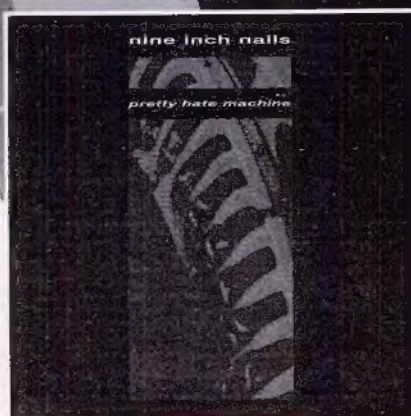
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now i'm down in it

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This One



NK8K-BEA-ZSUW







I spent all Saturday  
afternoon making this mix  
for my soon-to-be-boyfriend,  
James. He better like it.  
It starts off with that song  
he said reminded him of me  
because of that girl  
in the video. Yeah, right.  
He said he liked my eyes,  
which was unique, since  
I was wearing my sunglasses.  
So I put in that song about  
only wearing sunglasses at night.  
That could be a little dorky  
but I don't want to come off  
too intense, right?  
To balance the mood I taped

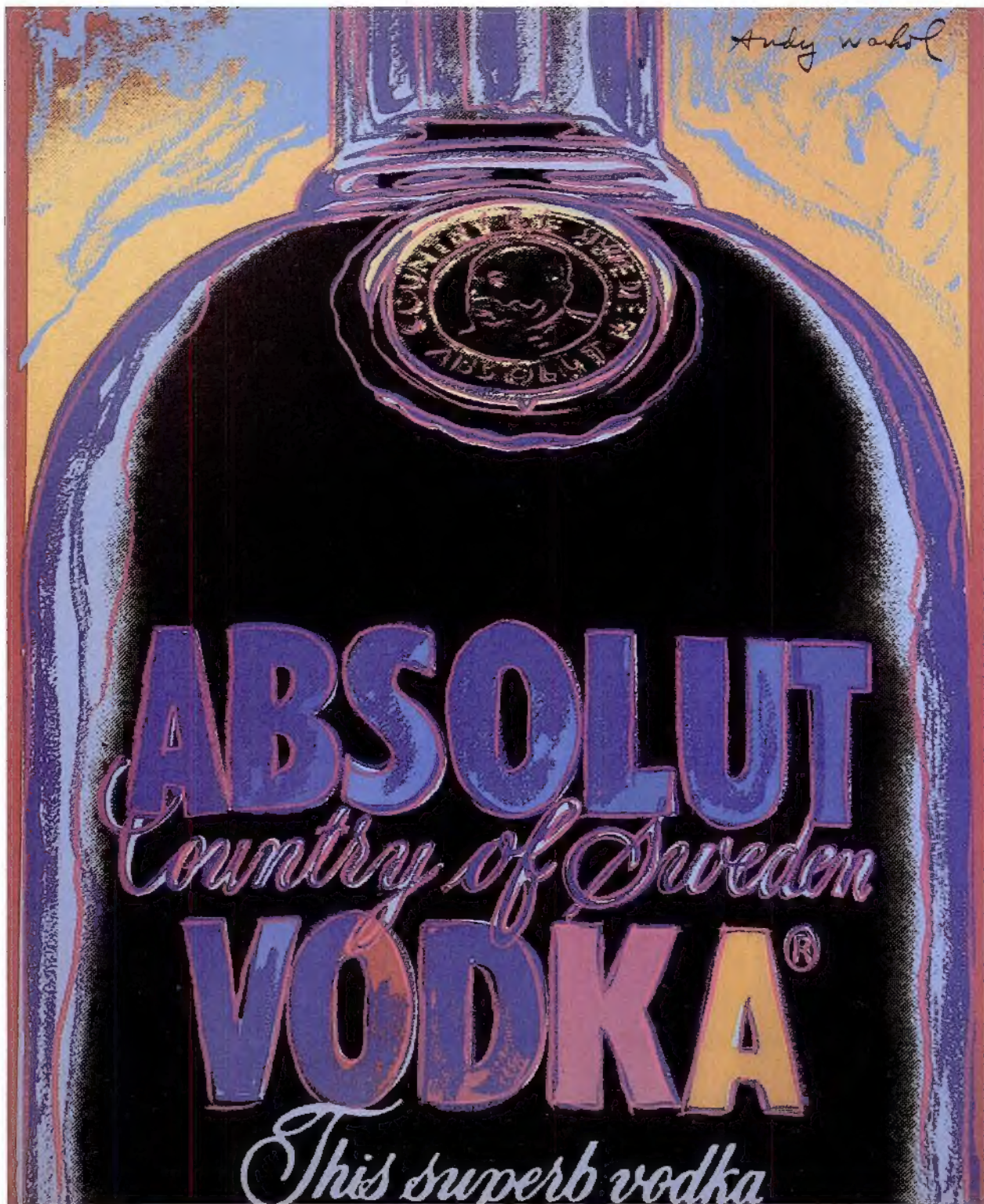
that woman from  
South Africa.  
James is serious  
about issues  
like that. I think  
James could be  
more serious about  
issues like me.  
Well, I'm not  
going to do  
anything  
horrifying  
like call  
him up.  
Right now  
this is the  
best way to  
get through  
to him, if he's  
smart enough to  
understand what  
I'm saying.

Which he must be,  
if he wants to be my soon-  
to-be-forever-boyfriend.



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# TOP SPIN

With this issue, it's been two years since we took former art director Amy Seisler's idea of starting a regular AIDS column and did just that. In December '87, our first column, on the politics and various vested interests surrounding the suppression of a promising treatment called AL-721, introduced our readers to the impossibly complex battleground that the war against AIDS was being fought on. It also introduced us to the schizophrenia of a wounded community's reactions. While one side hailed our campaigning on behalf of the people who wanted access to this potentially miraculous treatment, another side attacked us for casting aspersions on AZT, the only FDA approved drug at the time, and the Great Hope. We had pointed out the drug's high toxicity (and price) while suggesting that AL-721, which is nontoxic (and cheaper) was a viable alternative, and better off available than improperly manufactured in hundreds of underground, "guerrilla" clinics all over the country.

This was a pattern we quickly became familiar with. In our next issue, we brought to light molecular biologist Dr. Peter Duesberg's theory that the Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV) didn't add up, scientifically, to being the cause of AIDS, and that he felt that to pursue HIV as the exclusive culprit was to make the classic mistake of

putting all research eggs in possibly the wrong basket. We were the first mainstream press to publish Duesberg's now famous contentions, and for that we became the heroes of yet another faction of the AIDS community, and the declared enemy of the AIDS establishment, whose eggs we'd had the audacity to question.

We coverlined the article "Fatal Distraction: Scientists May be Dead Wrong About AIDS," and we expected reaction—it was, after all, a pretty shocking and well-substantiated theory and deserved serious consideration. Our purpose in publishing the interview was basic: revealing important new information and ideas, and illuminating the AIDS research road a little more, to better see if it was the right or wrong road. But the kind of response we received surprised and disappointed us: most of the media didn't want to know, and most of the rest condemned or derided us. Some of the media dismissed our story because it was published in a rock magazine—I still don't understand what difference that makes. Others simply called our reporting ridiculous, although offering no examples of where and, in fact, not even trying to: they were merely indignant that, like *Oliver Twist* asking for more, we hadn't been content with what we'd been given.

Foremost amongst our detractors was the codiscoverer of HIV, Dr. Robert

Gallo. Gallo had consistently refused to dignify Duesberg's argument with a response, dismissing it whenever it came up with an effectively charismatic mixture of patronization and arrogance. But in SPIN's next AIDS column, we obtained an interview with him where he did, finally, for the first time anywhere, address Duesberg's contentions. Gallo was less than convincing, at times blatantly evasive and on other occasions unscientifically dogmatic. Far from silencing Duesberg, he served to expand the room for doubt.

After we published the lengthy interview, virtually verbatim, he claimed he didn't know it was for SPIN—he said he thought it had been for *Omni*. (I don't understand what difference that makes, either. Does it mean he would have answered the questions differently?) There was no doubt a year later, though, when he consented to another interview with us, and once again attacked us after publication, when we quoted him, again verbatim, as backpedaling on a number of issues he'd been absolutely inflexible on previously.

It's these absolutes that aren't that keep us publishing the AIDS column. Just about every column has pleased some people and angered others, but as much as we've been disagreed with, no one has ever disproven anything we've printed. Journalistically, we're doing precisely what the column should do: keeping a constant, unrelenting vigilance on AIDS research, including alternative theories and therapies, whether that's popular or politically correct or not. Since our AL-721 article, written by the column's editor, Celia Farber, the compound was released. And Duesberg's HIV arguments have



One of the 3 faces of Alice Cooper.  
Page 46

since become the recognized alternative theory to the previously monopolistic HIV-is-absolutely-the-only-cause-of-AIDS school of thought. Which benefits everyone, in the way open debate is always more beneficial than closed.

This month's column (page 40) is about AZT, and the irregular circumstances surrounding its approval and expanding prominence as a treatment for AIDS, despite a growing, little-discussed body of evidence that it seems to do more harm than good and, in the end, may do no good at all. For this article we interviewed a multitude of sources, one of whom, an AIDS expert, was terrified to go on the record, for fear of losing his job. Ironically, to sum up both the current dilemma in the AIDS crisis and the continuing purpose of this column, his is the last word:

"Science is supposed to live on people being critical, but you're not allowed to be critical when it comes to AIDS-related science. It's what the government dictates, that's what we're supposed to parrot back."

—Bob Guccione, Jr.

## Rocking the USSR, Bon Jovi gives peace a chance.

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# POINT BLANK

Dear Celia [Farber],

I would like you to know that I resent your lies about my *Village Voice* review of the Who's Giants Stadium concert ["A Fan's Notes," September]. Since it would have been impossible to sit through the entire show, if only because everyone else was standing up, no one who was there would find that remark credible but I defy you to read what I wrote and come to the conclusion that I found the show pathetic, except in the most complimentary sense. That concert made me shed tears and admit them publicly; it made me say in print that the Who would be justified in making another album. Is your interpretation malicious or simply the product of illiteracy?

Your comments were useful in at least one way, however. I've always wondered what motivated your anti-HIV hysteria. It would seem that your devotion to accuracy here, and your gullibility outside Radio City Music Hall, say all that needs to be said about your credibility as a reporter on other issues as well. Fuck you.

Dave Marsh  
New York, NY

**Editor's Note:** Marsh's Who show review specifically stated: "... judged on a standard of creativity rather than entertainment, it was pathetic," and "looking at my original favorite rock band for the last time, I decided to get up and stand in the aisle for the last number." What Celia must have missed is that this is clearly code for: "The Who are not pathetic" and, "I did not sit through the show before standing for the last number." Perhaps he levitated.

As for Marsh's criticism of the AIDS column's accuracy, in two years of reporting, the column has consistently been criticized for not toeing AIDS-establishment party lines, and for bringing to light disturbing holes in the government's position on AIDS. However, even our severest critics haven't been able to fault the accuracy of what we have published.

Finally, as to credibility, there can certainly be no denying the credibility of a man who has written two glowing

biographies of Bruce Springsteen, although married to Barbara Carr, who is on Springsteen's payroll. We wouldn't even try.

Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you Celia Farber. I'm also a Who fan, going on 30, and three paragraphs into your "A Fan's Notes" I was already playing "Baba O'Riley" at full blast. *Rolling Stone* did the journalistic thing and talked to the threesome in June, but it didn't move me. However, your assessment of Keith Moon's drumming style is right on target. Maybe Keith would have laughed at the line, "The Who were brought to you by Budweiser. Please drive home safely," but if memory serves, he drummed on a jingle for Sport Cola. I'm not trying to say Keith Moon was a sellout. I'm not suggesting that rock stars should be pure and holy and extreme and uncompromising all the time. I think we fans practically ask those guys to overdose and I think it stinks.

Mohamed Ragheb  
Cairo, Egypt



I was going through some of my favorite reading (in other words, SPIN) when I turned to John Leland's article on the truth behind the Public Enemy blowup [September]. The article was certainly interesting, and it had some good information, but it was also infuriating. Instead of the truth, it presented a whitewash. The piece took the position that:

1. Racism against Jews is nothing to get upset about.

2. Professor Griff didn't mean it anyway.

3. The only people who were concerned about Griff's statements were the extremists at the JDO.

First off, Leland's tolerance of racism is contemptible. If a southern white heavy metal-head associating publicly with the Ku Klux Klan had said that blacks are the source of all evil in the world, would Leland have treated the statement with such nonchalance? Why is bigotry against Jews any more acceptable than bigotry against blacks?

In his statement that Professor Griff didn't mean it, Leland did SPIN a journalistic disservice. There is a major story lurking here which Leland simply failed to investigate. Anti-Semitism is being actively promoted in the black community today. The promotion effort is well-bankrolled, well-organized, and—thanks to the indifference of reporters like Leland—has been able to go on for years. It is being carried out by the groups of which Griff and the other members of Public Enemy are members and sometimes promoters—the groups loyal to Islam.

The anti-Semitic statements of Griff were no arbitrary expostulations blurted out in jest. They were expressions of an ideology drummed into some members

bama newspaper about the necessity for a return to lynching.

Howard Bloom  
Brooklyn, NY

John Leland's article on the demise of Public Enemy was fascinating. Obviously, Public Enemy would like to blame everyone but themselves for their troubles. But Griff's anti-Semitic screeds do not seem out of place with the group's macho bluster, misogyny and careless embrace of violence as a solution to powerlessness. Maybe we are expecting too much from these guys who, after all, are just members of a rap group. As Public Enemy, they seem to be able to balance the contradictions of their lives within themselves and turn out some passable popular music. However, once these contradictions are laid out for all to explore, the group gives in to the impulse to dissemble and scapegoat the press. It makes them less of a public enemy and more of a public embarrassment.

Jonathan P. Tyson  
Laurel, MD

In reference to your article "Razing Arizona" on the criminal group Earth First! [September], I am extremely angry at SPIN for allowing such an incomplete, irresponsible article to be printed. It's groups like Earth First! that harm all the good that real environmentalists have been fighting for.

Rich Katz  
New York, NY

Dean Kuipers's article on Earth First! made me so mad! How can someone like Mike Tait infiltrate an eco-group and feel justified in betraying them, when actually the betrayal is to the planet and to all of us who live in the shadow of our species' alleged "progress?" How can we live with the knowledge that he put champions of the earth behind bars?

C.E. Hammell  
Jersey City, NJ



If you'd like to know more about the "South Africa Now" TV show [Topspin, October], you can send inquiries or contributions to "South Africa Now," 361 West Broadway, New York, NY 10013, Attn: Holly Cara Price.



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# speaking, form.

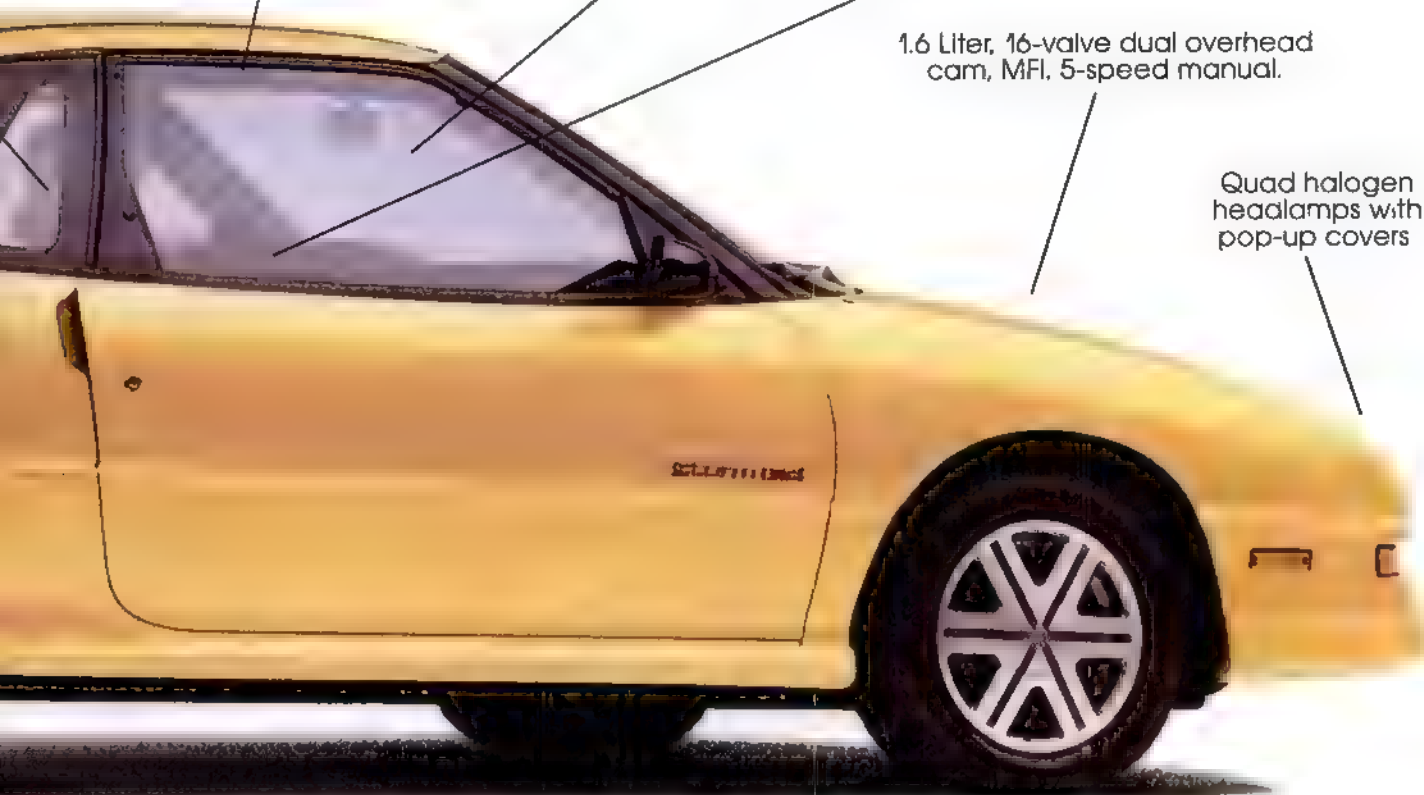
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## FLASH

Edited by Christian L. Wright

## SOUTH BY

Hillbillies storming the  
city with loud  
rock n' roll guitars.  
Fetchin Bones cross  
some state lines.

**"B**y exposing ourselves to the extremes, we even us out," says Hope Nicholls, lead singer of Fetchin Bones. This band—in addition to Nicholls, guitarist Aaron Pitkin, bassist Danna Pentes, guitarist Errol Stewart, and drummer Clay Richardson—has no middle ground. Its sound isn't a hybrid; it's a wreck between a watermelon truck and a convertible BMW.

Though they talk like long-lost cousins of Jed Clampett, their music is actually street savvy, urban metal funk. Monster, their fourth LP (and the first recorded outside their native North Carolina), was produced in LA by Ed Stasium, who's worked with the Ramones, Soul Asylum and Living Colour. "We live in North Carolina, so we know the definition of boring, conservative, fundamental," Nicholls explains. "So we like to go somewhere decadent, crassly commercial and hideously current. It's easy to get wrapped up in all that bogus shit. Out there, Hollywood is the reality and the rest of the country is the illusion. In LA, you have to get in a car and go in the desert and drive and drive and hit a Denny's. That's where reality actually begins."

Frenzied love songs (bitterly clever instead of bitterly sweet), political songs (with lyrics rather than speeches) and dance music (that's dance music just because it forces you to your feet) make Fetchin Bones a disparate kind of band. "People out in LA thought we were different," says Nicholls, "because we talked with cute

accents and said what was on our minds. People in North Carolina think we're different because we look different and we don't work in banks."

Nicholls's lyrics mince meanings if not words, and are obtuse in the most familiar way. Centered around common objects, her metaphors and analogies almost make sense. "I Feel Like An Astronaut" is about fame and death and people falling from the sky and becoming famous," she says. "I'm not good at just dealing with one thing. I do better when I try to take three or four things and see how they all relate. The space between those things, that's what's interesting—the common ground between the issues rather than just the issues."

—Robert Gordon





# SOUTHWEST





## HEAVY ROTATION



### Staff Selections

**Aerosmith *Pump*** (Geffen) It's high on screech, heavy on mega-chord bump'n'grind, and oozing with living Doll Steve Tyler's teen-prank hilarity. Nix on the *Van Halen II* harmonies and the fluegelhorn fiddle-faddle, but "Young Lust" is the coolest post-punk paeon since the Replacements grew up. (Schoemer)

**Died Pretty *Lost*** (Beggars Banquet/RCA) Five Aussies with the 3 a.m. black'n'blues use Velvet strings and Door keys to snare Ron Penn's strangled vocals. From the acoustic acquiescence of "As Must Have" to the pissed fury of "Winterland," it's the soundtrack to after midnight. (Schoemer)

**Digital Underground *Sex Packets*** (Tommy Boy) A Hanna-Barbera hip hop band from Oakland, California, they name their debut album after a designer drug and make funky, funny music that's at once more mechanical and more human than anything we've heard before. (Levy)

**Flesh For Lulu *Plastic Fantastic*** (Beggars Banquet/Capitol) Nick Marsh is still on the verge of a cold. But it doesn't stop the new Flesh from throwing a serious bash complete with nonstop rockers, funky beats, sentimental love songs and frenzied guitars. (Reinhardt)

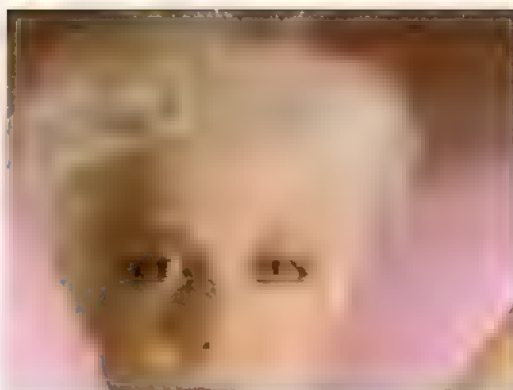
**Lenny Kravitz *Let Love Rule*** (Virgin) Nicking John Lennon's values, Prince's thrust, Elvis Costello's spit; playing an array of instruments all by himself, and firing with his own grateful voice, Kravitz makes artfunk not only commercial but truly motivating. At once, joyful and pained, windmills and wise, desirous and satisfied. (Wright)

**Spongehead *Potted Meat Spread*** (Shimmy Disc) So many musical styles in one frame, it's like a Jackson Pollock canvas. Shameless, endless experimentation: no guitar boundaries, manic drum patterns that sound like insomnia, and lyrics so astute or nonsensical they fall just short of pretense. Which is cool. (Wright)

**Tina Turner *Foreign Affair*** (Capitol) As always, the tension is between Turner's raw vocals and the sleek pop she surrounds herself with; it's like gravel being poured out of a crystal decanter. If the music bent just a little more, this could be great soul. As it is, it's just great. (Levy)

**The Wonder Stuff *Hup*** (PolyGram) Fiddle and banjo, "heya" replaced by "huys," and a dubious sense of humor ("Thirty Years In The Bathroom"), the Groove Machine's latest is pop and country mayhem that fits tightly into three-minute injections of total bliss—the stuff that leaves you begging for more. (Reinhardt)

**Neil Young *Freedom*** (Reprise/Warner) What a loon. He's probably still explaining the cover of the Drifters' "On Broadway" to the record company ("... but the guitar solo will give reviewers a chance to mention Coltrane. Really."). The rest—from garage grunge rock to lonely mountain-top guitar melodies to cool and breezy country stoner pop—is a goof's genius presented as a genius's goof. (Levy)



## A Stranger Calling

You could be with your best friend's girlfriend. Maybe she's your brother's wife. You could be making it with some underage beauty whose Mafioso father is asleep in the next room. One thing's certain: You know it's wrong, but the music in the background's right.

*"Floating Into the Night is like one of those records from high school," says Julee Cruise, "that was so uncool you didn't want your friends to know you liked it, except running through the music is something real sick. It was written and conceived by David Lynch Angelo and Badalamenti and sung by me. I sound like a demented erotic doll."*

It's the kind of music that someone who knows you're watching her through the window would be playing. Maybe later she calls you on the phone. You don't know her and you get this creepy feeling. But when she invites you over, you can't say no.

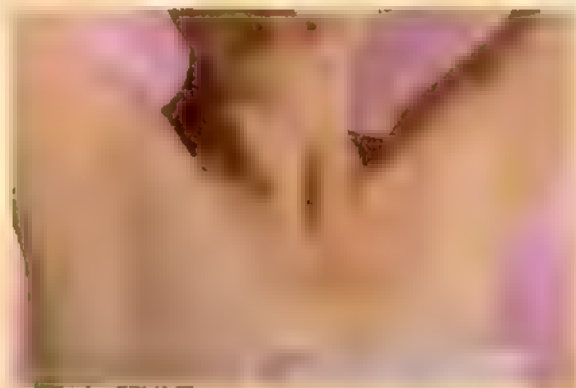
*"When I was in my 20s," says Cruise, "I had lots of affairs with dangerous people I had no business having affairs with. Now I think I was probably the dangerous person."*

The room is backlit so you can see her firm young body through her thin cotton dress. Maybe you shouldn't be there, but your nipples are erect as she takes a step closer and touches you on the neck.

*"I had been going out with the same person for years, but decided to stray. For some dark reason I went up to this guy's place, someone I knew wasn't wrapped too tight. When I arrived he had on a smoking jacket and was getting ready for bed, acting real coy. When he came out of the bathroom, his face was completely white. He said, 'Julee, I have to go to the hospital. My dick is bleeding.' He had zipped it up in his pants."*

Then you make love and the mystery is over and the record is over, and all you want to do is roll over and float into the night.

—Scott Cohen





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## VERY SHORT STORY

*Of bad seats, bad pot and a killer Aerosmith show.*

**A**erosmith was going to be in Philly, playing the Spectrum. It was the mid-70s, when Betsy was 13 or so, living in the suburbs, and she was really into Aerosmith. Everybody, she says, loved Steven Tyler because, "he was really sexy and had big lips." All the guys she knew liked Aerosmith just 'cause they were cool. Betsy talks about this part of her life like it's a sitcom everyone's seen.

As usual, Betsy's mom bought the tickets for Betsy and her girlfriends. Betsy's mom had a connection. She knew somebody who knew somebody who could get tickets for anything. To Betsy and her friends, tickets from a connection were status. The seats would be lousy, but they were still cool—because of the connection.

For a few days before the show, Betsy and her friends hung out, got high and listened to "Sweet Emotion" over and over. To prep. Also, they copped about a quarter-pound of pot to smoke at the concert. They bought it from Betsy's old boyfriend from first grade. Betsy says he had become the ugliest boy in high school.

The night of the show, Betsy and her six girlfriends sat around and smoked some of the pot. They used strawberry-flavored rolling papers. They also had some "black beauties," which none of them got off on because they were probably fake.

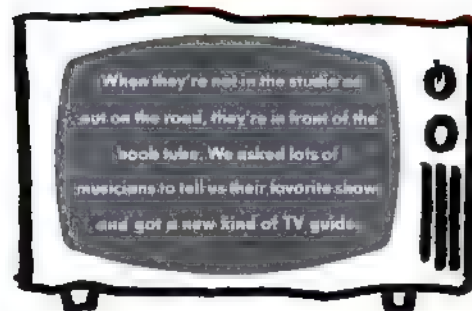
By the time they got to their bad seats in the smoky second level of the Spectrum, they had smoked all the pot. Before the show had started, they wandered around the hall looking for cool guys. Just to let them know they were there, in the seats they got through the connection. Fifteen minutes into the show, during the second or third song, some kid threw a firecracker at the stage that exploded right in front of Steven Tyler's face. The band left the stage and the show was over.

Betsy and her six friends, however, didn't realize that anything unusual had happened. Something exploded, the band walked off stage, and Betsy thought, "Yeah, wow, really great show." Six months later, when she read about an Aerosmith show that got canceled because a fan threw a firecracker at Steven Tyler, she thought about how it must have sucked to have been there. The next week she'd be seeing Ted Nugent for the third time.

That's how rock'n'roll concerts used to be. Memorable.

—Jon Hafler

# PRIME TIME



**Lloyd Cole:**  
Midnight Blue

**Faith No More:**  
Arsenio Hall

**David Gahan, Depeche Mode:**  
Comic Strip

**Lou Gramm:**  
LA Law

**Jimi Hazel, 24-7 Spyz:**  
The Flintstones

**Hoodoo Gurus:**  
The Anal-Retentive Chef

**Spot, Miracle Legion:**  
Married with Children

**KRS-One:**  
P.E.T.V.

**Kurt Newmann, BoDams:**  
The Honeymooners

**The Proclaimers:**  
Hill Street Blues

**Andrew Rodford:**  
Lost In Space

**Peter Murphy:**  
Hypotheticals



**Miles Hunt, the Wonder Stuff:**  
The Young Ones

**Indigo Girls:**  
The Wonder Years

**Steve Jones:**  
Animal survival programs

**John Linnell, They Might Be Giants:**  
America's Most Wanted

**Clint Mansell, Pop Will Eat Itself:**  
The Twilight Zone

**Steve Martin, Agnostic Front:**  
David Letterman

**J Mascis, Dinosaur Jr.:**  
All My Children

**Spider Stacy, The Pogues:**  
The Riordans

**Anthony Kiedis, Red Hot Chili Peppers:**  
Jacques Cousteau

**Dave Thomas, Pam Ukai:**  
Outer Limits

**Kurt Vile, Information Society:**  
Star Trek: The Next Generation

**Kid, Kid 'N Play:**  
BET's Video Soul

**Fred Schneider, B-52's:**  
The Munsters, Addams Family, SCTV

—Robin Reinhardt



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Magnavox was smart to invent CD technology. Taking it this far is very smart.

## MAGNAVOX





# Poi Dog Pondering in Space

Meandering happily from Hawaii to Austin, Texas, Poi Dog Pondering picked up some strays along their way, and the band got bigger. Major record labels fought over them. Now they've got a deal with full creative control, which means they still play in the streets when they want to.

Courtesy CBS Records

## Coincidence?



### You Decide

May 1980:

Peter Criss leaves Kiss.  
Mount St. Helens explodes.

Oct. 1980:

Peter Criss's first solo tour in support of  
his debut album.  
Mount St. Helens explodes again.

Aug. 1981:

MTV debuts.  
Prince William, future King of England,  
is conceived by Prince Charles  
and Lady Di.

Aug. 16, 1987:

The supposed dawning of the New Age  
and the harmonic convergence.  
The 10th anniversary of Elvis's death.

Oct. 19, 1987:

Michael Jackson's "Bad" hits No. 1 on  
Billboard's Hot 100.  
The stock market crashes.

—Dan Cohen

Poi Dog Pondering, a family of seven residing in Austin, arouse suspicious minds. Their music is an absurdly sunny dance of campfire guitars, Peruvian tin whistles, Satchmo horns and tropical lah-di-dahs. Just the sort of blissful aural buzz that short-circuits brains grown too accustomed to existentialist folkies or world-weary pop stars. The Poi Dogs sing about a bouncy breakfast of "Toast and Jelly" and the lovely sound of water.

So why are they so fucking happy?

Frank Orrall, singer, guitarist and conductor: "I was up last night thinking about that, because somebody—in a review—talked about 'Toast and Jelly' as though we were being decidedly naive, as though it was a manipulative effort. And that really pisses me off.

"'Toast and Jelly' was written while making bread while the rest of the band was asleep, and knowing that when they woke up, they were gonna be stoked because there was gonna be this fresh hot bread to eat with their coffee. So I wrote this ridiculous little ditty that I knew was gonna make their eyes roll, like, 'Oh, Frank.' But it was just downright fun!"

The buoyancy of their EPs, "Poi Dog Pondering" and "Circle Around the Sun" (first released on Texas Hotel records, now repackaged as their Columbia debut, *Poi Dog Pondering*) may also be due to the street-corner origins of the songs. In 1986, Orrall and guitarist Ted Cho left home—in Hawaii—with an earlier incarnation of Poi to play on sidewalks and college campuses across the US. They busked for passersby, slept outdoors and moved on when there was a "college town within the amount of gas money that we had." Poi Dog Pondering realized that their upbeat shuffles and good-time songs went over best with the street crowds. So even now, Poi Dog Pondering performs on the street.

"You just set up and you play," says Orrall. "And you meet people that don't come out to clubs. You catch 'em in between going to class, you're in front of the college coffeehouse, and they're just completely taken by surprise. You end up meeting people in a really unguarded way. On the street, people are really loose. We have a banter, they yell stuff back and forth to us. It's really—it's feel-good."

Poi songs, from the vaudeville skiffle of "Aloha Honolulu" to the delicate balalaika minuet of "Falling," are a melange of world musics and folk styles pulled together with a do-it-yourself finish. Before trumpeter Dave Crawford joined the band, Orrall asked if he could play the accordion, too. Crawford lied and said, "Sure, I'm from Louisiana. It's in my blood." Then he looked in the Yellow Pages under accordion and found an old German lady to give him a couple of lessons.

After signing to Columbia and touring with Robyn Hitchcock and Camper Van Beethoven, Poi Dog Pondering is entering a new arena of opulent fans, slobbering glamour and suspicious rock critics. But Orrall has an escape clause.

"One thing I know," he promises, "is that if it ever gets too crazy for me to handle, I'm just gonna split and busk around Europe."

—Pat Blashill



# Ingenious.

The Smart Window



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is on, anytime they want.\* And if they find something more interesting than what you're watching, you can even reverse the pictures.

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# the COLD ROCK stuff

These are a few of our favorite things.

## NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK

A cipher on the page but not on the screen, they've become one of the biggest pop acts of the year, a safe, cuddly, unthreatening version of their Boston homeboy Bobby Brown. They are the death of racial mythology, messengers of a miscegenated future where everyone grows up breakdancing and watching "Yo! MTV Raps."

## SUEDE

Like the high-and-tight you need to touch, suede is an invitation to physical pleasure, an aperitif to human skin, essential seduction into the fall.

## MAKING OUT

Sucking face, swapping spit or just cuddling. Out of the closet, into the dark, this high school pastime is back. As safe sex, it's a lie, but as a short circuit to the pathological fear of commitment, it's a silly thrill.

## CARHARTT WORK JACKET

In the old days the pockets concealed a monogrammed flask and a fountain pen with which to write inebriated love letters while leaning against the trunk of a tree. These days they're well-suited for a Sony Discman on one side and *Bonfire of the Vanities* in paperback on the other. Carhartt set the standard for the rank and file; J. Crew, Tweeds, L.L. Bean, Ralph Lauren and Armani make the chic homages.



## ITALIAN GIRLS

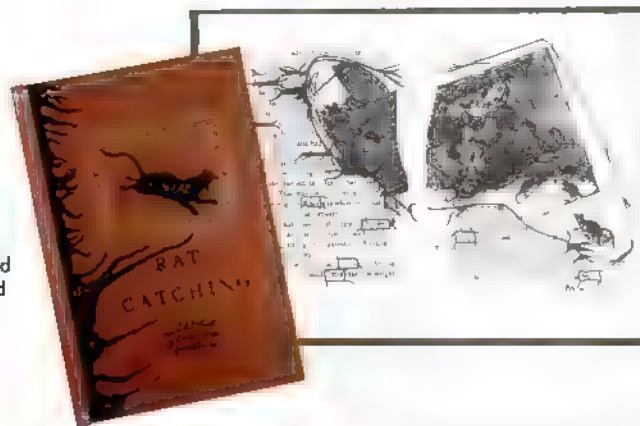
Rounder than round, browner than brown, they move through our streets but not our lives, speaking their strange tongue with their strange tongues and never, never, never saying hello.

## CRISPIN GLOVER

His voice never fully broke; he keeps a gynecologist's chair in his house; he might play Jughead in the movie version of "Archie." His book is called *Rat Catching* and his first record is called *The Big Problem ≠ The Solution. The Solution = Let It Be*. The book—written in a Victorian style, sometimes in verse, sometimes with etchings or photos obscuring the text—shoves Glover into the murky pool with Edward Gorey. The LP (with an audio guide to rat catching and a rap song about masturbation) sounds paranoid and cocksure. Crispin's so groovy (he mixed plaids and prints way before Versace), he makes you laugh—nervously—when he says, "Nervousness is nice, nervousness is virginal." Because you know exactly how he feels.

## UTILITY WATCHES

Providing the world on a wrist or the time underwater, they make thin arms look useful and strong arms commanding. The Sector Adventure chills like a northerly wind; the Swiss Army Watch endures like its 100-year-old grandfather, the Knife. Nautical and numerical, they're romantic like the armed forces from a distance







Z. CAVARICCI

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Bardonia

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11



Radio



Graffiti

In one desperate hope I scope for the one who's dope—if it's nope, my radio goes broke . . . so file this as no joke!

With ticket in hand, I stood by the entrance at the 55th St. station. At 'bout 5:13, the Ralph Kramden of funk rolled in on the express. He's the conductor, not of a bus, but the Rap Amtrak. Richard Simpson, aka Chubb Rock, tipz the scales at 250 lbs. The kid iz large, in more ways than one. When his second LP, *And The Winner Is . . . Chubb Rock*, came out, it wuz all over the streets like litter. I dig tha LP like a grave. Out of 19 jamz, all "R" slamm'n. "Ya Bad Chubbs" iz tha newest cut tuh' get a grade: dope! There's even a fly club version wif' tha "Popeye Toone" on it. Kool Mae Dee and Heavy D iz dope and all that, but Chubb Rock iz the b-side to their commercial hitz. Like KRS, Chubby iz everybody's buddy, a folk hero of the housing project and the sultan of the suburban sound.

He steps on no toes, but he gets the job done, as the boss with the hot sauce. His lyrical curry spices the bass and puts him far into the place. According to *Billboard* he's "the Rodney Dangerfield of rap," but I say focey! Rodney gets dissed on annual basis, while Chubb gets pissed and disses your face. While cracking jokes, his dope book knowledge exceeds the popular notion that rappers aren't gifted (Chubb wuz a National Merit Scholar who turned down Brown to go to Westbury and be near his large family). He earns your respect because he's bold with his lyrics. Like on his jam "At The Grammys," which came out right on time and spoke in favor of the rap industry: "We're going to go the Grammys/Not brusin' but cruisin'/Ma, Chubb Rock, Kid 'N Play and the Biz/And the winner iz . . . Whitney Houston."

**What wuz the concept behind dat, Chubbs?**  
I tell you tha truth. Tha Grammys are wack. It's just a piece of metal worth \$150.00. They're insultin' us by thinking we're not worth a piece of metal, when rap sells millions.

**Since your newfound fame do your friends see you as the Fat Demon or just Rich?**  
Around my way people saw me struggle to get here, but they know I'm still down to pop a 40 [40 oz. beer].

A true yardy, born in Jamaica, he lives up to the red, green and gold on the black wax. He's no ho-dad, he's a Brooklynite. As a member of the Flatbush community, Chubb, along with his cousin Howie Tee (former member of the Full Force family and producer of the Real Roxanne), continues to cook musical gumbo. Tha fatback funk iz tasty and filling. Umm-humm good.

—Bönz Malone

# BOYS



*Warrant is the latest success story among the metal bands that thrive like palm trees in the smog-infested environs of Los Angeles. Compared to their hometown buddies Guns N' Roses, Warrant are pop poofsters, but their success mirrors G N' R's meteoric climb. Only faster.*

Warrant is headlining the first annual Sandstone Rock Festival in Kansas City. It's the same site where the "Heaven" video was filmed. Their record company thinks it's a pretty good place for Warrant to ditch their poofster pink leather, rouge and moussed coils in favor of a style more fitting to a metal band. "I just don't see us as the bad boys of rock'n'roll," says Warrant's baby-faced blond singer, Jani Lane. "We don't exactly have the down-and-dirty-motorcycle-band-from-hell image that Guns N' Roses have. But I don't see us as the good boys of rock'n'roll either. We're not Stryper."

A photographer has been flown in specially, to rough the boys up. But they haven't been consulted. Lane, bassist Jerry Dixon, drummer Steven Sweet and guitarists Erik Turner and Joey Allen are dragged out of bed, put into street clothes—ripped jeans and black T-shirts—and taken to the seedy side of town. As they start to wake up, they realize what's going on. They balk. They throw tantrums. No pictures are taken.

In seven months time, Warrant's debut LP *Dirty Filly Sinking Rich* has gone gold and their second single, "Heaven," is still rising up into *Billboard*'s Top 20 after six weeks. "We haven't really had time to sit back and let this all soak in," says Lane. "Which is probably good, because I don't want to turn into a jaded asshole." He wants to keep his pink leather. Never mind that when the band skanked around LA doing club gigs, he billed Warrant as "the horniest band in America," surrounded by barely-dressed girls of questionable virtue.

"The whole thing was one long sexual joke," says Turner. "Some people got it, some didn't. But it worked. People started checking out our gigs. Eventually the labels caught on."

Hours after the photo shoot debacle, the boys (ages 20 to 24) are back in the seamy district by choice. They're drinking beer in a local strip joint with six finalists in the "Miss Heavenly Body" promotional contest. "Alcohol is like mother's milk to us," says Turner . . . proudly. "We've downed somewhere between 15,000 and 25,000 beers since the tour began in March. We probably will all end up at the Betty Ford Center. Maybe someone will give us gift certificates. We don't take any drugs though. We drink quite a bit, but no one in the band does drugs."

The contest winners get backstage passes and some of the finalists get more. After the Kansas City show, the boys who want to be known as nice guys disappear into the night with barely-dressed girls of questionable virtue. Some people get it, some don't.

—Sharon Livestén





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Material chronology prawem autorskim



# LICENSE TO CHILL

**Dan Hartman, a producer with the most illustrious credits, releases a solo record of ambient music, and puts his feet up.**



**T**wenty years ago, Dan Hartman sang about taking a "Free Ride" with the enthusiasm of a teenager who's got the keys to a fast car and a good time. That exuberance not only brought him and the Edgar Winter Group a platinum single, it's been his success as a producer/singer/songwriter. He wrote "Instant Replay," "I Can Dream About You," "Living in America," and produced James Brown, Little Richard, Muddy Waters, and recently, Tina Turner. But today, with what he feels to be everything in the world moving at unfathomable speed, Hartman has put the brakes on and released an ambient album, *New Green Clear Blue*.

"The music is meant to slow down the pace enough so that you can begin to sense a little bit of who you are," he says. "The world is moving too fast today and getting so tangled up, what with Beijing, crack, AIDS . . . all of that. I think we need to be able to at least be in touch with ourselves to be able to handle it."

He lets out a long, calm breath and leans back. As he quietly contemplates his new, abstract material ("visiting the sub-conscious") it's hard to believe that this blond, clean-cut white boy from Pennsylvania is the guy behind soul-dripping albums by Brown, Waters and Turner. But Hartman started out writing arrangements and producing albums for gospel groups when he was 15 years old.

"I was working with people who would pray before every take!" he laughs. Communication through music has always fascinated Hartman. After 28 years in the business, he has become a professional orchestrator of emotions—his own as well as other artists.

"I don't necessarily do music for the pure art sake of my own self-expression, which is why a lot

of people make music—to express themselves. I really feel that the work I do, be it writing, singing or producing, I do in order to help communicate feelings to other people, hoping they might feel the same things, that they somehow relate to it or they get an experience from it they can share with themselves."

In creating *New Green Clear Blue*, Hartman took a long, hard look at his own emotions to find what it was he wanted to express.

"It was totally scary," he confides. "I have to give a lot of credit to Peter Baumann (founder of the Private Music label, and a member of Tangerine Dream) because it was such new music to me. When I first started, I played him 'Adrift In A Red Sky' and he said, 'That really stops time. Just focus on what was happening to your energy there, get inside that and go through to the other side and you'll find the world of what you're looking for.'"

"I found out a lot about myself," he says, pleased. His demeanor changes as he adds: "I didn't do any meditating or chanting of mantras or any of that garbage."

"Most pop music and straight-ahead rock'n'roll communicates on a very conscious level, which is fine for the conscious world. But right now I think there's an important flux going on in music which is creating a climate of social and personal awareness. Introspective commentary is being accepted, with artists sensing and reflecting on the world around them and how it's affecting them personally."

"This is a time when we as creative people have a chance—if we're so inclined—to make music that gets people to think about what's happening within themselves in addition to the rest of the world."

Hartman adds that, with the advent of new technology and digital awareness, the face of music has actually changed. Yet another manipulation of our time.

His eyes roll and widen: "The reality of Andy Warhol's 15 minutes is here, only if he were around now, he'd say, 'Now it's five.' We're going so fast, we don't know what's going on inside anymore. We're becoming very external, not feeling anything."

Hartman has already begun a new solo album, wanting to say a few things out loud this time. "I have a bit of anger about some things going on in the world that I know I want to sing about. I've never done that on a solo album before; they've been mostly about romance and relationships."

He pauses, as if to tune into that place he's recently discovered within himself. "The concept is Dan Hartman, so whatever's happening to me when I begin to put out the feelings will be what the album is about. Whether I'm in love, out of love, or the next plane blows up . . . whatever, I just want to stay creative and hopefully keep people thinking and feeling."

He stops.

"At least feeling something."

—Linda Kelly



Since the start of the column, Elvis has been besieged with letters. We select some, gather 'round the Ouija board and wait for the King's response. If you have a letter for Elvis, send it to SPIN, 6 W. 18 St., New York, NY 10011. Please keep them short; Elvis is still a busy man.

Dear Elvis,  
I have a problem. I am female, fat, forty and frumpy but I still love rock'n'roll. I spend thousands on records, but I feel so conspicuously grotesque at concerts that I can no longer attend. Am I too old to rock'n'roll? Should I give up and try to take an interest in white sales, carpeting and Steve Winwood?  
Chris Camell  
Memphis, Tennessee

Dear Chris,  
Have we met? Did you come to my Christmas party in '70 and pick all the marshmallows off the top of the chocolate pudding soufflé? Then smear sugar on the cover of Beggar's Banquet just because you



wanted to hear "Sympathy for the Devil"? That was you, wasn't it?

No one's too old or too fat to like music. Age and flab just mean you have a history, like the Who, the Stones, the Dead, Bowie, Dylan, Neil Young. Where would they be today if it weren't for you? Music's a private thing, anyway. There are no rules, at least there didn't use to be. So just up and go to a Living Colour show, stand at the back of the hall and dance. Try to imitate Corey Glover's moves, then try it at home. You'll lose weight, maybe not enough to wear Body Glove but enough to make you more comfortable. And healthier. Natalie Merchant's frumpy, too—but it's part of her charm.

Live and let live,  
E.



## Rolling Thunder

Shelly  
Thunder  
mixes reggae,  
hip hop and  
feminism. Up  
from the  
underground  
dancehall  
circuit, she  
hits hard.

One of the very few female reggae dancehall DJs, Shelly Thunder has seized the title "Queen of the Dancehall" by sheer force of rhyme. And after over six years of rocking the microphones from Kingston to Brooklyn, she recognizes the moment. "It's about time someone took up for the ladies," she says with a smile. But she means it.

"The whole thing started off as a joke," Shelly says of her first crossover hit, "Kuff." "I went to Music Masters [the Bronx record shop that's the home of her old label, Witty's] and everybody was like, 'Shelly, give us a record with kuff in it.' Because it was becoming street slang." Kuff means fisticuffs. And when she turned in a song about women beating men up for sleeping around, the guys at the label thought she was pulling their legs. She wasn't. Shelly wanted to see if her long series of dancehall hits gave her enough juice to flex some in-your-face lyrics without fear of being edited down. They did, and she had the last laugh.

"Kuff," like Shinehead's "Who the Cap Fit," crossed over from the underground dancehall circuit to hip hop clubs and black radio with the sudden impact of a Tyson knockout punch.

On *Fresh Out The Pack*, her Mango Records debut, she shrewdly brings reggae and hip hop together like distant relatives at a family reunion. "My Name Is Shelly" has her toasting, "Me no like foolishness, me stand readily/When a man start gaze, dismiss him properly"; then on "Working Girl" she raps "I'm a career girl in a man's world/The more I sweat the more money I get." "Rap music," she says offhandedly, "comes out of dancehall anyway."

A wild-style hybrid like Shinehead's *Unity*, *Fresh Out The Pack* mixes b-boy and yardie slang with samples of familiar oldies like the Stylistics' "Break Up To Make Up" and Dion and the Belmonts' "Why Must I Be A Teenager In Love?" Shelly and Shine each moved from Jamaica to New York, and sitting in Mango's offices, wearing a gold anchor medallion that resembles Shinehead's trademark pendant, Shelly looks like she shares Shine's stylist. "He lives around the corner from me," she says of her Bronx neighbor.

In the chorus of her new single, "Break Up," Shelly chants to an indecisive lover, "If you walk outta me house, no bodda come back." "It'll probably be taken as 'Kuff II,'" she says. "But it wasn't intended to be." With her lightning-fast delivery connecting like a hard-hitting flurry of mother wit, Shelly has served notice that when Thunder talks, slack DJs, sucker MCs and low-life muhfukhs all walk. Mama don't take no mess.

—Ben Mapp

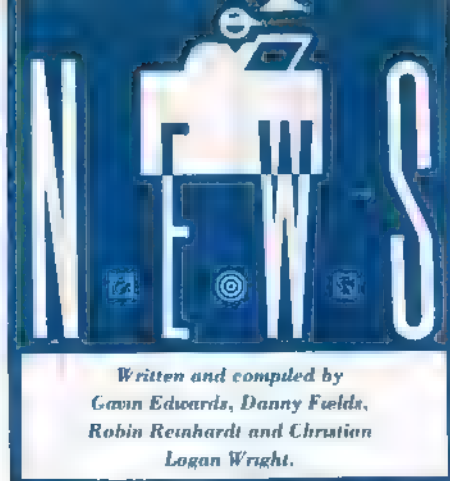


## ON THE LONG AND WINDING ROAD AGAIN

On November 27, Paul McCartney will begin his first tour in 13 years at the LA Forum. At an August invitation-only press conference and exuberant performance at New York's Lyceum Theater, McCartney compared his return to the road to that of the Stones and the Who. "What prompted me," he said, sipping tea, "and probably them too, was the Grateful Dead. If Jerry can still do it as well as he does, there's hope for the rest of us." Although McCartney's recent solo album, *Flowers In The Dirt*, has stalled on the charts, his tour looks to be accompanied by mass Beatlemania. After his press conference, he was swarmed by journalists asking him to autograph old album covers, posters and books. Outside the Lyceum, fans ranging in age from 13 to 60 crowded more than two city blocks hoping to get into an evening rehearsal.

McCartney and his five-piece band will play material from every stage of his career—from the Quarrymen to the Beatles to *Wings* to *Flowers In The Dirt*—including songs that the Beatles recorded but never performed live, like "Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band," "Hey Jude" and "Lady Madonna." "I have four kids and a lot of nieces and nephews," he said. "They say, 'Come on, play! We weren't there the first time.'" Asked if Ringo Starr (also presently on tour), George Harrison or Julian Lennon would join him onstage McCartney responded, "It really depends on who shows up at the gig. We'll get up and play and have a bit of fun." The Paul McCartney World Tour will play Chicago, Toronto, Montreal and New York before Christmas, and Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Seattle, Dallas and San Francisco thereafter.

The tour will also provide a forum for the global environmental organization, Friends of the Earth, to provide literature about their preservation activities and programs. "Paul McCartney," said Michael Clark, president of the US FOE, "has just become one of the Earth's best friends."



## LONG STRANGE TRIP

When the Grateful Dead toured this summer, Rebecca Adams, PhD, 22 students, two teaching assistants, five filmmakers and a bus driver followed them. The University of North Carolina at Greensboro class traveled for a month, studying the sociology of Dead Heads. "Mostly, the students were very serious," says teaching assistant Jon Epstein. "One kid sold his car to take the class." Student papers—handed in at the end of the course, 10-15 pages, double-spaced—included an analysis of dancing styles and a comparison of Dead Head and Wall Street hierarchies. Dr. Adams plans to write at least one book on Casey Jones culture, based on daily, lengthy observation reports required of her class.

Songs on the Dead's forthcoming LP, *Built to Last* (their 19th) include "Foolish Heart," an up-tempo love song by Jerry Garcia and Robert Hunter, and "Victim or the Crime," written by guitarist Bob Weir (who, as an acoustic duo with Lou Reed's bassist Rob Wasserman, is opening for the Jerry Garcia Band) and Garrett Graham (who played Fred Hughes on "Dallas" last season). The record's due this month, but according to band historian/publicist Dennis McNally, "It's running on Grateful Dead time."



Prince has tentatively scheduled a *Batman* tour to run from February through August 1990 and cover the US, Europe and Japan. His label Paisley Park denies that the "Lovesexy" tour caused him significant financial losses and says the only reason Prince is hesitating to finalize tour plans is because of four film projects: "Graffiti Bridge" and its sequel "The Dawn," "The Robert Johnson Story" (in which Prince will play the delta blues singer) and "Dark of the Moon." All four films will be directed by Robert McNoley ("Purple Rain") and coproduced by McNoley and Paisley Park Films. Whichever movie he decides to do first, Prince will record the soundtrack. That's the only Prince LP scheduled in the next year. Filming could begin in January 1990 if tour plans fall through. Meanwhile, Prince is producing the reunion LP for his long-time friends, the Time.

## MORE PINK HOUSES

In late summer, John Cougar Mellencamp joined Boogie Down Production's KRS-One and Living Colour at a benefit concert for the Partnership for the Homeless in New York. Mellencamp, backed by Living Colour, performed "Pink Houses" at the show, which raised \$50,000 for the nonprofit, interfaith organization. KRS-One thanked Mellencamp and offered to perform at the next Farm Aid event.





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# TALKING ALL THAT

# LAZ1



Dedicated follower of fashion Mick Jagger modeling his own line of sportswear.

## The Dish, The Dirt, The Inside Dope Sussed by Danny Fields

To coincide with their *Steel Wheels* tour, the **Rolling Stones** have introduced their own fashion collection. The unisex sportswear and accessories, available nationally at boutiques and department stores (Macy's and J.C. Penney), were designed under the direction of **Mick Jagger** and **Charlie Watts**. "I've always wanted to do a line of clothing," says Mick. "We started working on the line and I just got carried away." The collection of T-shirts, leather jackets, shorts and sneakers features a variety of Stones graphics, from the signature lips and tongue to the stark "Steel Wheels" cover graphic, and prints of Mick's handwritten lyrics. Merchandising marches on. • **Debbie Gibson**, who turned 19 this summer, wrote "Come Home" and reworked the Shirelles' "In the Still of the Night" for "The Wonder Years" soundtrack. Out this month, the TV show's LP includes the **Escape Club's** cover of the Doors' "20th Century Fox" and **Julian Lennon's** rendition of the Stones' "Ruby Tuesday." In December, Debbie starts work on her first movie, "Skirts." • **The Rock Store** on Melrose Avenue in LA houses the largest collection of rock'n'roll memorabilia—from old backstage passes to the silk robe Elvis Presley wore in "Kid Galahad" (priced at \$40,000), to an original "Yellow Submarine" animation cel used in the 1968 movie. • **Fine Young Cannibals' Roland Gift** has been offered a reported \$3.5 million to play Che Guevara in the movie "Evita," starring Meryl Streep, choreographed by Paula Abdul. He has not officially accepted or declined the part. But he is rumored to have turned **Madonna** down when she requested a duet. Recently, Madonna attended a **Laura Nyro** concert at the Wilton Theatre in LA with **Sandra Bernhard** and **Warren Beatty**. Madonna held hands with Sandra before the show and giggled through "Wild World," a song about being kind to animals. Beatty reportedly bounced in his seat and sang along during "Wedding Bell Blues." • **Tears For Fears** are touring this month in support of *The Seeds of Love*, but they'll only hit 10 college towns and have decided not to play NYC or LA. • Boston band **Bullet LaVolta** have been

signed to RCA, LP due soon. • **Public Enemy** has not broken up and Professor Griff is back in the group as Supreme Allied Chief of Community Relations. "His duties will include service to the black community with special attention to local youth programs," explained a recent PE press release. Work continues on PE's third record, *Fear of a Black Planet*, which may or may not be out this winter. • The Australian hard rock band **the Angels**, who were joined onstage at the Whiskey in LA by **Axl**, **Slash** and **Duff** last summer, release their *Chrysalis* debut early this winter. • "The Threepenny Opera," starring **Sting** as MacHeath (Mack the Knife) and **Maureen McGovern**, moves to Broadway's Lunt-Fontanne Theatre on November 2 after a run in Washington DC. Expect an original cast LP by the holidays. • **Prince's** makeup job in the "Batdance" video is not a rip-off of **Elvis Costello's** on the cover of *Spike*. No one seems to know what possessed either of them. • **John Cale** and **Lou Reed** will perform "Songs For 'Drella" (their first collaboration since the Velvet Underground) November 29-30, and December 1-2 at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. A tribute to **Andy Warhol**, the song cycle was presented in an abbreviated, acoustic form at a Brooklyn church last winter, accompanied by slides of Warhol paintings. For reasons Cale and Reed don't understand, Warhol's estate has refused to permit the use of slides as a backdrop for the upcoming shows and even threatened a lawsuit against them if they were to accompany the show with Warhol visuals. In any case, the shows will be recorded live, and Cale and Reed will go into the studio to record the songs without an audience. The Sire LP will be out early in the new year. • While rehearsing for their Australian tour, **U2** were approached to do the soundtrack for a stage production of "A Clockwork Orange," a project they are seriously considering but would not be able to start until 1990. At press time, the Australian tour was on hold, because bassist **Adam Clayton** was arrested for possession of and intent to supply marijuana in his hometown, Glencullen. • **The Replacements'** live promotional CD—the one with their cover of **the Only Ones'** "Another Girl Another Planet" and originally available only to radio stations and contest winners—will probably be publicly released by the end of the year. • The total rage of Europe at the moment is **Les Negresses Vertes**, described by Sire (who'll release their LP *Mlah* in the States) as a "Cajun Pogues with Joe Strummer on vocals." • **Matt Dillon** and **Winona Ryder** joined **the Pogues** backstage after an NYC show last summer. Dillon's good friends with the band and he appeared in the "Fairytale of New York" video. Ryder's just cool. • Once **Keith Haring** had publicly stated that he has AIDS, his dealer, Tony Shafrazi, put a moratorium on selling Haring's artwork. Prices go up posthumously and there's no humanity in the art world.





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# Rock The Art House

*Digital Underground are the hip hop band of the future. Freaky, funky, mechanically minded and experimental.*

*Article by Frank Owen*

"Say it loud, I'm arty and I'm proud," because 1989 is the year of the boho homeboy. Back in the "who's bigger and deffer" days, hip hop was fiercely competitive, more akin to sport than art; these days beyond def is the place to be. Unabashed experimental creativity—heavily influenced by George Clinton's mid-70s costume funk revues—is making a big comeback. The Jungle Brothers, De La Soul, and Long Island's A Tribe Called Quest set the tone, but Oakland, California's Digital Underground are now carrying the hip hop arthouse swing.

"Digital refers to the fact that we lean towards the techno end of hip hop," says DU's chief polemicist Shock G. "Underground refers to the ever-changing cast of characters that make up the band." Like, to name a few, the cartoonish Humty Hump, microphone wizard Money B, DJ Goldfingers (aka Fuse), R&B crooner Schmoovy-Schmoov, beat programmer and sampler extraordinaire Chopmaster J, and MC Blowfish (aka the Deep Sea Gangster), who, according to Digital Underground's press release, is "wanted for impregnating a red sea bass at Marine World. Last seen rocking a house-fish party off the coast of San Diego."

It could be a P-Funk comic opera, from the Pedro Bell-style cartoon album cover to the title and major theme of their extraordinary debut, *Sex Packets*. Forget crack, forget ecstasy, forget crank. Sex Packets are the drug of the future the way Digital Underground are the hip hop band of the future.

According to Shock G, Sex Packets were invented by Dr. Edward Cook at Stanford University as a way of relieving the sexual frustration of astronauts during long periods of space travel. The designer drug enables users to achieve orgasm without touching themselves. "The media suppressed news of this discovery, but the 'packet theory' has leaked out onto the streets," says Shock G. "In the San Francisco area, Sex Packets are becoming more and more popular as an alternative to high-risk sex. The packets cost anything from \$10 for a small dose to \$50 for the orgy packet. They come in wrappers that look like condom packets and you swallow a capsule and fall into this trance-like wet dream. Our new album is the first true documentation available to the public about this new phenomenon. These songs are an actual account of what we saw, researched and—in my case—even tried."

Digital Underground isn't hip hop in any conventional sense; Shock G calls it "nonconformist hip hop." "We're trying to break out of the normal modes of music," he says. "There's no one out there like us. We've got diehard jazz musicians, diehard new school hip hop people, sophisticated R&B people, people who grew up on P-Funk, people who're influenced by Kraftwerk techno-pop. We listen to EPMD, the Jungle Brothers, KRS-One and Thelouious Monk."

On a scene dominated by teenagers, Digital Underground—whose members range in age from 15-27—know that b-boys can't be boys forever. "Hip hop is growing up a little bit," says Money B. "People don't have to wear gold to be down anymore."

"I like gold," says Shock G. "But I can find something better to do with \$10,000. There's a lot of brothers coming up behind me who are gonna need help."

And in a genre where geography is destiny and turf warfare—whether Bronx vs. Queens, East Coast vs. West Coast—is a way of life, Digital Underground break with precedent.

"We're not a neighborhood hip hop band," Shock G declares. "We're an All-Atlantic, All-Pacific, All-City Hip Hop Dynasty. We're based in Oakland at the moment, but members of the Underground come from all over the United States."

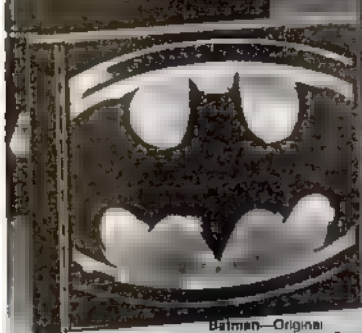
"People talk about West Coast rap like it was all the same thing. There's a big difference between the Northern California scene and the Southern California scene. In LA they're concerned with following New York. People in the North are more progressive and artsy. People in the Bay Area do it their own way or no way."

Specifically mixed with extra bass boom for car systems, *Sex Packets* is a syncopated, subterranean cacophony that is both funky and freaky. It's the people's choice and an avant-garde wet dream.

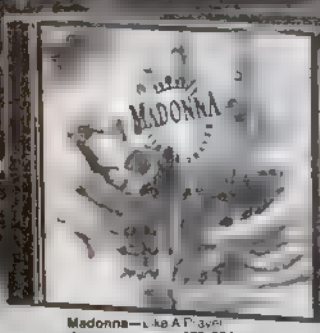
"Digital Underground are heavily into noise," says Shock G. "The beat track you hear on 'Doowutchyalike' and 'Rhymin' On The Funk' is a slowed-down sample of the sound of a nuclear weapon coming out of a silo. That's a patented Digital Underground sample truncation that uses a swivel latch assembly to the ninth power. But to really give it raw sound we use Acme No. 7 sandpaper. There's a big hardware element to Digital Underground."



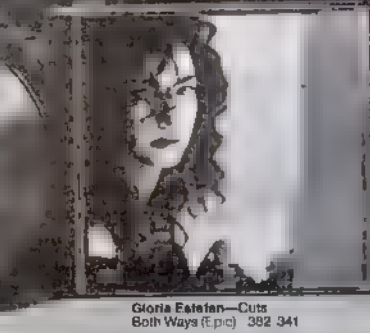
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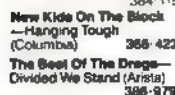
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Richard Marx—Repeat Offender (MCA) 380-915



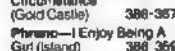
Anderson, Bruford, Wakeman, Howe—Brain Drain (Arista) 384-115



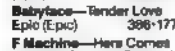
New Kids On The Block—Hanging Tough (Columbia) 386-423



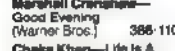
The Best Of The Drags—Divided We Stand (Arista) 386-979



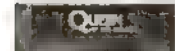
Partridge Family—Greatest Hits (Arista) 386-961



Eddie & The Cruisers II—Original Soundtrack (Scotti Brothers) 388-813



Bruce Cockburn—Big Circumstances (Gold Castle) 386-367



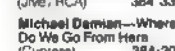
Phenomena—Enjoy Being A Girl (Island) 386-360



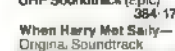
Edgar Winter—Roadwork (Epic) 386-235



Babyface—Tender Love (Epic) 386-177



F Machine—Here Comes The 21st Century (Reprise) 386-128



Marshall Crenshaw—Good Evening (Warner Bros.) 386-110



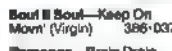
Chaka Khan—Life Is A Dance/The Remix Project (Warner Bros.) 386-052



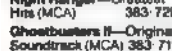
Queen—The Miracle (Capitol) 383-647



Guns N' Roses—G N' R Lies (Geffen) 378-087



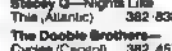
Rauli & Soul—Keep On Movin' (Virgin) 386-037



Ramones—Brain Drain (Sire) 383-828



Night Ranger—Greatest Hits (MCA) 383-729



Ghostbusters II—Original Soundtrack (MCA) 383-711



Bad English—Epic (Epic) 383-463



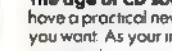
Headless Cross—(I.R.S.) 383-109



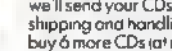
Cherry—Flaw Like (Virgin) 382-994



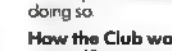
Stacey Q—Nights Like This (Atlantic) 382-838



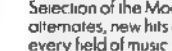
The Doobie Brothers—Cycles (Capitol) 382-457



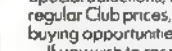
Don Henley—The End Of The Innocence (Geffen) 383-802



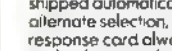
Maria McKee—Geffen (Geffen) 383-844



The Cult—Sonic Temple (Sire) 381-798



Alice Cooper—Trash (Epic) 382-368



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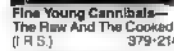
Pete Townshend—The Iron Man (ATCO) 385-724



Exposé—What You Don't Know (Arista) 381-715



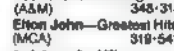
Berry Manilow (Arista) 381-707



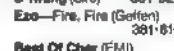
FYC (I.R.S.) 379-214



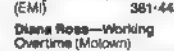
Fine Young Cannibals—The Raw And The Cooked (I.R.S.) 379-214



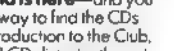
Todd Rundgren—Nasty Human (Warner Bros.) 381-780



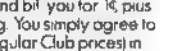
Wang Chung—The Warmer Side Of Cool (Geffen) 381-764



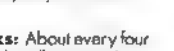
The Police—Every Breath You Take (A&M) 343-318



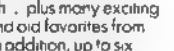
Elton John—Greatest Hits (MCA) 319-541



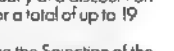
i.d. Lang And The Reclines—Absolute Torch & Twang (Sire) 381-624



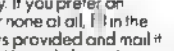
Eco—Fire, Fine (Geffen) 381-618



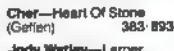
Best Of Cher (EMI) 381-508



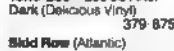
Stray Cats—Blas' Off (EMI) 381-442



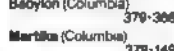
Diana Ross—Working Overtime (Motown) 383-864



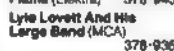
Cher—Heart Of Stone (Geffen) 383-893



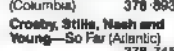
Jody Watley—Larger Than Life (MCA) 381-081



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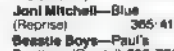
The Outfield—Voices Of Babylon (Columbia) 379-368



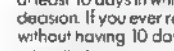
Martina (Columbia) 379-149



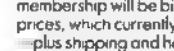
Simply Red—A New Flame (Elektra) 378-943



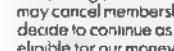
Lyle Lovett And His Large Band (MCA) 378-936



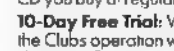
Lisa Lisa & Cult Jam—Straight To The Sky (Columbia) 378-893



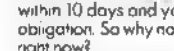
Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young—So Far (Atlantic) 378-745



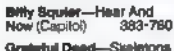
Great White—...Twice (Capitol) 381-178



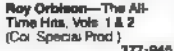
Jon Mitchell—Blue (Reprise) 385-411



Seastyle Boys—Paul's Boutique (Capitol) 383-786



Billy Squier—Hear And Now (Capitol) 383-780



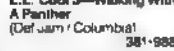
Grateful Dead—Skeletons From The Closet (Warner Bros.) 378-406



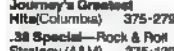
Roy Orbison—The All-Time Hits, Vols. 1 & 2 (Col. Special Prod.) 377-945



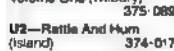
Debbie Gibson—Electric Youth (Atlantic) 377-275



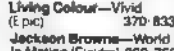
L.L. Cool J—Walking With A Panther (Def Jam/Columbia) 381-988



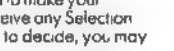
The Who—Who's Better, Who's Best (MCA) 378-657



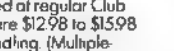
Journey's Greatest Hits (Columbia) 375-279



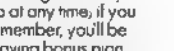
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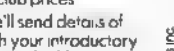
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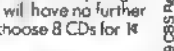
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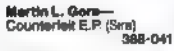


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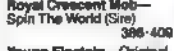


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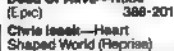
## On The Cutting Edge



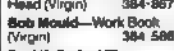
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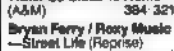
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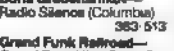
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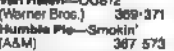
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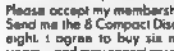
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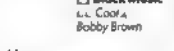
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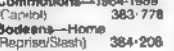
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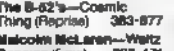
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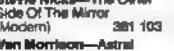
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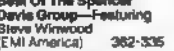
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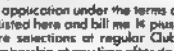
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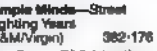
Lou Reed—New York (Sire) 378-298



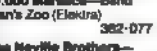
Elvis Costello—Spita (Warner Bros.) 378-190



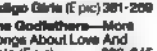
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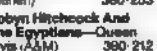
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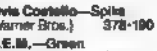
The Babys—The Babys Anthology (Chrysalis) 312-256



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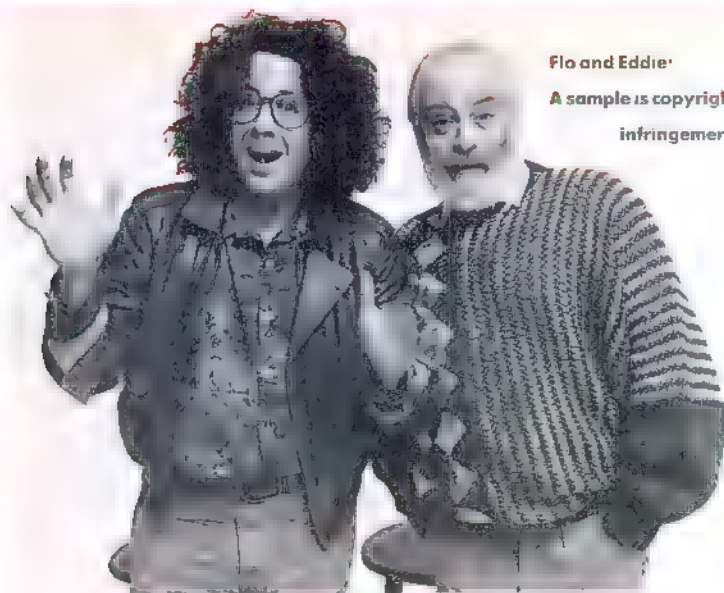
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Flo and Eddie:  
A sample is copyright  
infringement.

When De La Soul sampled a  
Turtles clip, the Turtles weren't  
happy. So they sued. And won.

# Bite This

**O**n De La Soul's million-selling debut *Three Feet High And Rising* is one minute and 11 seconds of bugging out entitled "Transmitting Live From Mars." Album filler (the Long Island hip hop trio doesn't even rap on the cut), the song is basically nothing more than a sample of a French lesson floated over a tape loop of the first four bars of the Turtles' 1969 pop hit "You Showed Me" with some drum beats added underneath. "Transmitting Live From Mars" is a goof, but former Turtles Flo and Eddie are not amused. They've filed suit against De La Soul and Tommy Boy—their record company—for \$1.7 million in punitive damages. "This isn't just a financial objection," says Flo and Eddie's lawyer Evan Cohen. "Flo and Eddie are genuinely upset with the way De La Soul chopped up and mutilated their song."

Once hip hop—a music built on beats and pieces lifted from other records—began to live large in the pop charts, sampling lawsuits proliferated. It only took a few legal actions—most settled out of court, though a suit against the Beastie Boys is still pending—before the music industry realized accommodation was a better tactic than litigation. These days it's common practice for record companies and their hip hop artists to gain prior permission for the use of major recognizable chunks of other people's songs. For example, Steelsonic paid a flat fee of \$3,000 to sample the bass line from Lonnie Liston Smith's "Expansions" for their defense of sampling "Talking All That Jazz."

In the case of De La Soul, Tommy Boy worked out individual deals with Hall and Oates, Steely Dan and George Clinton for the use of their preexisting works (Tommy Boy refused to comment on why no such deal was worked out with Flo and Eddie.) Clinton's deal—for the sampling of Funkadelic's "(Not Just) Knee Deep" on "Me, Myself And I"—is one cent per album and 1 2/3

De La Soul:  
A sample is a  
sample is a  
sample.



cents per single, as well as half the publishing royalties. When Evan Cohen approached Tommy Boy about the Turtles sample—after *Three Feet High And Rising* had been released—he was offered a flat fee of \$1,000. Tommy Boy claim that the use De La Soul made of the sample is so different to the ear that there is no substantial similarity between the new work and the preexisting one. Moreover, Tommy Boy's lawyer Ken Anderson charges that in asking for such outrageous damages, Flo and Eddie are "taking the kind of position that if adopted generally would seriously hurt, if not kill hip hop outright."

"That's ridiculous," says Cohen. "I'm not trying to snuff out an art form. They're trying to turn it into a black versus white argument."

But it is a black and white debate to the extent that sampling is the natural extension of the cut'n'mix DJ style at the roots of both house music and hip hop—an African-American aesthetic that values sound over sense and noise over narrative. From its beginnings in Bronx jams at parks and community centers, hip hop was interested mainly in fragments and snatches of songs. DJs would scratch bass lines, percussion breaks, grunts and textures, isolating the most pleasurable fragments of preexisting records and then repeating those moments again and again by bouncing them from one turntable to another. Whether scratching or sampling, hip hop empowers young blacks to make music simply and cheaply on their own terms.

When George Clinton was recently asked about the current trend of sampling his back catalogue (in addition to De La Soul, recent EPMD, Digital Underground and Two Live Crew songs sample P-Funk), his reply acknowledged the power of this argument. "If some poor nigger wants to get a start in music by using me, who am I to say no?"

It's often been said that both hip hop and house represent a return to local music: New York rap, LA rap, Miami bass, Detroit techno, Chicago house, New Jersey garage music. If the corporate consolidation of the old technologies of broadcasting and musical reproduction caused local music scenes to dwindle, then the new technology of sampling has helped create a whole series of disparate, electronically enhanced communities all over African America. Rather than representing a Romantic conception of the musician as an individual artistic genius divorced from society, house and hip hop music makers are valued more for their abilities to transmit the values and concerns of the digital tribes from which they spring. A classic rock record is associated with one distinct artist or group that is distantly admired by the multitude. But a hip hop classic is a break beat record that everyone can use, a record that has become communal property, owned by every single member of the hip hop nation. Hip hop turns musical consumers into producers.

However, American copyright law does not recognize the African-American attitude to the question of "Who owns the sonic spectrum?" Copyright is based on Eurocentric notions of musical property which value melody more than rhythm. A song is easy to copyright, but try copyrighting a drum pattern (Bo Diddley does not collect royalties for what is commonly known as the Bo Diddley beat, a beat which can be traced back to West African drumming). Faced with charges of copyright infringement, hip hop musicians often invoke the so-called "fair use" doctrine—"fair use" meaning that the chunk of somebody else's music used is so small or has been so radically changed in the process of sampling that it is within the bounds of legality. A part of this defense is the once widely-held belief that there is such a thing as a "protective umbrella," i.e., by sampling less

than eight bars or seven notes you are not infringing copyright. This is a fallacy. Theoretically, a one-note sample (or one second of James Brown's "Funky Drummer" beat) could still be illegal. "Theoretically" because despite the tremendous furor surrounding the topic, sampling has not yet had its day in court. "Sampling is not copyright piracy," says Tommy Boy lawyer Larry Stanley. "But it's still new, it hasn't even been litigated yet."

**"This isn't just a financial objection," says Flo and Eddie's lawyer Evan Cohen. "Flo and Eddie are genuinely upset with the way De La Soul chopped up and mutilated their song." Replies Tommy Boy lawyer Ken Anderson, "They are taking the kind of position that if adopted generally would seriously hurt, if not kill hip hop outright."**

**W**hat we do classify as musical collage," says Daddy-O of Stetsasonic, "the same thing that Andy Warhol did to art." But just as 60s Pop Art had its detractors who claimed it wasn't really art, there are those who claim that sampling isn't really music. When R&B producer M'tume (Roberta Flack, Stephanie Mills) attacked sampling, he became the inspiration for Stetsasonic's song defending the technique, "Talking All That Jazz." At a panel on the legality of sampling at this summer's New Music Seminar, M'tume took issue with the new jack samplers: "You cannot substitute technique for composition. We're raising a generation of young black kids who don't know how to play music. It's like learning how to paint by numbers. If I take the numbers off and say, 'Now paint a cup,' you can't. Because you learned how to do it by numbers. That's based on someone else's thought and creative ability."

As the New Music Seminar sampling panel closed with questions from the floor, it became perfectly clear that the debate over sampling is not only a legal question or a clash of Eurocentric and Afrocentric views of music making but also a schism between black musicians of different generations. A black musician from the old school approached the mike and challenged Public Enemy producer Hank Shocklee. "You spend 12 seconds sampling a record that a guy spent 15 years breaking his neck to get that sound. That's not creativity. If you want to be creative, hire the musicians and let them do the session."

"That sounds like a loser attitude to me," replied Shocklee. "There is a creative aspect in sampling. There is a difference between sampling and plagiarism. We're talking 1990s here. Why should I spend eight days to get a snare drum sound like Phil Collins? He's done it for me. I can sample that in two seconds and get onto more important things."

R&B aficionados may not like it, but what Shocklee

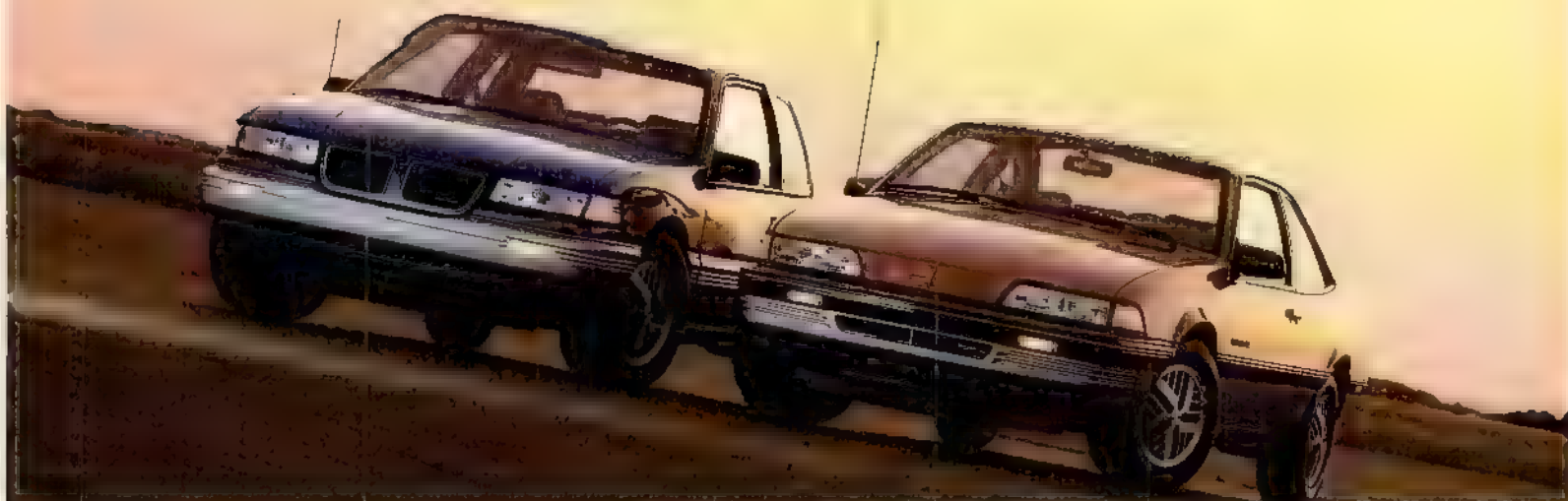
says is true. The older, outdated way of becoming a musician—paying your dues by sitting in your bedroom slowly perfecting your instrumental technique—is about as attractive to your average homeboy as working for chump change at Burger King. If the distance between a musical idea forming in your head and the actual sonic realization of that idea in practice is merely a matter of pressing a button, then so be it. Hip hop is merely reacting to the general fast-turnover logic of our

consumer culture

But sampling doesn't necessarily have to lead to conflict between generations, says Daddy-O. "Sampling gives young blacks a sense of their musical heritage. Kids never knew that Jean Knight made 'Mr. Big Stuff' until Heavy D. did it." Daddy-O considers digital samplers to be cultural memory banks and contends that hip hop is actually in the process of engineering a reconciliation between warring R&B and hip hop factions. Because sampling enables young black musicians to create a glossary of moments from any point in black pop history, he argues that grooves once thought of as over can be reappreciated by a new generation. It's an argument he put to music in "Talking All That Jazz": "James Brown was old/Until Eric and Rak came out with 'I Got Soul.'"

But that's not to say that all sampling is 100-percent legitimate. At one end of the scale you have producer Aaron Fuchs who made the principled decision to buy outright the original master recording of the Honeydrippers' 1973 "Impeach the President"—a frequently scratched break beat record—for use as the backing track to last year's Spoozie Gee record, "(You Ain't Just A Fool) You's An Old Fool." And on the sleeve of his last album, *Back By Popular Demand*, Kurtis Blow acknowledged the source of every sample. At the other end of the scale you have the Italian disco import "Ride On Time" by Black Box, currently a favorite on dance floors in New York and London. The record features the distinctive bass line from S'Express's "Theme From S'Express," over which is laid a glorious, heart-stopping disco diva vocal performance sampled in its entirety from Loleatta Holloway's house music staple "Love Sensation." Holloway and her producer/songwriter Dan Hartman are nowhere credited on the record. And to make matters worse, the picture sleeve features a beautiful, leather-clad black woman who is definitely not Loleatta Holloway. Now that's bare-faced cheek! ☹





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THE MUSIC...



# SINS OF OMISSION

## The AZT Scandal

**From the beginning—the story of AZT—one of the most toxic, expensive and controversial drugs in the history of medicine.**

**O**n a cold January day in 1987, inside one of the brightly-lit meeting rooms of the monstrous FDA building, a panel of 11 top AIDS doctors pondered a very difficult decision. They had been asked by the FDA to consider giving lightning-quick approval to a highly toxic drug about which there was very little information. Clinically called Zidovudine, but nicknamed AZT after its components, the drug was said to have shown a dramatic effect on the survival of AIDS patients. The study that had brought the panel together had set the medical community abuzz. It was the first flicker of hope—people were dying much faster on the placebo than on the drug.

But there were tremendous concerns about the new drug. It had actually been developed a quarter of a century earlier as a cancer chemotherapy, but was shelved and forgotten because it was so toxic, very expensive to produce, and totally ineffective against cancer. Powerful, but unspecific, the drug was not selective in its cell destruction.

Drug companies around the world were sifting through hundreds of compounds in the race to find a cure, or at least a treatment, for AIDS. Burroughs Wellcome, a subsidiary of Wellcome, a British drug company, emerged as the winner. By chance, they sent the failed cancer drug, then known as Compound S, to the National Cancer Institute along with many others to see if it could slay the AIDS dragon, HIV. In the test tube at least, it did.

At the meeting, there was a lot of uncertainty and discomfort with AZT. The doctors who had

been consulted knew that the study was flawed and that the long-range effects were completely unknown. But the public was almost literally baying at the door. Understandably, there was immense pressure on the FDA to approve AZT even more quickly than they had approved thalidomide in the mid-60s, which ended up causing drastic birth defects.

Everybody was worried about this one. To approve it, said Ellen Cooper, an FDA director, would represent a "significant and potentially dangerous departure from our normal toxicology requirements."

Just before approving the drug, one doctor on the panel, Calvin Kunin, summed up their dilemma. "On the one hand," he said, "to deny a drug which decreases mortality in a population such as this would be inappropriate. On the other hand, to use this drug widely, for areas where efficacy has not been demonstrated, with a potentially toxic agent, might be disastrous."

"We do not know what will happen a year from now," said panel chairman Dr. Itzhak Brook. "The data is just too premature, and the statistics are not really well done. The drug could actually be detrimental." A little later, he said he was also "struck by the fact that AZT does not stop deaths. Even those who were switched to AZT still kept dying."

"I agree with you," answered another panel member, "There are so many unknowns. Once a drug is approved, there is no telling how it could be abused. There's no going back."

Burroughs Wellcome reassured the panel that they would provide detailed two-year fol-



WORDS FROM THE FRONT

Column by Celia Farber

Illustration by Greg Spalenka







AIDS activists protesting the exorbitant price of AZT, the only FDA approved antiretroviral.

low-up data, and that they would not let the drug get out of its intended parameters: as a stopgap measure for very sick patients.

Dr. Brook was not won over by the promise. "If we approve it today, there will not be much data. There will be a promise of data," he predicted, "but then the production of data will be hampered." Brook's vote was the only one cast against approval.

"There was not enough data, not enough follow-up," Brook recalls. "Many of the questions we asked the company were answered by, 'We have not analyzed the data yet,' or, 'We do not know.' I felt that there was some promising data, but I was very worried about the price being paid for it. The side effects were so very severe. It was chemotherapy. Patients were going to need blood transfusions. That's very serious."

"The committee was tending to agree with me," says Brook, "that we should wait a little bit, be more cautious. But once the FDA realized we were intending to reject it, they applied political pressure. At about 4 p.m., the head of the FDA's Center for Drugs and Biologics asked permission to speak, which is extremely unusual. Usually they leave us alone. But he said to us, 'Look, if you approve the drug, we can assure you that we will work together with Burroughs Wellcome and make sure the drug is given to the right people.' It was like saying 'please do it.'"

Brad Stone, FDA press officer, was at that meeting. He says he doesn't recall that particular speech, but that there is nothing "unusual" about FDA officials making such speeches at advisory meetings. "There was no political pressure," he says. "The people in that meeting approved the drug because the data the company had produced proved it was prolonging life. Sure it was toxic, but they concluded that the benefits clearly outweighed the risks."

The meeting ended. AZT, which several members of the panel still felt uncomfortable with and feared could be a time bomb, was approved.

**F**lash forward: August 17, 1989. Newspapers across America banner-headlined that AZT had been "proven to be effective in HIV anti-

body-positive, asymptomatic and early ARC patients," even though one of the panel's main concerns was that the drug should only be used in a last-case scenario for critically-ill AIDS patients, due to the drug's extreme toxicity. Dr. Anthony Fauci, head of the National Institutes of Health (NIH), was now pushing to expand prescription.

The FDA's traditional concern had been thrown to the wind. Already the drug had spread to 60 countries and an estimated 20,000 people. Not only had no new evidence allayed the initial concerns of the panel, but the follow-up data, as Dr. Brook predicted, had fallen by the wayside. The beneficial effects of the drug had proven to be temporary. The toxicity, however, stayed the same.

The majority of those in the AIDS afflicted and medical communities held the drug up as the first breakthrough on AIDS. For better or worse, AZT had been approved faster than any drug in FDA history, and activists considered it a victory. The price paid for the victory, however, was that almost all government drug trials, from then on, focused on AZT—while over 100 other promising drugs were left uninvestigated.

**"Does AZT do anything? Yes, it does. But the evidence that it does something against HIV is really not there."**

Burroughs Wellcome stock went through the roof when the announcement was made. At a price of \$8,000 per patient per year (not including blood work and transfusions), AZT is the most expensive drug ever marketed. Burroughs Wellcome's gross profits for next year are estimated at \$230 million. Stock market analysts predict that Burroughs Wellcome may be selling as much as \$2 billion worth of AZT, under the brand name Retrovir, each year by the mid-1990s—matching Burroughs Wellcome's total sales for all its products last year.

**A**ZT is the only antiretroviral drug that has received FDA approval for treatment of AIDS since the epidemic began 10 years ago, and the decision to approve it was based on a single study that has long been declared invalid.

The study was intended to be a "double-blind placebo-controlled study," the only kind of study that can effectively prove whether or not a drug works. In such a study, neither patient nor doctor is supposed to know if the patient is getting the drug or a placebo. In the case of AZT, the study became unblinded on all sides, after just a few weeks.

Both sides contributed to the unblinding. It became obvious to doctors who was getting what because AZT causes such severe side effects that AIDS per se does not. Furthermore, a routine blood count known as a CMV, which clearly shows who is on the drug and who is not, wasn't whited out in the reports. Both of these facts were accepted and confirmed by both the FDA and Burroughs Wellcome, who conducted the study.

Many of the patients who were in the trial admitted that they had analyzed their capsules to find out whether they were getting the drug. If they weren't, some bought the drug on the underground market. Also, the pills were supposed to be indistinguishable by taste, but they were not. Although this was corrected early on, the damage was already done. There were also reports that patients were pooling pills out of solidarity to each other. The study was so severely flawed that its conclusions must be considered, by the most basic scientific standards, unproven.

The most serious problem with the original study, however, is that it was never completed. Seventeen weeks into the study, when more patients had died in the placebo group, the study was stopped, five months prematurely, for "ethical" reasons: It was considered unethical to keep giving people a placebo when the drug might keep them alive longer. Because the study was stopped short, and all subjects were put on AZT, no scientific study can ever be conducted to prove unequivocally whether AZT does prolong life.

Dr. Brook, who voted against approval, warned at the time that AZT, being the only drug available for doctors to prescribe to AIDS patients, would probably have a runaway effect. Approving it prematurely, he said, would be like "letting the genie out of the bottle."

Brook pointed out that since the drug is a form of chemotherapy, it should only be prescribed by doctors who have experience with chemotherapeutic drugs. Because of the most severe toxic effect of AZT—cell depletion of the bone marrow—patients

would need frequent blood transfusions. As it happened, AZT was rampantly prescribed as soon as it was released, way beyond its purported parameters. The worst-case scenario had come true. Doctors interviewed by the *New York Times* later in 1987 revealed that they were already giving AZT to healthy people who had tested positive for antibodies to HIV.

The FDA's function is to weigh a drug's efficacy against its potential hazards. The equation is simple and obvious: A drug must unquestionably repair more than it damages, otherwise the drug itself may cause





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more harm than the disease it is supposed to fight. Exactly what many doctors and scientists fear is happening with AZT.

**A**ZT was singled out among hundreds of compounds when Dr. Sam Broder, the head of the National Cancer Institute (NCI), found that it "inhibited HIV viral replication in vitro." AIDS is considered a condition of immune suppression caused by the HIV virus replicating and eating its way into T-4 cells, which are essential to the immune system. HIV is a retrovirus which contains an enzyme called reverse transcriptase that converts viral RNA to DNA. AZT was thought to work by interrupting this DNA synthesis, thus stopping further replication of the virus.

## "I personally do not prescribe AZT. I have continued to experience that people live longer who are not on it."

While it was always known that the drug was exceedingly toxic, the first study concluded that "the risk/benefit ratio was in favor of the patient."

In the study that won FDA approval for AZT, the one fact that swayed the panel of judges was that the AZT group outlived the placebo group by what appeared to be a landslide. The ace card of the study, the one that canceled out the issue of the drug's enormous toxicity, was that 19 persons had died in the placebo group and only one in the AZT group. The AZT recipients were also showing a lower incidence of opportunistic infections.

While this data staggered the panel that approved the drug, other scientists insisted that it meant nothing—because it was so shabbily gathered, and because of the unbinding. Shortly after the study was stopped, the death rate accelerated in the AZT group. "There was no great difference after a while," says Dr. Brook, "between the treated and the untreated group."

"That study was so sloppily done that it really didn't mean much," says Dr. Joseph Sonnabend, a leading New York City AIDS doctor.

Dr. Harvey Bialy, scientific editor of the journal *Biotechnology*, is stunned by the low quality of science surrounding AIDS research. When asked if he had seen any evidence of the claims made for AZT, that it "prolongs life" in AIDS patients, Bialy said, "No. I have not seen a published study that is rigorously done, analyzed and objectively reported."

Bialy, who is also a molecular biologist, is horrified by the widespread use of AZT, not just because it is toxic, but because, he insists, the claims its widespread use are based upon are false. "I can't see how this drug could be doing anything other than making people very sick," he says.

**T**he scientific facts about AZT and AIDS are indeed astonishing. Most ironically, the drug has been found to accelerate the very process it was said to prevent: the loss of T-4 cells.

"Undeniably, AZT kills T-4 cells [white blood cells vital to the immune system]," says Bialy. "No one can argue with that. AZT is a chain-terminating nucleotide, which means that it stops DNA replication. It seeks out any cell that is engaged in DNA replication

and kills it. The place where most of this replication is taking place is in the bone marrow. That's why the most common and severe side effect of the drug is bone marrow toxicity. That is why they [patients] need blood transfusions."

AZT has been aggressively and repeatedly marketed as a drug that prolongs survival in AIDS patients because it stops the HIV virus from replicating and spreading to healthy cells. But, says Bialy: "There is no good evidence that HIV actively replicates in a person with AIDS, and if there isn't much HIV replication to stop, it's mostly killing healthy cells."

University of California at Berkeley scientist Dr. Peter Duesberg drew the same conclusion in a paper published in *Proceedings*, the journal of the National Academy of Sciences. Duesberg, whose paper addressed his contention that HIV is not a sufficient

cause for AIDS, wrote: "Even if HIV were to cause AIDS, it would hardly be a legitimate target for AZT therapy, because in 70 to 100 percent of antibody-positive persons, proviral DNA is not detectable . . . and its biosynthesis has never been observed."

As a chemotherapeutic drug, explained Duesberg, AZT "kills dividing blood cells and other cells," and is thus "directly immunosuppressive."

"The cell is almost a million-fold bigger target than the virus, so the cell will be much, much more sensitive," says Duesberg. "Only very few cells, about one in 10,000, are actively making the virus containing DNA, so you must kill incredibly large numbers of cells to inhibit the virus. This kind of treatment could only theoretically help if you have a massive infection, which is not the case with AIDS. Meanwhile, they're giving this drug that ends up killing millions of lymphocytes [white blood cells]. It's beyond me how that could possibly be beneficial."

"It doesn't really kill them," Burroughs Wellcome scientist Sandra Lehrman argues. "You don't necessarily have to destroy the cell, you can just change the function of it. Furthermore, while the early data said that only very few cells were infected, new data says that there may be more cells infected. We have more sensitive detection techniques now."

"Changes their function? From what—functioning to not functioning? Another example of mediocre science," says Bialy. "The 'sensitive detection technique' to which Dr. Lehrman refers, PCR, is a notoriously unreliable one upon which to base quantitative conclusions."

When specific questions about the alleged mechanisms of AZT are asked, the answers are long, contradictory, and muddled with unknowns. Every scientific point raised about the drug is eventually answered with the blanket response, "The drug is not perfect, but it's all we have right now." About the depletion of T-4 cells and other white cells, Lehrman says, "We don't know why T-4 cells go up at first, and then go down. That is one of the drug mechanisms that we are trying to understand."

When promoters of AZT are pressed on key scientific points, whether at the NIH, FDA, Burroughs Wellcome or an AIDS organization, they often become angry. The idea that the drug is "doing something," even though this is invariably followed with irritable

admissions that there are "mechanisms about the drug and disease we don't understand," is desperately clung to. It is as if, in the eye of the AIDS storm, the official, government-agency sanctioned position is immunized against critique. Skepticism and challenge, so essential to scientific progress and so prevalent in every other area of scientific endeavor, is not welcome in the AZT debate, where it is arguably needed more than anywhere else.

**T**he toxic effects of AZT, particularly bone marrow suppression and anemia, are so severe that up to 50 percent of all AIDS and ARC patients cannot tolerate it and have to be taken off it. In the approval letter that Burroughs Wellcome sent to the FDA, all of 50 additional side effects of AZT, aside from the most common ones, were listed. These included, loss of mental acuity, muscle spasms, rectal bleeding and tremors.

Anemia one of AZT's common side effects, is the depletion of red blood cells, and, according to Duesberg, "Red blood cells are the one thing you cannot do without. Without red cells, you cannot pick up oxygen."

Fred, a person with AIDS, was put on AZT and suffered such severe anemia from the drug he had to be taken off it. In an interview in the AIDS handbook *Surviving and Thriving With AIDS*, he described what anemia feels like to editor Michael Calen: "I live in a studio and my bathroom is a mere five-step walk from my bed. I would just lie there for two hours; I couldn't get up to take those five steps. When I was taken to the hospital, I had to have someone come over to dress me. It's that kind of severe fatigue . . . The quality of my life was pitiful . . . I've never felt so bad . . . I stopped the AZT and the mental confusion, the headaches, the pains in the neck, the nausea, all disappeared within a 24-hour period."

"I feel very good at this point," Fred went on. "I feel like the quality of my life was a disaster two weeks ago. And it really was causing a great amount of fear in me, to the point where I was taking sleeping pills to calm down. I was so worried. I would totally lose track of what I was saying in the middle of a sentence. I would lose my directions on the street."

"Many AIDS patients are anemic even before they receive the drug," says Burroughs Wellcome's Dr. Lehrman, "because HIV itself can infect the bone marrow and cause anemia."

This argument betrays a bizarre reasoning. If AIDS patients are already burdened with problems such as immune suppression, bone marrow toxicity and anemia, is compounding these problems an improvement?

"Yes, AZT is a form of chemotherapy," says the man who invented the compound a quarter century ago, Jerome Horwitz. "It is cytotoxic, and as such, it causes bone marrow toxicity and anemia. There are problems with the drug. It's not perfect. But I don't think anybody would agree that AZT is of no use. People can holler from now until doomsday that it is toxic, but you have to go with the results."

The results, finally and ironically, are what damn AZT. Several studies on the clinical effects of AZT—including the one that Burroughs Wellcome's approval was based on—have drawn the same conclusion: that AZT is effective for a few months, but that its effect drops off sharply after that. Even the original AZT study showed that T-4 cells went up for a while and then plummeted. HIV levels went down, and then

*Continued on page 115*



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# The 3 Faces of ALICE

When Alice ruled, no one could touch him.  
Except Vincent Furnier, who wanted him dead.

Article by Legs McNeil

“You know Alice has never been over to our house. He only lives on-stage,” Alice Cooper was telling me as we sat in the back of his tour bus watching splatter movies on the VCR. The movie was entitled “555,” just a step down from “666” and it showed. The kind of cheapo flick where you expect the ugly girl on screen to start blowing the next guy who comes knocking at her door, instead of getting hacked apart by him. Phony, grotesque, everyone drenched in blood, and Alice was eating it up. Every time a stabbing, decapitation or some other graphic mutilation came on screen, Alice forgot what he was talking about, and offered his expert opinion by pronouncing thumbs up or thumbs down. Right then a guy’s head was cut off, something Alice was all too familiar with. The body was standing upright as jets of blood shot from the trunk of the neatly severed neck.

“Yes!” Alice screamed. “Yes! Way to go, let’s just hope that was the director.”

And the thumb came up like Caesar’s.

Alice was on a cross-country promotional tour to push his new album, *Trash*, Alice Cooper’s 20th release since *Pretties For You* debuted in 1969 on Frank Zappa’s Straight label. He was back doing what he does best—shameless self-promotion. But for the last 10 years, no one but the most die-hard fans have cared to greet him because the Alice albums had lost the madness. With *Trash*, though, the buzz is back and now his fans, half of whom weren’t even born when *Pretties* was released, were threatening to devour him.

To make sure Alice felt at home on this grueling whistle-stop tour—visiting 50 cities, two in Europe, in eight weeks—his elegant tour bus was decorated in women’s panties, garbage bags filled with dismembered human body parts and other nifty things you’d expect to find in Alice’s Cooper’s trash can. But even in this twisted landscape, even among this primo-distorted way of making a very good living, for some reason Alice was in a weird state of denial about being Alice.

“When my daughter sees me on TV, she doesn’t say, ‘There’s daddy,’ she says, ‘Oh there’s Alice, again. . . .’” Alice said, tearing himself away from the TV, because now it was just two boring cops trying to solve the grisly murders.

Dressed in tight black jeans, black boots, black T-shirt and black eyeliner, Alice said he is suffering from “Keith Richards Syndrome”—looking too good to believe for someone who

Photography by Glen LaFerman



**You're never alone with a schizophrenic. PTA member Vincent Furnier as Alice Cooper.**

should really be dead. But there he was, stretched out on the couch way in the back of the bus looking like the penultimate Brat of Rock'n'Roll, riding high in life's backseat. But he was talking like the 42-year-old father of two children that he really is. Something was off.

"I used to hate Alice, but now I like him. I only figured it out when I was talking to a psychiatrist at my last detox. He said, 'I've seen your shows, I've got tapes of your shows. Do you realize that you try to kill Alice every night? Every single night? You try to hang him, you try to electrocute him, you try to kill him every way you can think of and you can't kill him because he's this thing that you've created. He always comes back happy in a white hat, black tie and tails. He's Mr. Showbiz. But he's actually killing you. You're dying from drinking.'"

For the first time that I've ever seen him, Alice's face suddenly turned to that of an adult. And it was bizarre. Even more bizarre than all the dead babies, splatter movies and certificates of insanity hanging from the bus walls.

"I'd never thought of that. And I never questioned why I tried to kill Alice. I only knew that Alice could do anything he wanted. He was alive. Like Jason, you could do anything to him, but he always came back. . . So now he only lives onstage. I said, 'You live onstage and I'll live here and we'll both be very happy.'"

It was then that the bearded psycho reappeared on the TV to hack apart an ugly couple involved in some heavy petting on a filthy mattress in a tenement basement. Alice's eyes lit up, the adult's face vanished, and things were back to "normal."

"Whoa, you can tell this guy's romantic," he quipped at the fat guy making it with the chick in the filth.

"What's that, a gun next to the bed? Wow, we even

get some heavy symbolism—but it doesn't matter, this couple's dead, they've had it. . . ." And then the murderer stabbed the couple—just as they were getting off.

But I wasn't really paying attention. I knew that Alice was really two people. Everybody did. But the way they were acting made me wonder how this schizophrenic life was really held together. There was Vincent Furnier, husband to Cheryl, father to Calico and Dashielle, PTA member, weekly churchgoer, next-door neighbor to Barry Goldwater in Paradise Valley,

**"It was at the end of the *Welcome To My Nightmare* tour when I really started losing it. I'd look at the costume, look at the makeup and I'd get nauseous."**

Arizona. Vince was the guy who plays golf all day long—and then there was Alice, the founding father of the Rock'n'Roll Brats, the quintessential punk who Johnny Rotten took his cue from and the fun-loving psychotic who single-handedly drove a stake through the heart of flower power while becoming the biggest act in the world when he was at his peak in 1973-74. Yeah, I understood they were two people, but the more time I spent with Alice, I wondered if he did. I wondered if he really knew which one he was today.

arsipanny, New Jersey. The mall rats who'd driven in from all over northern Jersey were more than impressed. They were downright quaking. And the usually sullen black leathered and tattooed boys and girls—the kind of kids whose only promise in life is a *New York Post* headline that screams, "Disturbed Teen With Rifle Wipes Out Con-

vent, Then Self," were actually even smiling.

"Oh wow, oh wow, I can't believe it, like, Alice, man, is that really you, oh man I've been a fan like since I was two. . . ."

The words were all jumbled and stammered, the hands jerking clumsily and shaking, the veins on the head and neck ready to explode, and the sweat was just pouring off the foreheads as they finally reached Alice, the only man who truly understood their madness, standing at the checkout counter of this suburban record store signing autographs. But instead of biting into a live chicken head, Alice shook hands graciously, cracked a few jokes and posed for pictures like an old pal while signing whatever they treasured to be autographed: girl's tattoos, empty Seagram's V.O. bottles, old posters, magazines.

"Hi, what's your name? Thanks for coming down," Alice would smile as he scrawled his signature.

"Alice man, I gotta tell you, I just love the new album!!!"

"Oh thanks a lot, yeah I'm pretty happy with it myself."

"Wow, I just can't believe it's really you, hey Alice, did you bring a snake?"

"Oh, there should be one around here somewhere. . . ." And Alice would look around under the table as if one just crawled off, then Alice would shoot that maniacal grin and the kid would walk off feeling that he had just shared an intimate moment with the world's ultimate madman. But he hadn't, none of the kids did, for little did they realize that they were actually speaking to Vincent Furnier, or rather Vince playing Alice for the day. The real Alice Cooper, the psychotic, baby-killing, blood-guzzling necrophiliac and quintessential spoiled brat still exists, but he's safely locked away deep in Vince. And for good reason. The real Alice Cooper is just too dangerous to unleash on even the most frenzied fans, except under the strictest conditions. . . onstage. Because the real Alice Cooper still wants to hump your freshly dead grandma's dentures and then microwave her poodle. But Vince doesn't know if he can survive Alice getting his own way again. Meanwhile, to understand why Alice puts up with that square Vince, you have to go back to the beginning, the very beginning. . . and let the page get blurry. . . and your eyes get wavy feeling the flashback coming on. . . to understand how it all started.

It really was as if Satan had come up from hell to show "the kids" how it was done for two hours onstage every night. Yeah, 20,000 bored, frustrated and pissed-off brats tearing each other apart in a feeding frenzy of Alice, all rushing straight to center stage to be up there close, where he delivered their worst nightmare come to life.

BAM! There he was—the skinny guy with the big nose and the long stringy hair and the grotesque, painted-on, oversized eyelashes; dressed in oversized, thigh-high, leopard-spotted boots, white leotards with a black leather jockstrap over his blood-stained thighs and crotch, shirtless, with a black tuxedo jacket and top hat and carrying a boa constrictor or a huge sword with stacks of \$10 bills stabbed through the blade singing, "Well I'm running through the world with a gun in my back/Trying to catch a nide in a Cadillac. . . ."



*"I see you've switched  
Vodkas, Vladimir"*

*"I see you are as perceptive  
as you are beautiful, Natasha"*



**ICY COLD. ICY CLEAR. ICY VODKA. IT'S SMOOTH AS ICE.**

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And everyone knew the man with "the ultimate attitude problem" had come to tell them that he too—had never asked to be born! And that somebody was going to pay for it now that he was here

The sword would come down, taunting and teasing the front row to grab the money, then Alice would open the well-shaken beer so that it would explode all over all those greedy buggers grabbing for the cash.

"Yeeaaaah, Cleveland, it's great to be here!"

Only it wasn't Cleveland, but Seattle. Or Memphis. The stage would go black and the song would start with the pathetic child's voice asking, "Mommy, where's daddy? He's been gone for so long, do you think he'll ever come home?"

And then Alice had the audacity to sing an answer we all knew was better left unsaid. Only he wasn't there at center stage—the spotlight would find him way over to the left, sitting on the stage with his feet dangling down, as he reveled in the madness that had taken him away from his little girl and his boring 9-to-5 life: "I was gone for 14 days/I could have been gone for more/held up in the intensive care ward/lying on the floor/I was gone for all those days/But I was not all alone/I made friends with a lot of people, in the danger zone"

Yeah, and his audience knew he was talking about them as he stood, paced back and forth, and used up the whole stage, as his frayed nerves unwound furiously. And then Alice would find the doll, the sweet little innocent doll, and begin fondling her ever so slowly

"Should I like to see those little children. She's only four years old, o.d./I give her back all her play things/ Even, even the ones I STOLLEE!"

And after her tiny body was thoroughly explored she was tossed aside, left to flop on the stage floor. The

heel of the huge leopard skin boot would come crashing down, stomping her tiny skull to bits, as Alice went into the chorus of "The Bahad of Dwight Frye" sticking his maniac face down into the audience as he brought them to a wild orgasm of ultra-violence. Alice was a genius at toying with the madness, pacing it out like the tease he was. Tired and nervous and cracking again, he sang, "I grabbed my hat and I got my coat and I ran into the street/I saw a man that was choking there, I guess he couldn't breathe/Said to myself this is very strange, I'm glad it wasn't me/But now I hear those sirens calling, and so I am not freee.

"I never questioned why I tried to kill Alice. I only knew that Alice could do anything he wanted. He was alive. Like Jason, you could do anything to him, but he always came back."

*I didn't waaannna beeee  
I didn't waaannna beeee  
I didn't waaannna beeee!"*

As the chorus came in, Alice was still in a screaming seizure, and right then he hit the nail on the head "I didn't waaanna beeee—don't touch meeee!"

It was the next generation's "Blue Suede Shoes" but instead of "... don't you step on my blue suede shoes," things had progressed to the point of "don't touch any part of me ... just leave me the fuck alone." It got to the core of rock'n'rol in just three words, but it was Alice's beacon light that signaled only HE really understood. And for being the one true one, the audience paid Alice back by giving him complete freedom, a reward of doing whatever the fuck he pleased

even if what he wanted to do now was hack apart an entire wheelbarrow full of blood-stained dead doll babies as he sang about Little Betty who ate a pound of aspirin. And 20,000 voices screamed back, "Dead babies—can't take care of themselves/Dead babies—can't take things off the shelves—we'll weee didn't want you, anywaaay. ..."

And at the end, when he had just gone too far, the gallows or guillotine was wheeled out and it was pay-back time. For going so far wanting to please us with his sick pleasures, Alice would make the ultimate sacrifice, explaining, "I came into this life/Looked all

around/Saw what I liked and took what I found. ..."

With the music slowed to a dirge, Alice was led up the 13 stairs while the executioner read the wasted prayers for redemption and the lever was pulled. As the stage went black, the lifeless corpse or broody head was then held high for all to see. But when the lights came up, Alice was back, now in white tails and top hat, this time screaming, "I'm eighteen and I like it," making the promise he would stay our favorite mass-murdering juvenile delinquent—forever

But he didn't. In the end Alice just couldn't, because Vince wouldn't let him

What made Alice even more fun, more confusing, ironic and ridiculous, was the fact that he was really Vincent Furnier, a wise-cracking skinny kid with a big



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nose from Phoenix, Arizona, who had grown up watching too much television. It was good ol' Vince along with his Cortez High School buddies—Glen Buxton, Neil Smith, Dennis Dunaway and Mike Bruce—who were perpetrating the madness. A bunch of local football and fast car punks who first called themselves the Earwigs, then Spiders, then Nazz. Finally they got the idea for Alice Cooper, packed up the van and moved to Los Angeles. There they released two flops with Straight Records before realizing that having a male singer with a female name wasn't enough. That's when Alice the Madman was born. Right off, it provoked such a strong negative reaction from early 70s "love children," that being Alice became too enjoyable for Vince not to pursue. In the 10-year struggle to become the number one rock'n'roll group in the world, he became Alice 24 hours a day.

From the beginning, it had been manager Shep Gordon's philosophy to treat the band as the biggest stars on the planet, even when they were only making \$20 a night and living off cans of stolen tuna fish. Shep's thinking was that if he pampered them and indulged their every whim, everyone who came in contact with the band would see them as the stars they were and promote them as such. Like all the other gimmicks, it worked—all too well. But as Shep later confessed to columnist Bob Green, "It was the best thing for their careers—I don't think there's any doubt about that. Whether it was the best thing for them as human beings—well, I'm not so sure about that. I'm afraid that they're all going to find out, in the end, that they've paid a very high price for their success."

It was at the end of the *Welcome To My Nightmare* tour when I really started losing it," Alice told me after the splatter movie finally finished

and the tour bus pulled into another mall parking lot. "That was the tour that never ended, and the drinking just progressed to the point where I was actually getting nervous before I'd go on—I was afraid I was going to throw up onstage. I was a physical wreck. Every time I looked at the costume I would equate that with drinking. I'd look at the costume, look at the makeup and I'd get nauseous. It was a conditioned response to being Alice."

Two LPs before *Nightmare*, Alice had finally made it—he'd gone #1 and it should have been the best time of his life. It was 1973, and *Billion Dollar Babies* had made Alice Cooper the biggest show business act in the world. As big as the Beatles. At 25 years old, Alice was selling millions of albums worldwide, sold out concerts across the globe, had a Boeing trans-Atlantic jet that was described as more of "a flying townhouse" than an airplane, at his disposal. Playboy centerfolds gushed about adoring his skinny body. Contract riders specified cases of Budweiser and Seagram's V.O. There were more groupies than even the roadies knew what to do with. Limousines were on call to take him through the drive-in window at McDonald's whenever he got the urge. In that year, the Alice Cooper Group grossed \$17 million.

Little did anyone realize in 1973 that good ol' Vince had begun the fight to regain control from the monster he had created. The skinny kid with the big nose from Phoenix was tired of being Alice. Vince was tired of taking backseat. Each night when he took the stage, he began fighting back.

"Alice was a twisted legend and [the audience] were ready to see what they wanted to see—and what they wanted to see was the mindless fiend that was supposed to be Alice Cooper," wrote Bob Green in his legendary rockploitation book, *Billion Dollar Baby*.

Green had joined the tour playing a Santa Claus who gets beaten to death by the band every night. But what he found was Vince, not Alice: "The Alice Cooper onstage tonight was acting in a way, that in the years when the image was first being built, he would never have done. He smiled at the audience. He ad-libbed between songs. He did not caress the breasts of the dummy. He did not stuff anything down the front of his pants. He did not spit. He did not touch his crotch. He did not let the snake crawl through his legs. At the conclusion of 'Dead Babies,' he did not even chop up the doll. Instead, at the moment he would customarily bring the hatchet down, he laughed at the audience, rolled his eyes and tossed the doll away unharmed. It was almost as if he wanted the crowd to know that the whole image upon which he had built his face was a sham, a canard. But the reaction of the audience was the same as if they had just seen the devil. . . ."

When the Alice Cooper Group broke up in 1975, Alice went solo with *Welcome To My Nightmare*, and the war for control between Vince and Alice had become a death match. Suddenly the two characters were showing up on each other's turf. There was Alice Cooper actually awakening from an alcoholic blackout to find himself on the set of "Hollywood Squares" for Wolfman Jack's birthday party. And on the "Gong Show," where he sang "I Think I'm Going Outta My Head" only to get gonged. Only it wasn't Alice. It was that drunken Vince playing out his matinee movie idol fantasies. Alice wouldn't have been caught dead being seen in daylight, let alone daytime TV.

Looking back at it now, Alice thinks he's got it figured out. Vince wasn't just a wise-cracking, fun-loving, mild-mannered guy—he was an alcoholic.

*Continued on page 118*



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# G R E A T   D A Y N E

*Taylor Dayne grew up in suburban America, a plain jane called Leslie. While she sang in supper clubs and hustled demo tapes, she transformed herself. Into a pop goddess.*

*Article by Christian Logan Wright*

Taylor Dayne is holding a compact, tilted towards the sunlight coming in from the window. Carefully she rubs color against her full lower lip in slow, steady strokes—pale pink against an even tan. Her straight, blonde hair falls just below her collarbone like an embossed invitation to her bosom.

Last year, when her hair was big and red, Taylor's debut album *Tell It to My Heart* went platinum, boys felt her body rock, and girls bought underwire bras one size too small. But a lot happened before that. In the early 80s she was in bands, doing the Manhattan club circuit, wearing darker, cheaper lipstick. She got out of it, though, because record companies weren't signing bands like they had done in the 70s. During the mid-80s in suburban New York, she was hired to sing Top 40 songs but ended up singing Russian folk songs phonetically to immigrants in a Russian supper club in Brooklyn. Her brother got her the job; tips were good, she paid the rent. When she was hustling demos, she hooked up with her producer Ric Wake. They started working on dance music. Her father gave her the money to record "Tell It to My Heart," which got her a record deal. Then, the Long Island bruff with an abrasive New York accent began to enunciate, permed her hair, wore muscle T-shirts with brown leather and got big.

Closing the compact, Taylor Dayne crosses her legs. It stretches the tight knit of her small black Isaia dress, emphasizing the definition of her thigh. She does not wax. She's still fleshy but has lost a bit of weight; her cheekbones are sharper, redefining her face, framing it like the two y's in her name. She changed that, too.

**SPIN: What part of your body would you most like to improve?**

Taylor Dayne: Everything. I work on everything. It's impossible. Let's see. How about height? I'd love to gain about four inches.

She's five foot two and a half. She always says the half now. She's wearing black, open-toed sandals with a two-inch stack. She'd actually like seven more inches, but doesn't want to sound greedy. She doesn't drink milk, doesn't believe all the commercials. C-Cal, there's your calcium. Her skin is smooth and soft, with only a light finish of moisturizing foundation on her face. And the pale pink lipstick, tempting like sugarcandy, on her lips—the only lips that rival Sandra Bernhard's.

"Hers are tremendous, they are tremendous. Yeah, she told me mine were better than hers." Taylor starts laughing a deep laugh that isn't quite ladylike, but neither is

*Photograph by Christopher Kehoe*

# KHLUA 20 SPIN VIDEO

## H O T

### SALES AND RENTALS

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#### DELICATE SOUND OF THUNDER

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#### THE LAST MOVIE

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10

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her voice. It's sultry and not quite white. "Sandra and I have an ongoing joke. She goes, 'But oh, Taylor, look at yours.' Give me a break, child. Yeah, she's a wild woman."

**What part of your body do you like the most?**  
My voice.

She starts laughing again, nervously this time. If she ever lost it . . . she's too short to model and too headstrong to do what she's told when she's told. Like a teenager who's playing with her magnetism, and a woman who's hit back, Taylor Dayne is not passive. She decides what she wants and then takes it, no pussyfooting, no regrets. Her publicity company had to suggest that she not use so many obscenities in interviews, but sometimes she doesn't feel like a lady.

**What tangible part of your body do you like the most?**

My upper body, I like. I read this stupid comparison the other day about my—what do they call it? My décolletage. Saying I was infamous for it. But I think that's a pretty area. So sod those people.

**How do you get such deep cleavage?**

I'll never tell. Well, if you take your arms and do that type of action [crosses her arms in front of her], you're going to get something. I don't care if you have nothing, something's gonna happen. Tight bustiers, I don't know. I'm not hurting in that area.

She exercises, runs, works on a treadmill, about a mile and a half a day. She's got a trainer. Using free weights, she's built up her shoulders, back and arms. She extends her right arm, flexes her bicep and says, "Feel it."

It's the kind of cultivated, practiced strength that makes the heavy power pop of her new LP *Can't Fight Fate* stronger and even more seductive than *Tell It to My Heart*. "The songs on this album are a step out," she says. She took time in recording them, and actually wrote two songs herself. "They just have that depth that I would have preferred on the first album. But of course, you have to come out with some kind of a statement. Time-wise, with *Tell It to My Heart* and the way it was originally, that was the way to break out into the music industry without having a major deal. That's what I did. But now, I'm a little past that."

With a lot of styles, ballads, pop songs and rockers, *Can't Fight Fate* breaks the Taylor Dayne stereotype before it really had a chance to congeal. "I can sing them all and I enjoy singing them all. So I do. My voice changes. Somebody said to me the other day that I'm like a chameleon when it comes to this type of singing—just taking all types of music and blending them. I don't know if there's many people who do it."

Against rhythmic guitar play, through overt sexuality and exquisite vocal range—crooning, yearning, whining, pleading, rejoicing—Taylor aims below the belt and feels her way to the heart. But like Madonna, she appeals to women as much as, if not more than, men. "Can't Fight Fate" is the sort of song that pumps you up like an Absolut on the rocks while primping for a major date. It's like a victory song for female independence sung by a triumphant peer, one who knows slightly more about boy-girl stuff than the rest of us.

**Do you like dating?**

Dating [laughs]. When was the last date I had? For me it was like—bam. Ail of a sudden I was seeing five guys at one time. I like it like that. It's not like you have to wait for that one person to call. You've got some-

thing to do. I don't like to sit and wait by the phone. I don't like to feel I'm waiting for somebody.

She's had about five serious relationships in her life, cheated, maybe been the other woman. But cheating's not that big a deal to her. "I'm not married," she says flatly. And she's not sure women should get married before they're 35.

Taylor has a boyfriend. He's in the business. Their relationship is sturdy. Sometimes when she comes home at night, he's cooked an amazing dinner and she thinks to herself, "Why do I want anyone else?" Love's hard to define outside of a pop song, but dinner waiting or someone meeting you at the airport unexpectedly feels distinctly like it. Big watches, crystal, diamonds mean nothing to her.

**What do you find attractive in men?**

The way they walk. How they carry themselves into a room. How people gravitate towards them—that's my thing. Aura. That alone would pull me in. Their character is right there. And you get a real indication that you want to carry on a conversation at least. That's ultimately how it starts, isn't it?

**Is that how it starts?**

For me [laughs], absolutely.

**And then what?**

And then less conversation.

**I heard that men think about sex every eight seconds.**  
God bless 'em.

**How often do you?**

Next time I'll let you know, because I'm going to count it. I'll get my watch.

She's not wearing a watch, only a few pieces of jewelry, silver and crafted, sort of American Indian adornment. Taylor Dayne's background is Austrian, Polish and Armenian but she feels a connection with the Indians. When she was in eighth grade she did a book report on *Trail of Tears*. In it she found a photograph of an Indian chief with the spitting image of her father. "I said, 'There's my father.' It blew my mind." Now she's involved in New York City support groups. "It's real heavy stuff. I'm telling ya. There's a lot of bad stuff going on."

**Have you had brief affairs that you regret? Gone home with someone just for the sake of it and then wished it never happened?**

That doesn't trigger remorse for me. Come up with something better like physical abuse or something. Things happen. People do stupid things. But you learn from them. I don't think you have to block them out. Blocking them out isn't the answer, I'll tell you that. You don't want to admit it sometimes, but like I say, people are stupid. They're people. And I'm a person.

Once Taylor Dayne was a nondescript high school person; a little bitchy, a little overweight. But Tina Turner and Madonna weren't perfect either. Taylor's had a lot of boyfriends, still has a lot of girlfriends, gets really excited about shopping, doesn't smoke, does drink sometimes, feels sexy one minute and another, just wants to be left alone. So when she sings, she says all the things you'd like to say; she just sounds better. A lot better. Gives you goosebumps like 20 gospel singers in a small church. Or one young girl blasting the stereo in her car.



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# Let Freed

People don't think of Bon Jovi as a diplomatic organization. But playing the Moscow Music Peace Festival with Ozzy Osbourne, the Scorpions, Mötley Crüe, Cinderella, Skid Row and Gorky Park, they wrote and signed the Treaty of Rock'n'Roll. Here are some notes.

Article by Jon Bon Jovi

**I**t took a solid year of negotiations before we even got to Newark Airport. Prior to the release of *New Jersey*, we met with Dennis Berardi, president of Kramer Guitars, Stas Namin, a Russian underground hero and musician, and Gorky Park, a Russian band Richie Sambora and I have written and recorded with. Stas wanted to get Gorky Park an American record deal, and the reason he approached Dennis (and a big part of Russia doing business internationally) was trust. They're a little inexperienced in the international music business—the industry's just been born there. In essence, it's like "Back to the Future"—you can walk right into Russia and teach the people the future. A few years before, Dennis had given Stas some guitars and didn't ask for anything in return. He just said, "Here. Take them back to Russia. Go ahead." So Stas, who's sold 40 million records but never had any monetary success in the West, trusted Dennis and developed a friendship with him.

I met Stas last summer in New Jersey at Berardi's house, and I wanted to meet this band Gorky Park. I had just taken a bunch of promo shots for *New Jersey* wearing a Russian T-shirt. I didn't think anything of it, to me it was just a clean shirt. But Stas thought it was a big deal that he could take these pictures back to Russia and help us, as an American band, gain popularity there. So we said, "Sure, go ahead, yeah, great," thinking nothing would ever come of it. But it did.

Through Kramer, through our manager Doc McGhee, through PolyGram, and through that trust, Gorky Park got a record deal. Richie and I had agreed to write and produce something for them, which we did, and they invited us to play Russia. As it happened,

Photograph by Alexandra Avakian





om Ring



we were planning to do a show for the Make A Difference Foundation somewhere in the world. So we said, "Why don't we do it there? Why not?" Our attitude has always been to do more than the expected. Moscow was the unexpected.

Last winter, while on our European tour, we flew to Russia to introduce ourselves to a country that doesn't have the press or the radio or MTV or magazines or record stores or anything that we in the West are accustomed to. It was really just a three-day press junket that Stas set up, finding anyone who would talk to us. For newspaper interviews, the guy doesn't come to your hotel, you go to the newspaper office, where about 20 staff members stand around. You sip tea shoot the shit. But their questions are like, "How much money do you make? Do you own a car? Do you have a house?" I was sitting at a long table with all these reporters, and I reached over to shake hands with a music critic. I knocked over my glass and broke it. Everyone started clapping while I was apologizing, because to them breaking a glass means good luck.

We went on a TV show that looked like the cheapest cable TV show. There's only one channel there, the other one seems to always play test patterns. On the show we talked about the idea of doing the concert, and Stas got our "Living on a Prayer" and "You Give Love a Bad Name" videos played. We got a lot of attention; Stas and Doc got their game plan. Stas is very powerful; his grandfather was the head of the Politburo. So they talked to the Minister of Peace, the Minister of Culture and Gos Concerts and got them all involved. They'd never ever done anything like this before.

Stas is a heavy cat. One night in Red Square, at 3.00 in the morning, he pointed up to a window in the Kremlin and said, "Right up there, that's where I was as a kid. I was born in the Kremlin." You just go, "Wow, that's very very heavy."

In essence, Stas runs Gorky Park, which is an actual park. It has an amphitheater, a minor-league record-

ing and rehearsal studio, and what they consider a nightclub. It's acres and acres and acres of beautiful land right on the water, big gates and soldiers. No wonder he doesn't use that big D word and defect. He's got it pretty good. He's sort of like their Dick Clark or Alan Freed. Now it was his time to help the kids, to bring rock'n'roll to the Soviet kids.

Stas took us to Lenin Stadium in the 1980 Olympic Village, which is on the outskirts of Moscow. It was covered in snow; we were the only ones in there; it was a really pretty picture that will always be etched in my mind. Stas said he could make the festival hap-

pen. And he and Doc convinced the government how worthwhile it would be. For two reasons. In America, people aren't as impressed by cause concerts anymore, because of Live Aid and Amnesty. It's like, "Oh yeah. Another big event." In Russia, the impact would be greater. Throughout our lives we've been told that we can't go to the Soviet Union, that the bad guys live there. So in Russia, a show like this would bypass all the seemingly insurmountable political and cultural differences. And the proceeds would go to combat drug and alcohol abuse, which is at least one thing the two superpowers have in common.

Our interpreter who writes for a magazine told me that Russian villagers said, "We're not interested in the music business, we're not even interested in the news. Show us some sausage. We forgot what it looks like, let alone get it, let alone eat it."

I wanted to take my father with us. I tried to take anyone who wanted to experience this, because the Festival seemed pretty historic to me. But my old man, who's a serious American, said, "No way, I don't want to go there. I have no intention of seeing the place." In

lucky enough to experience, so it's all a blur. I don't think that anything in my career is going to really sink in until it's over. Then I'll look back on it and say, "Yeah, we did that."

We didn't have to go through customs but they did take our passports. Our luggage went straight onto the buses. Nobody questioned anything. In order to do a press conference, we went into this little nothing room, about the size of a living room. And they said, "Nobody comes in here, nobody's allowed to come in here and use these rooms. Only our politicians use these rooms." I was pretty nervous because I didn't want to say the wrong thing, and the first question they asked was, "With your Italian heritage, did the Mafia in the past or in the present or does it in the future play any role in the band?" That broke the ice. I said, "No, no, you don't understand." I thought, "This guy has seen 'The Godfather' once and he believes that Sinatra is connected." That's what I get for calling the tour the Jersey Syndicate.

I guess the Russian impression of America must be pretty distorted, too, because my impression of Russia was just tanks running down the street, and bad guys selling steroids on every corner, giving the kids milk and steroids in the morning so they can be Olympic athletes. But I thought, "Hey, they're a super military power, they're super athletes. So they've got to have good running water and McDonald's. Almost everyone else in the world does." But by isolating themselves and sheltering themselves, they've lost 70 years of progress in the world. In the last 70 years, everyone knows the world has changed drastically. It seems like they missed it.

After the press conference, we went to our hotel, the Ukraina. It was a Russian four-star hotel, but in America, it would be a no-star motel. But it was a bed, or so they said, and I was fading. I was one of the lucky ones; my room had hot water and a shower curtain and only a few cockroaches. But the dent in my mattress would be considered a pothole in New York City. After eating burgers and pig sandwiches at a makeshift Hard Rock Cafe in Gorky Park, I went back to the Ukraina to sleep.

On Friday, the fourth day, I decided to check out the stage at Lenin Stadium. It was huge, as big as a football field, and every inch of it was flown in from the West. There was a television screen bigger than a small house—a huge fucking screen—on a field a hundred yards wide. The sound system was three stories tall. The stage spun, and Peter Max painted the scrims. It

In Lenin Stadium: What's so funny 'bout peace, love and understanding?







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American ambassadors Mötley Crüe (l-r): Nikki Sixx and Vince Neil

was full-blown Western decadence in downtown Moscow

I anticipated 100,000 people at the hotel; I don't know why that didn't happen. Maybe they were afraid to come. Maybe I don't know. Last winter, the first time we were there, we tried to sneak kids in the hotel, common Soviet citizens aren't permitted to enter the hotels. The authorities found out and grabbed them, put them in this room. If Wayne Isham, our video director, didn't go and scream up a storm, I hate to think what would have happened to those couple of girls that we tried to say were crew, just walking in with video cases and stuff. But Wayne screamed and yelled and panicked and got Stas, and Stas got them out of there.

This time, eight months later, I brought this guy wearing a Guns N' Roses T-shirt up to my room. He had sneakers on. He was 26 or 27. And he was ready to cry. I was just blown away by this. I just said, "Here. Whatever you want, man, take it. Whatever I got, you can have." And he was just trying to ask me questions. "Do you know Guns N' Roses? Will you ever come back here?" His eyes started to well up with tears. He didn't ask me about my life, he only wanted to know music. And he didn't stay long; I guess he knew he didn't belong there.

Saturday, the day of the first show, there was another kid, Oleg. This kid—couldn't have been 18 years old—should come to America, because he would be one of those success stories waiting to happen. He would own New York.

He wanted to trade things: Soviet military watches for American cassettes, Russian caviar for T-shirts and film, Soviet Army caps and berets for waist packs and jeans. He said he bought his way out of going into the army, he learned how to speak English in six months, and he gives a little something to the cops in Red Square so when all the tourists are there, he can trade stuff with them. He looked like Michael J. Fox: clean-cut, button-down shirt (which is a serious American

giveaway because it's really hard to get button-down shirts in Russia), wore a camera around his neck, sneakers, things that he'd traded for. He reads copies of *Time* magazine. That's the kind of things he wants to trade for, Western literature, especially current media stuff. So he'd read about Beijing, and wanted to know more about the West. Apparently, the official Russian story was: There was a student uprising against the government. Not why, not that people were killed, just that these rowdy kids got crazy. He hung out a lot with my wife and with Obie, our recording engineer. Obie's a pretty funny guy. You know the record clubs they advertise in magazines? Buy 10 records for a penny? He said, "Here Oleg, send this in. Hey, if you don't buy any more records, what are they gonna do? Chase you down?" Obie gave Oleg his phone number. "Here's my phone number. If you're

The American ambassador showed up and said, 'This is something that we couldn't have done, but we could have never done. I can't believe you guys pulled this off.'

ever in Philadelphia, look me up."

We hadn't been home for three days when the phone rang. It was Oleg calling from downtown Moscow. He told us what it takes to leave Russia (you can't leave Russia unless you have a sponsor, money in a bank account and a job in the country you're going to). He said, "I have only a mother, I don't have a father. Bring me to America. I'll do anything." Immediately my wife wanted to adopt him. She said, "We have to bring him to America." I said, "You gotta be kidding me. You're wild, how can you do this?" Obie said, "Don't worry about it. I'm bringing him to America." I don't know where that stands right now. But

they'd absolutely fallen in love with this kid, wanted to bring him home in a suitcase. He made a serious lasting impression on them.

Our interpreter, Alek, was a real intelligent guy who writes for a newspaper, sort of like an independent magazine. He went on a publicity tour, a promotional tour for this magazine, to places like Siberia and all the little Russian villages. He told me that people said, "We're not interested in the music business, we're not even interested in the news. Show us some sausage. We forgot what it looks like, let alone get it, let alone eat it. We forgot what it fucking looks like. Talk to us about food." Hearing these stories, I was completely aghast.

We slipped out of the hotel with Alek. Eight months ago, I know I couldn't have done that because guys would have been all over me like a cheap coat. We went to the black market, where they buy and trade records, which is set up like a flea market on weekends. They call it a black market, but they don't go to jail for having it anymore. Three years ago, they weren't allowed to organize. They'd meet up secretly. They'd hold lists in the palms of their hands. They'd say, "At 12:00 I'll meet you on the corner. Here's what I got to trade, here's what I wanna get." Then they'd eat the list and be gone. If you were caught with the list—jail. If you were caught buying one of these records—jail.

Now the black market is set up in a round room that's used as a nightclub where local bands play at night. They have about 15 records displayed on each table, 90 percent of them from the West, current, very current. They had our record in there imported from Yugoslavia. Now, Melodia, the Soviet label, is releasing *New Jersey*. It's the first Western record ever to be officially released in Russia. So it's in stores and the kids can afford it—three or four rubles—because it's an official release. I got a copy of McCartney's *Back In The USSR* (which is worth about \$200 in the States because it's only available through Melodia). They had Elvis's greatest hits, which is sort of like a bootleg that Melodia put together. They call it *That's All Right Mama*. It didn't seem like a lot of people were buying records. People go there to buy and trade and just to get together and talk about music—because the prices are so high (\$80 to \$100 for an album), they just look and listen.


I tried to pick up a record just to see what country it was from and the guy behind the table lost his mind. "Don't touch the merchandise!" It's like picking up gold there.

Alek goes there just to look because it's so expensive. Sometimes he trades his father's old standards for some Western rock 'n' roll. He's getting access to a radio program, wants to get records played on the radio. He had a CD player, which is unheard of, that he brought in from somewhere in Europe. I had about 10 CDs with me; I gave them all to him. The Atlantic Blues collection, *Sign O' the Times*, some Queen, Don Henley, the "Batman" soundtrack. These people open your heart up so much you'd give them anything.

*Continued on page 115*



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# Salem

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# 20th Gen

A full-page photograph of Michael Hutchence, the lead singer of INXS. He is crouching low to the ground with his legs spread wide and hands resting on his knees. He is wearing a dark, textured jacket and dark boots. He has dark, curly hair and is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. The background is plain white.

On holiday from  
INXS, Michael Hutchence  
created a new identity and a  
new band, Max Q. But beneath it  
all is a good-looking Australian who's  
not interested in being an ex-pop star.

Article by Joe Levy

Photograph by Simon Fowler



# tury Fox

*"Mane attraction Hutchence says he  
dropped drugs 'to stay alive.' Performing sober he finds,  
'You live in millions of minds.' "*

*—People photo caption, July 11, 1988*

"Excuse me a moment," says Michael Hutchence. After noon, after a bottle of mineral water and pot of tea, after all, nature calls. He has given up smoking recently, and he is constantly sipping at something, and so here he is at 29, Michael Hutchence, one of a shifting constellation of late 80s pop stars, on his way to the bathroom.

He wears worn-out cowboy boots of black snakeskin, black jeans, a white T-shirt and a wide leather belt with a big silver buckle. It looks Mexican, but he bought it in New York City. The only jewelry he wears is a simple silver ring, an Irish wedding ring called a claddagh, that looks like a pair of hands wrapping around your finger and clutching a heart. His girlfriend Johnnie, whom he's been with for the past two years, wears the same belt and ring. He walks across the room to the bathroom on the balls of his feet, hips swaying a bit, butt stuck out slightly, like a snake charmed and tamed by visions of excess. When he sits back down, the top two buttons of his fly are undone and he plays with them absentmindedly—nearly fastening them, not quite, finally buttoning them—while he talks.

These are the small details, but in the millions of minds in which Hutchence lives, small details swell to epic proportions. When he chopped his flowing, butterscotch-streaked hair into a blunt butch cut this past spring, people seemed even more confused and upset than when Bush was elected President. When he appeared out on the town in glasses the world wondered if they were windowpanes (they're not; he's blind without them). He wants to act



(he quipped that he cut his hair in order to get better film offers) and this summer he played 19th-century Romantic poet Lord Percy Bysshe Shelley in Roger Corman's "Frankenstein Unbound" opposite Bridget Fonda, John Hurt and Raul Julia. (The film, due out next summer, concerns a 21st-century scientist who sips through time and lands in 19th-century Italy amidst the poets and Dr. Frankenstein.) It was his second role, and the second time he played a decadent, poetic drug user (the first was Sam, the Melbourne punk rocker at the center of "Dogs In Space"). "Good typecasting is wonderful," he laughs. "Jack Nicholson's made a career out of it. A good one, too."

To the millions for whom his warm voice is the sound of love tumbling down, Michael Hutchence is more interesting, powerful and talented than Michael Keaton or Jack Nicholson. "Every actor I know wants to be a pop star. John Hurt wants to be a pop star. He loves it." But for Hutchence the whole point of acting—the whole point of the last year—is losing himself. "That's why people in music want to become actors," he says. "Because you can become anything. With music it's a little different. Music takes you somewhere. We're always trying to clarify. We don't have a chance of doing it—that's what makes you a poet, makes you drink—but you're trying. You never will. You can be very close. There can be 20,000 people over here who go, 'Yes! He did it. That's exactly what I felt, but I never knew how to express it.' And 20,000 people go, 'No. That sucks. I disagree with that.' That's the price you pay."

Lose yourself to find yourself. Once Hutchence did

it with indulgence, now he has acting. And vacation. Since the INXS tour in support of *Kick* finished in Australia in November 1988, Hutchence and the other five members of INXS have been resting. In the 12 years since they first formed, 1989 was the first year the Australian band didn't release a record or tour (They head back into the studio this month with *Kick* producer Chris Thomas in hopes of having an album out next spring.) In his time off, Hutchence recorded *Max Q*, an album of what he terms "subversive pop music," with Melbourne punk Ollie Olsen (and not until the long-awaited *Nick Cave and Kylie Minogue Sing the Carpenters Songbook* is finally released will a

**"I'm really pretty insecure about my looks. Isn't everybody?"**

more unlikely pairing of Australians have recorded together). Serious, political and arty where INXS is sensual, political and poppy, *Max Q* is the album where Michael Hutchence learned to play the guitar, produce and sing. "You are born into the world looking down the barrel of a gun." *Max Q* is not, Hutchence rushes to explain, a solo album. "I don't want to be associated with that whole solo album thing. It's such a boring thing to do. 'Here's my solo album,' Mick Jagger, one of the greatest living rock icons, put out a solo album and no one bought it. Not even it wasn't good and no one bought it—no one was even curious

enough to buy it."

*Max Q* is a band because, as much as anything, Hutchence doesn't feel like being the center of attention right now. One of the first *Max Q* songs, the one that started the project in fact, is a song Olsen wrote for his improbable friend Michael Hutchence. It's called "Ghost Of The Year." A dour industrial flamenco ballad, it swells with foreboding (and has none of the wah-wah guitars and Barry White strings that make the rest of the album strange science-fiction disco). "There's a great deal of pain inside, and I'm supposed to be all right," sings Hutchence.

"I like the lyric," he says. "I'm counting on you to count my blessings/to count the fingers on my hand/That's the amount of time I've got/I'll always feel drowned." Which is a very interesting way of putting it. You become this public property. Ollie's saying you're always counting, there's a time limit you're counting on; you're counting on the public to deal the final blow. You know it's inevitable. And you have to love them for it in a way. You have to accept that that's the way it goes. Otherwise you'll spend the rest of your life talking about how you were an ex-pop star. Which I'm not interested in doing."

## It's the End of the World as We Know It, and He Feels Fine

Michael Hutchence is a shockingly normal man. For the last 12 years, since he was 17, he's been the lead singer of a rock band, travelling the world and watching his flame grow brighter and brighter. *Kick*, an album of funky hard rock, made INXS major stars in America, but Hutchence is unimpressed with his own status as rock star ("I don't think it applies to me—people say it does, but I don't feel it") and his role as a sex symbol ("this icon shit—the concept of six million people owning my albums is fucking weird"). He remembers the decade of work that preceded *Kick*. He remembers INXS as six guys who grew up and went to school together. "We're good boys. INXS are good boys." (Later, when he's talking about how close knit the group is, he says, "We've all drunk together, fucked together," and looks up smiling. He does not say, as he has several other times, "I shouldn't have said that.")

This is a quiet time for Hutchence. In the last year he's been around the world several times—vacationing in Bora Bora, Tahiti and Morocco; at home in Hong Kong; recording *Max Q* in Los Angeles and Sydney, filming "Frankenstein Unbound" in Milan—but he makes it seem unexotic. This is his life. This week he's in London doing interviews and photo shoots.

Next week he'll be in Paris enjoying himself, maybe looking for a house in the French countryside. Throughout the day he talks about having a party at the end of the week and "losing my mind for a few days." But for now he's drinking no-alcohol beer with lunch. If it weren't for the fact that he looks even more like Jim Morrison in person than in photos, and that by the end of the evening we're drinking champagne with dinner, Hutchence would be just another good-looking guy with a five-day beard sitting around London talking about Guns N' Roses and thinking about the end of the world.





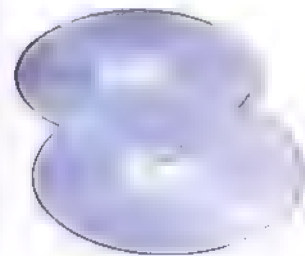
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"'Sweet Child O' Mine' is a classic 70s hit. Even the words. 'Sweet child of mine'—it goes against everything that women have been working towards for the last 20 years, and then women are buying it. They're lapping it up. It's to do with my concept of the end of Western Civilization. Not in the sense that we're all going to die tomorrow, but in the sense that we've arrived at the end of our progression. I firmly believe that. This is the final progression into the year 2000. The next 15 years or so we're going to become curators of our own museums. We'll be living in them. Cities—America especially—will become museums. The word 'museum' will take on a whole different meaning.

"There's no ideological, political argument to be made anymore. Not the great one. Not the one people really care about. I'd say the issue of drugs, for instance, must be a much greater issue to the average teenager than anything else. It's greater than the environment. It's greater than where you stand politically. It's 10 times more important than anything. It's affecting their lives. That fact is the end of civilization to me.

"It's the end of what we know. I don't mean that in a sort of eulogy sense. It's a natural evolution. It's an evolution. We have to find a new way to go into the future. I don't think people really give a shit. They don't have to. When you don't have to, then what do you do? You put a video on and watch a movie."

**Does it bother you at all to be part of this phenomenon? They could put on "Kick: The Movie."**

"Good. I hope they enjoy it. I didn't."

## Budding the Perfect Beast

Michael Hutchence first met Ollie Olsen in June of 1985 at the Countdown Awards, which were the Australian version of the Grammys. It was at the Rockman's Regency in Sydney where all the rock stars stay, and the place was filled with celebrities and glitz. Overseeing it all was Molly Meldrum, a pop fan in his 40s who, as host of the video show "Countdown," is Australian pop's conscience. Olsen had come to meet Hutchence, the upper-middle-class Sydney boy who was starring in his friend Richard Lowenstein's film "Dogs In Space." The film told the story of Melbourne punk in the 70s—a story Olsen had lived (they reformed his Suicide-like band, Whirllyworld, for a cameo in the movie)—and he wondered who the pop star playing the punk was.

Olsen stormed the hotel, six-pack in hand, wearing a black paramilitary outfit, his hair bright blond and shaved close to his head. "He comes flying into this



Richard Croft

Hong Kong where his father was a garment trader. The Hutchence family had servants and a chef. When he was an early adolescent, Ian "Ollie" Olsen put a rifle to his father's head and pulled the trigger. The gun misfired, leaving his father unharmed and Ollie deaf, or so the questionable story, perhaps more myth than fact, goes. But what is known is that he eventually harnessed his angst to Melbourne's budding punk scene, playing, over the last 15 years, in the Reals, the Negatives, the Young Charlatans (with future Birthday Party guitarist Rowland Howard), Whirllyworld, an industrial band called Orchestra of Skin and Bones, and NO.

Michael went on, in Hutchence's words, "to terrorize some neighborhoods and parties together."

"I'm sure we didn't have any interest in each other to start with. Especially he of I, me being a pop star. But he just loves music. That's why we've always gotten along." Earlier this year Hutchence and Olsen went into a studio in Sydney and recorded two of Olsen's songs. At the end of February, when Hutchence was in Los Angeles to present a Grammy Award to Tina Turner, he flew Olsen over from Australia and they finished rough demos for Max Q in a week. When Hutchence returned to Australia, they finished the album in a month, recording every conceivable sound they could, layering it all in dense disco-industrial style. Every night after the sessions they would listen to Slayer at full blast. It was Ollie's suggestion.

"I brought Atlantic in to listen to the album," says Hutchence. "I've never done that before, had a record company listen to an album before it was released. We're sitting in this room listening to the album, big scene, Sheldon Vogel's there, Ahmet Ertegun's there, Ollie comes flying into the studio. He's got his jams on like a surf punk and his long hair, black hat with a bandanna that comes over his eyelids, on which he's written in chalk 'Glory for the Shit for Brains.' That's the name of a song on the last NO album. It was one of those sort of cartoons. Ollie screamed, 'AUGH!' and they screamed, 'AUGH!' Everybody ducked under tables thinking he was a terrorist and he ran out of the room. But it was great. They all went, 'That was Ollie, right?' They wouldn't let him through the front door to talk to them because he's scary and he's fucking loud, but we wrote and produced this album together and

**"Max Q isn't a solo album for me, and it's not just a band. It's this alter ego we've created out of everyone."**


place, and it's just packed with everybody—it's like the Green Room at the Grammys—and I was just standing there," says Hutchence. "I had never met Ollie. I just knew of Ollie. And he spots me and yells, 'MICHAEL!' He's deaf in one ear, so he doesn't even know how loud he's talking. And I'm like, 'Oh . . . my . . . god.' He managed to just wipe this room out in half an hour. It was so funny to me. It was brilliant. He has no respect. No false respect. He managed to abuse every single person in the room."

As an early adolescent, Michael Hutchence lived in

The latest NO album, *Once We Were Scum Now We Are God*, collapses skittering despair and ranting fury into a swirling cacophony.

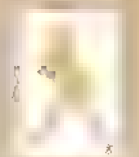
The first time Olsen and Hutchence worked together was three years ago for the soundtrack to "Dogs In Space." Hutchence came into the studio to sing a song Olsen had written and produced, "Rooms For The Memory," and Olsen laughed at him right up until the time he stepped up to the microphone. "That's good. Yeah," Olsen said. He was smiling. The song went on to become a Top 10 hit in Australia. Ollie and





“He’s flying in on the red-eye  
just for my party.  
And he drinks Johnnie Walker®”

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he has a sensibility they wouldn't understand. So they're thinking of all those other people like him that they've turned away. In LA he's a celebrity now: 'Love the way you hate me.' "

#### Who, or what, is Max Q?

Well, Max Q is a title that Ollie was just bandying about. "I want to do a Max Q thing." It was a month later that I found out it was the name of his dog—which I shouldn't have mentioned—his deaf dog. A mad, fucking, frothing-at-the-mouth, barking, biting, table-chewing dog. That's the beginning of it. What it turned into was this guy we could create. This idea of taking pieces of everybody and creating this persona: Max. So it's not a solo album for me—which it isn't technically—and it's not just this band. It's this alter ego we've created out of everyone. The weird thing is we wanted to make the logo really ugly, with this police identikit sort of thing, and it turned out to be this guy, this person. We were quite happy with it and kept it. That's Max.

When Hutchence talks about Max Q he talks about what a thrill it was to give underground musicians an opportunity to make a good pop album in a good studio. When he talks about Ollie Olsen he talks about how much he admires Olsen's ability to tell people to fuck off. "At first it was pretty terrifying being around him, but you respect it after a while. His honesty is enormous. He taught me a lot about when to say things. Like don't worry when to say it and how. And he taught me to know if I'm becoming jaded and to be real careful about all that shit."

#### Five Reasons Why INXS Are the Consummate 80s Pop Band:

1. Videos. By the time "Need You Tonight" from *Kick* became their first American #1 hit in January 1988, they had already shot five videos for the album's 12 songs. It cost as much to make the videos as it did to record the album. They know that TV is at least as real, if not more so, than reality. Explains Hutchence: "In Australia, we've never been able to see people live, so we had the video concept 10 years before MTV. We had a whole bunch of those shows, like 'Countdown.' It's always come to us on a television screen, music culture. Always."

2. Elvis. It is rumored that INXS played their first show on August 16, 1977, the night Elvis Presley died.

3. Roots. Hutchence grew up in Hong Kong, moved to Australia at 14, then to Los Angeles for a year, and back to Australia. His upbringing—multi-national, nomadic, rootless—left him free of rock myth, able to pillage the scraps of history and claim it as reinvention. And so he became a living metaphor for 80s pop. Though INXS has connections to black music no stronger than, say, those of New Kids On The Block, they make some pretty funky records. Or as Hutchence says, "In Australia all the music sort of comes at you, it doesn't arrive underneath you—apart from Australian music—but all the influences, they sort of fly across the oceans at you. Australians just really like to take and grab and put anything on top of anything. They have a lot of fun doing that. They don't have a lot of allegiance to any one thing."

4. Marketing. There's no 900 number (yet), but they're natural marketers. Explaining how the band got their name, guitarist Tim Farris said, "Our record company

"I've led a really much more decadent life than people realize, than I've let on, for a long time. I have."



suggested 'In Excess.' But without a record out, it seemed people came to your shows if your name was really big on your posters. We wanted ours huge, so we shortened it."

5. Sex. Listening to an INXS album is like browsing in an adult book store: "New Sensation," "Devil Inside," "Need You Tonight." Somewhere between irresponsible encouragement and safe fantasy, they advocate a pleasure they can never deliver—on record—and leave you begging for more.

#### Star Power

**SPIN:** How does it feel to be the object of people's desires and fantasies?

**MICHAEL HUTCHENCE:** I find that a little embarrassing. [laughs] I'm really pretty insecure about my looks, so it's a nice stroke.

**Get the fuck out of here, you're insecure about your looks.**

Isn't everybody? People that just sort of look in the mirror and go, 'Hey, I'm great,' are they? I mean, good on them, well done. But I'm just not like that. A lot of these people, if you get some honesty out of them, are insecure. That's probably one of the things that fuels them onto the stage.

I have a theory on audiences, the audience doesn't get bigger, it just takes more people to contain you on the stage. It's nothing to do with advertising. I think it's a natural phenomenon that occurs. There's a certain collective unconscious of people; they catch you, coming off the stage. People think that more people come because you're popular, but I think it takes more people to contain you. It's a primal thing. It's old.

**That's a very scary way of looking at it. For me it's an idea; for you it's a life.**

Yeah. But it's exciting. I wouldn't do it if I didn't want to. There's a transition as well. From backstage to walking onstage. There's these little steps, these little aluminum steps with orange markers on them and these guys put torches on them and you walk up—there's about six of them usually—and each step there's a transition. I feel it every night. It sends sparks up into my head, and it's just wild, I wouldn't give it up for anything. It's definitely one of the better feelings around. I don't understand it. And it makes me cry. And it makes me love the audience. That's what I mean about containment. That I'm really giving as much as I'm receiving. Audiences aren't just there to pay fucking ticket prices. That's disgusting, to think that way. I have such a respect and a love for the fact that that can happen, that that transition can happen. 'Cause I think there's a fraction in every single person in the audience—virtually every person, except for those that come to hate—there's a little fraction of you in each one. There's a sharing there. People come to project themselves to you. I'm really just a product of my audience in a way.

**Do you lose a sense of your life outside of those two hours onstage?**

Yeah. It becomes a gray area. That's where the tricky part is, making up for that. The good, sensible, rock'n' roll thing to do was be completely drunk and take drugs and have sex all day. Which is like a really good idea. It's fun, [laughs] I think. It's commendable. If you can keep it up, so to speak, for that long, for years on end. But it eventually takes its toll. You become vegetable soup. Your brain misses something in the end, has to. That's why most of those people are dead. I don't think the drugs really killed them. They killed themselves.

I've led a really much more decadent life than people realize, than I've let on, for a long time. I have Absolutely. As decadent as anyone's. I already had a middle-age crisis when I was about 26. I spun out completely from everything that was going on and I probably completely fucked up a great relationship because of it. So I've sort of been through that.

In a physical sense, to realize your mortality is interesting. Because you really don't think it is there. Especially if you're a rock star. It's terrifying. There's moments when you look in the mirror and go, 'Yup. Looking like shit.' [laughs] I'm feeling better now than I have for a few years. I think I look worse though. It's more a physical thing. I'm quite vain at times.

**What drew you to decadence? What draws anyone?**

*Continued on page 116*





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# Sweetheart Of The Rodeo

It's been 10 years since Rickie Lee Jones first achieved hipster sainthood. In her absence, a host of imitators arose to take her place. Now she's back to fill her own shoes.

Article by Timothy White

**T**he horse kicked her square in the face, jolting her into a dream state

Ever since, Rickie Lee Jones has had no memory of what happened to her that day in 1965 when she was 11. But her amnesia about the incident in a backyard stable in Phoenix became a recurring nightmare. In her sleep, she had visions of herself frantically crawling into a closet, trapped there by a crazy horse trying to get at her.

Rickie Lee's two great passions were horses and singing. Born in Chicago on November 8, 1954, the second of three daughters (and one son), she was the Jones child who inherited the ancestral appetite for show business. Her mother, Bettye Jane Jones, had taught her "a whole bunch of real sad Western songs, tragic American ballads about cowboys dying out on the prairie on their way back to their sweethearts, or arriving to find the women had wed somebody else."

Rickie Lee's father, Richard Loris Jones, was himself a source of both music and lamentations. The son of a

one-legged vaudeville dancer named Peg Leg Jones ("I have one old clipping," says Rickie Lee, "where his name is larger in the billing than Milton Berle's"), Richard Jones was a failed songwriter and entertainer whose embittered restlessness was aggravated by his daughter's emerging talent. Like his wife, Richard Jones grew up in an orphanage, his father abandoning him after his mother (a chorus girl) expired in a car crash.

The cyclical sorrows of the Jones family appeared to be subsiding at the point that Rickie Lee discovered horses, rodeos and the troubadour impulses that complemented them. After a decade of drifting in quest of a break in the entertainment industry, Richard Jones had allowed his brood to put down some tentative roots in Phoenix. Rickie Lee was absorbed in local riding, ballet and acting lessons when tragedy returned in the form of another traffic accident, this one involving her older brother, Danny. At 16 he was sideswiped by a car while riding his motorcycle. His leg was torn off and he spent three months in a coma. The accident

Photography by Deborah Feingold







left him both physically and mentally impaired.

"While Danny was in the hospital," says Rickie Lee, "there was a little girl in the room next to his who was in critical condition after being kicked by a horse. When she died, my parents immediately decided that it was all over for me and horses, and made me quit."

Danny's shattered future was simply too much for the fragile Jones household. An anguished Richard Jones resumed his drinking and drifting ways and Rickie Lee, who was closest to Danny, was sent to live with an aunt, her beloved hobbies no longer affordable. Mrs. Jones struggled to raise her other daughters while caring for Danny on a modest nurse's salary.

Rickie Lee ultimately ran away from her broken home (located by now in Olympia, Washington), and lit out for Los Angeles, where she fell in with colorful denizens of Hollywood's rock n'roll underclass. While waitressing and woodshedding on the seedy bohemian circuit that encompassed the cafes and bungalow porches of Venice, Santa Monica and the Sunset Strip, Rickie Lee encountered hobo minstrel Tom Waits and cohort Chuck E. Weiss. She quickly became the wisecracking queen of hearts in this three-card musical monte.

Discovered by Little Feat's Lowell George and coached by Warner Bros. staff producers Lenny Waronker and Russ Titelman, Rickie Lee Jones released

her first album in the spring of 1979. While chum Tom Waits had long since earned an eccentric national following, and Weiss was determined to become a cult-figure's cult figure thanks to the commemorative "Chuck E.'s In Love," no one was prepared for the multi-million-selling debut *Rickie Lee Jones*. At a time when airwaves were jammed with hollow eruptions, Rickie Lee's harrowing hipster street hymns reaffirmed rock's value as the public expression of a personal truth. Throughout the poignant LP there was open homage to such influences as Van Morrison and Laura Nyro, yet just one listen to "Young Blood," "Easy Money" and "Danny's All Star Joint" convinced almost all comers that here was a singular spirit whose pained life had become her art.

Rickie Lee was potent stuff, but she was not prolific. Her second album, the searing *Pirates*, surfaced in the autumn of '81, almost three years onward. Nurtured by her new relationship with writer-musician Sal Bernardi, she unveiled an unflinching document of every delusion overnight success had bred, chronicling her sp it with beau Tom Waits ("We Belong Together," "A Lucky Guy"), the breakdown that ensued ("The Returns") and the fresh isolation that had replaced her former forlorn existence ("Traces of the Western Slopes"). She also included "Pirates (So Long Lonely Avenue)," a dark masterpiece whose original version

she had destroyed after her jealous father had dismissed it as "worthless."

Rickie Lee's mother confessed sadly that, "It was her father's dream to someday be what Rickie Lee has become. And the fact that she's even named for him maybe makes it a little harder for him to accept."

*Pirates* was lavishly acclaimed, yet a person sufficiently tormented to create it could hardly be expected to take such praise in stride. Instead, Rickie Lee dropped from view, descending into an alcohol- and drug-fueled depression interrupted by two largely overlooked records: *Girl at Her Volcano* (1983), a quirky EP of live tracks and torch songs, and *The Magazine* (1984), an often-compelling assortment of confessional ballads and narrative suites.

Then Rickie Lee vanished again, though not as the consequence of more traumas. Rather, she was building a new life, having fallen in love with French musician Pascal Nabet Meyer. Once married, she channeled her energies into warming the hearth for her husband and their baby girl, Charlotte Diamanti.

She also drew the scattered Jones clan together again, and cheered on brother Danny, who was sufficiently recovered to begin selling real estate, writing poetry and fiction, and running—unsuccessfully—for Congress in his Washington State district (he says he received a little better than 10 percent of the Democratic vote against the incumbent).

Rickie Lee resumed writing songs during a 1987 trip to the Republic of the Seychelles, a cluster of some 85 islands off the coast of Kenya. "I was amazed that this tropical country didn't seem to have a native music, and for some reason," she giggles, "that spurred me into sorta doing something to fill in the gaps."

Shuttling between a farmhouse in rural France and a compact ranch in Southern California, she signed a contract with Geffen Records and began constructing tracks with the production guidance of Steely Dan co-founder Walter Becker and Geffen's Gary Gersh. Meanwhile, in the gaps crated by Rickie Lee's protracted absence, a host of Rickie Lee wannabees (Rosie Vela, Fairground Attraction) and eager emulators (Edie Brickell) surfaced on the progressive music scene. Yet none could even approximate the deep courage and uncommon fire at the core of her work.

**A**s rock stars go, Rickie Lee is ultra-shy (hence, her few published interviews and infrequent concert treks). Yet when she does submit to personal scrutiny, the depthless eyes burn. Pride fades from the oval face. And her pained, sandpaper speech betrays the dull rustle of psychic skin being rent.

Mention the Phoenix nights of her 14th summer, the season when she lost her virginity, and she is visibly stirred, a body tremor evident as she stammers, "He was 17 . . . it was late in the same week that we met . . . in a shack next door to my girlfriend from the third grade . . . and it was the best . . . but a bummer I can't forget . . . 'cause it killed me . . . with its suddenness."

Ask about her ripening as a chronic runaway and the memories are blunt and bleak. "When I was a little kid, I wasn't very pretty, I didn't have a lot of friends. Kids drew 'cootie rings' in the playground to keep me out. I never knew when I was going to leave. I might be walking over to a kid's house, then all of a sudden I would just stick out my thumb, and hitchhike across three states. The one link I had with people was singing. I would do it as a little girl and children would stop playing to listen. I felt like that was something I did that nobody else did. It was the only thing that was mine. There was nothing else I could count on."

Her formative years passed in a sphere where love





**SPLASH.**

**MAKE ONE.**

**CODE INJECT  
CODE TEST  
BOOTS**

could be withheld—or withdrawn—without the slightest explanation. And she sees plainly the cruel patterns of this jeopardy. Her father spent the Depression honing his flair for wanderlust, stealing milk off porches, wooing and later deserting her mom with rascal disregard.

Just as wrenching, Bettye Jane Jones is uncertain to this day why her own mother tossed her into an Ohio foster home at the age of 2, and both women have grown old without having any further contact with each other. The legacy of mutual desolation is staggering.

Bettye Jane vowed a new beginning, a pedigree of parental devotion that would start with her, and daughter Rickie Lee is the most public product of that resolve. "We're an ancestry of Southerners and Midwestern hillbillies, cow thieves, saxophone players, assorted phantoms and loudmouth preachers," as Rickie Lee puts it, "but I think my mom is the one teaching us all how to love."

Following a 70s stretch of intense drug dabbling ("STP, pot, cocaine, pills, acid") and an early-80s bout with the bottle ("more heavily, heavily than I had ever drunk in my life"), Rickie Lee has arrested her demon impulses. And whatever she has learned during her recent professional furlough, she's finally prepared to share it. Indeed, the accumulated trials and trophies of a full decade in the creative wilderness are preserved on *Flying Cowboys*, a lovely, disquieting and unforgettable new testament to the force of her maverick vision.

This interview took place in an intimate mid-Manhattan recording studio just as another autumn began seeping into the city. Rickie Lee, tanned and rested from a vacation in Greece, sipped strong tea while

curled up on a comfortable bench beside a Yamaha grand piano. At one point during the hours-long talk, she accompanied herself on a spontaneous rendition of "Horses" that was so heartfelt she was near tears. Whether in 1965, 1979 or 1989, Rickie Lee Jones has always risked her neck to extend her trust.

**So much has happened since you were last heard from. You're a wife and a mom now. Where'd you meet your husband, Pascal Nabet-Meyer?**

[Smiling shyly] I met him in Tahiti in the summer of

call the child from the other side, to choose and welcome her or him.

A lot of people seemed obsessed with training and controlling children right away. Saying, "You can't give in to them, you can't get up in the middle of the night for them!" For me, they're your responsibility and you're the only one they know, so you must get up in the middle of the night, and lose some sleep, and be glad to lose some sleep. Because you're the one who asked them to come. Don't make them conform to you. Conform to them a bit.

**"I think I spent a number of years trying to retrain myself not to be a dangerous person. And then I started to say, 'I'm who I am, and I wanna have fun, and I have a wild side, so I'll just take care of her.'"**

'85. He picked me up to take me to the Gauguin museum, on his motorcycle, and we've stayed together ever since.

**And you have a daughter, Charlotte. At some points on *Flying Cowboys* there seems to be a tip of the hat tenderness-wise to her.**

Certainly! If you're ready for children, and ready to give up the way you've known, it makes your life better than could ever imagine. Charlotte, she's an old spirit who knows exactly what she's doing, and she did when she arrived. My feeling right away was this is a person who wants to get started and finish what she's doing. And she's like that, but you have to be ready to

Before I had the baby, when I would meet a baby I would feel kinda self-conscious. I had a little trouble looking them in the eye, because they really penetrate you. Now when I see them I look them right in the eye and give them a big smile. Babies, for me, it seems they are sent from another world, almost like extraterrestrials, and it's such an honor to welcome them.

**The speaker in "Ghetto Of My Mind" on *Flying Cowboys* could either be a colorful character in a Paris bistro, or a desperate figure in urban America. She's got a dance partner she calls her "rooner" and she says she "don't take no trouble smoke at the wall." What's she saying there?**





That's about crack, and stuff like that, that they do so much. "Rooner" is my nickname for my little Charlotte. But "Rooner" is also what my little sister calls my mom.

I started the song in France a long time ago, and while we were making the record Pascal kept saying, "I really think you should finish that song." So it got started in France, where I think I just wanted to go all the way into remembering what it was like to drive up and down the street in LA, have friends you went out with, and stuff that I didn't do anymore.

**There's a lot of economic evil behind people who are stranded in the ghetto, and it often compounds the inner sorrow of them being unable to visualize and move toward concepts of a new life.**

As the song says about the world, "The one you see is the one you make," but the one you make is the one that you must live in. It's hard to have any idea that you have any control when you're poor. The road to having control seems so very, very long—and is very long. Once you start to take control—that is, by going to school, or doing whatever the first step is to get out where you are, it seems possible. In America, you're not worth very much if you don't have very much, if you can't have anything it's very hard to imagine that you are somebody who matters.

I personally have a lot of problems, and they're problems of having a place to live and acquiring a few possessions, and becoming somebody I like a little bit more. You have to have a strong psyche to realize from down there that you're just as important and valuable as anybody.

**"Ghetto of My Mind" seems to be about the suffering**

**involved in trying to persevere and protect your imagination.**

For me, the ghetto of my mind means the lowest point, and it's always there, and you have to take good care of it because it's the weakest link in the chain. As far down as you can go, you will go, so you have to keep the mental ghetto clean. Also it's kind of fun there, there's a lot of noise there. For me, it was a matter of, look at all these nice things I have, and still I sit and fret and worry all day long, and think about all the things that can go wrong. I have to start trying to learn to be here and now and get out of this ghetto!

**"Rodeo Girl" sounds like it might have been written from several levels of experience. You've had to compete, just like the girl in the song, and I'm sure you've been made to feel you had to be "better than the best." The title is a powerful metaphor for loneliness in a competitive world.**

The Rodeo Girl, she seems to be caught up in a dead and dismal situation. It's time to saddle up! I had this picture, when I wrote it, of a rodeo and a rodeo girl, and the gate opening and her going out to run the barrels—meaning the contest course marked out by the barrels—and the horse running away with her, jumping over the fence, and running and running until she's lost in the desert.

I went for several months to Karen Womack's Western Riding School when I was a little girl, and learned to race and trot what they called the gymkhana events—in amateur rodeos. I grew up mostly in Arizona, so we were at rodeos a lot. I loved horses, and I admired the rodeo girls. They were very thin and they have very tight ponytails, and there was something unusual about them, a quality I longed to have. A

cowgirl is a special creature, they're very strong and determined women. I had no money for riding outfits or even proper footwear—I just wore sneakers—so I loved them in their spangled clothes and their pointed, roach-sticker boots. They have to be tough to get those horses to do what they want.

I rode ponies, and briefly had a little colt name Geronimo, but he got too ferocious—we got rid of him when he almost crushed my mom against a stable wall. Mostly, you had to draw for your horse. And I remember one Indian pony, really fast, called Arrowhead. I couldn't ride bucking broncos, but I did O.K.

Once, I got a big, fast quarterhorse—a very sensitive horse I didn't know—for a big rodeo I got to be in. During the barrel competition, as I got to the second barrel, I guess I lost my balance and jerked the rein a little and the horse stopped dead. I flew over the top of it. But I got back on, went around and finished the race, and I got a big hand for that. And I came in fourth, overall, even with falling off the horse. To this day, I feel really good about that rodeo.

**Flying Cowboys is filled with an aura of danger, yet the songs describe the need to renew human bonds despite the risks. "Satellites" has a great couplet in it: "Friends must stay together, code the world with the fugitive light." In 10 years of recording, it's one of the happiest songs I've ever heard you sing.**

Good insight. [laughter] That's exactly what I did—I wanted to write a happy song. I wrote that at the Chateau Marmont in LA; it was the same day that I did "Away From the Sky." Those satellites, those little guys, popped up, and I wrote a song about them. What else was so insightful about what you said was that I think I spent a number of years trying to retrain



myself not to be a dangerous person. And right about that time I started to say, "I'm who I am, and I wanna have fun, and I have a wild side, so I'll just take care of her." When I wrote "Satellites" I remembered how good it felt to write "Young Blood." It felt like that

**There's very little hope in "Ghost Train" from the new record. It's a very heavy song about a ride to nowhere, with the mood of a Delta blues redeposited in an urban setting right out of the sci-fi film "Blade Runner."**

I always saw it as a blues; I was completely in Blues Land. I was seeing a bus in a city, where the person gets on and it's filled with dead people. It's a song about drugs; I think it's a song about somebody about to die. This guy I used to know, Jupiter Ray, is there in the song. I don't think Jupiter Ray is dead—I found out later that he's O.K.—but I was wondering for a long time what happened to him, and with the shape he was in when I last saw him. I thought he *would* be on the bus as well.

This bus is a place one goes to quite willingly. The narrator, she decided to take the bus. The bus ride is scary and it's sad, but it's not over. It ends up being circular, and no matter how many times she gets off, she keeps getting back on the bus again at the end. It's a warning, as much as I might presume to warn anybody

**Do you see yourself as storyteller as much as a songwriter?**

Definitely. A few years ago I got stuck in my writing, and my little sister said to me, "You know, Rickie Lee, your problem is that you're trying to write songs. You're a storyteller, you're not a songwriter." It went really deep into my soul, that comment. And it told me what my purpose was.

Of course, I've done actual spoken-word things on-stage before. I did some monologues on *The Magazine* tour, where each concert was blocked out like an abstract play with two or three monologues in it. [laughter] And on my very first tour I was drinking a lot and going into big spiels, but I don't think I ever did a stand-up routine

I'm not a songwriter in the sense that I would enjoy writing something made to order. It doesn't come from there for me. And I don't think I could ever write for a film, if somebody asked me

**The title track of the new album seems to have an emotional kinship with "Horses," in that the line, "When I was young I was a wild, wild one" recurs. It seemed to belong in both of them. [laughs] I loved singing it so much I'd put it in all of them if I could! I'm thinking there about when I was wild—not so long ago. Time has passed really quickly; it seemed to go by much faster in the 80s than the 70s. When you have purpose, and you're not in the waiting room, time passes much quicker. A great many mountains have gone by.**

For me, "Horses" is magical. I see the girl in "Horses" and she's high up on a cliff by a ravine. She has a little wooden shack, it's just one room, I think it's been there for a long time. and she comes out of it every day and looks down at a man in the ravine. She's probably that Rodeo Girl I was talking about.

Pascal wrote the music, the basic melody. And Sal Bernardi, my friend from *Pirates*, played the guitar on the track. I came up with the prominent bass line and the lyric. It took a long time to write the story—in fact, I wasn't sure if we were going to be able to put it on the record. I could *feel* the place, the girl, the Mexicans, but I couldn't write it until last December or January.

I had the chorus, "We'll come to the river/We'll walk away from all this now," for a long time. I got the lines, "The man whose horns are twisted into shapes . . . and bears the look of an animal" while I was looking at a picture of Miles Davis. He was the model initially for the man down in the bottom of the ravine. The elements that came into that song through Miles Davis were those of someone who goes way beyond where anybody else can go, and can't stop. The kind of thing that Miles Davis did in the 60s, that he's famous for, is so beautiful, but he can't keep doing it, he can't stop or go back, and I admire him for that.

**Even though these new songs derive from your experiences, you disappear behind the characters in them more than ever before, which is a very generous thing to do. The stories have a unique autonomy.**

I was thinking about learning to give with this album, which is something you think about when you have a baby, because you have to give all your time, and a great deal of psychic energy to feed them and make them well. I find that the more you give, the more you have to give. In recording, the more you can let go of, the lighter you become and the more you have to offer

At one point, I wanted to have a band called *Flying Cowboys*, because I have really wanted to be part of a group and not be the leader. During the writing, I loved just sitting and playing the bass—even though I'm not a great bass player—because the work was evenly distributed. And even though I was still the leader, I was learning to listen to other people. That idea of giving everybody lots of room stayed in *Flying Cowboys*, making the project more than just my own

spiritually, making it a real giving piece with as little ego involvement as possible.

**For *Flying Horses*, you put your sad-but sensible stamp on "Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying." Were you a fan of Gerry and the Pacemakers' original version in 1964?**

Yeah, I was! I loved it, and "Ferry Across the Mersey," too. When I heard them, I visualized this faraway place where they lived over in Liverpool, where the Beatles came from. I must admit I was a sucker for anything from there, even really tacky stuff, because it was where they came from; it had a certain holiness about it. But I only bought Beatles records, because my allegiance was to them.

**Also, "Don't Let the Sun" came out during a very intense time in America. It was the summer of '64, when the civil rights struggle was going strong and those three young civil rights workers, Goodman, Schwerner and Chaney, were found murdered in Mississippi.**

I was 11, and I can remember the neighborhood I lived in in Phoenix, and the feeling in the air, the tension. I think the earth at that time was involved in a lot of electrifying emotions.

That's the original demo that you're hearing, and I did that in about an hour and a half. I did the song as one of three demos, and I kept it because it seemed so much my own. I love singing other people's songs. When I sing my own songs I can't improvise on them because I wrote them and I'm committed to convey-

*Continued on page 114*





His parents felt it was time  
he had a place of his own.  
After all, he was 15.



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# ANTIHERO



**Award-winning documentaries about controversial subjects have been roadblocked by the US Information Agency, while films that tow the conservative line get the right-of-way. The courts call it censorship.**

**Column by Susanna Styron**

**P**icture Scene A: An attractive black woman, having introduced herself as a health physicist and a member of the Science Advisory Board of the Environmental Protection Agency, sits on a mountainside, blithely handling uranium ore while discussing how common and safe the existence of radiation in nature is. Later, the same woman smiles into the camera as she holds a Geiger counter to the entrance of Grand Central Station in New York and says, in a relaxed and reassuring tone, "Grand Central Station in New York City is radioactive." No reason for alarm, it's just a fact of nature.

Now picture Scene B: Two young women prepare to enter a uranium mine. They are signing a paper which one of them reads aloud: "I certify that I am not pregnant. If I am pregnant I indemnify Kerr-McGee for any and all incidents and injury, including but not limited to radiation exposure, that may happen to the unborn child."

Scene A is from "Radiation . . . Naturally," produced by the Atomic Industrial Forum, a film which was granted a "Certificate of International Educational Character" by the United States Information Agency

(USIA), allowing it to be exported to other countries duty-free. Scene B is from "In Our Own Backyards: Uranium Mining in the United States," produced by myself and my partner, Pamela Jones. This film was denied certification by the USIA on the grounds that, among other things, it intended "to present a particular point of view" and was not "primarily factual."

**I**n 1967, the United States became a signatory to the Beirut Agreement, an international treaty designed to promote "the free flow of ideas by word and image" through an unrestricted international exchange of documentary, educational and scientific films and audiovisual materials. The treaty states that "visual and auditory materials shall be deemed of an educational, scientific and cultural character when their primary purpose or effect is to instruct or inform . . . or when their content is such as to maintain, increase or diffuse knowledge, and augment international understanding and goodwill."

Since then, the USIA has been using its own peculiar interpretation of the treaty as a tool for censorship.

That is not an accusation: it is the ruling of the US District Court in Los Angeles and the US Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit. Together with other filmmakers and distributors, we brought a lawsuit against Charles Wick—Reagan crony and then-head of the USIA—alleging that the agency violated the First Amendment rights of documentary filmmakers by discriminating against their films on the basis of point of view. The USIA was denying certificates to films that did not represent the administration's point of view—thereby impeding their distribution. At the same time, it encouraged the distribution of films which towed the party line by granting them certificates.

Here's another example: "Whatever Happened to Childhood?" a documentary about broken families, received an Emmy Award for "Best Information Special." It was denied a certificate because, by focusing on the children's problems and not "showing families that are coping and managing in a very healthy way," the film "distorts the real picture of the universe and youth in the United States." Meanwhile, a six-part series entitled, "The Family: God's Pattern for Living," was certified as educational. The program notes describe the subject matter as "God's scriptural expectation of each member of the Christian Family." The second part, "God's Pattern for Wives," "illustrates the need for wives to submit to their husbands." Presumably the USIA considers this a fact, not an opinion.

**I**n 1982, "In Our Own Backyards" was released and accepted into the American Film Festival, which is sponsored by the Educational Film Library Association. It won some awards, was aired nationally on PBS and was selected for screening at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. The film was well-distributed nationally to schools, libraries, churches and environmental groups, and was termed by the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*: "an excellent summary of the problems of uranium mining." Naturally, with this kind of success, we planned to distribute the film abroad, particularly to Canada and Australia, both of which have seen extensive uranium mining on native lands. Imagine our surprise when we received a letter from the USIA saying that our film was not considered educational by them, and would therefore have export duties imposed on it.

This being our first attempt to export a documentary, we had never heard of the certification process. As it turned out, neither had most of the other documentary filmmakers we knew. Either they had not tried to export, or their distributors had just paid the fee—as, for instance, in the case of ABC-TV's Academy Award-winning documentary on toxic waste, "The Killing Ground." ABC had no trouble paying the fee, and in fact refused to join the lawsuit when we invited them to. In some instances, the filmmakers knew about the process, but apparently didn't think through the implication of the government's imposing restrictions on the free flow of their ideas.

Such was the case with "Save the Planet," a compilation film by Green Mountain Post Films, made in 1979. That film was denied a certificate on the grounds that it "resurrected the traditional US guilt of the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki," and it portrayed "anti-nuclear protesters as heroes, as intelligent and highly motivated." "Save the Planet" also used actual news footage—not treated or altered—in which, according to the USIA, "US Presidents and officials are shown giving speeches which appear to be simple-minded, lacking in understanding of the problem, and in some cases, almost maniacal." That is



why it was turned down

"Save the Planet" is blatantly anti-nuclear. There is no question of the filmmakers' point of view. But it is no more emphatic or one-sided in its expression of its opinion than, say, "The Family: God's Pattern for Living." And that's the whole point. Everyone has a point of view, and to presume or state that a documentary film can exist without one, no matter how objective and balanced its producers aim to be, is ridiculous. Even "60 Minutes" has a point of view. More importantly, the fact that one film can be exported duty-free because its point of view does not offend or threaten the USIA, while another must pay a financial penalty for its opinion, is a clear violation of the First Amendment.

We took our case to the Center for Constitutional Rights in New York. They also felt that the certification process was unconstitutional, and agreed to represent us. The makers and distributors of six other films joined the case. One of the films, "The Secret Agent"—about Vietnam vets suffering from the effects of Agent Orange—was originally denied because, among other things, it was "intended to present a point of view." However, it was finally granted a certificate before we reached court when the USIA for some reason decided that "although 'The Secret Agent' does present a point of view, the board did not find that this was the film's primary intent" (whatever that means), and, "Furthermore, the film *showed the American system at its best*" (italics mine). It was because of this last statement that the producers of "The Secret Agent" joined the suit. The reasons for its receiving a certificate were even more specious than the reasons for its being denied. Show the American system at its best, get certified as educational, show the American system at its worst, get labeled "propaganda."

**T**he agency does not certify or authenticate materials which by special pleading attempt generally to influence opinion, conviction or policy (religious, economic or political propaganda), to espouse a cause, or conversely, when they seem to attack a particular persuasion." This is one of the USIA's own subregulations to the Beirut Agreement. In addition, the agency will not certify "any material which may lend itself to misinterpretation, or misrepresentation of the United States or other countries, their peoples or institutions, or which appear to have as their purpose or effect to attack or discredit economic, religious or political views or practices."

The USIA was originally established as an agency to disperse information about the United States to other countries. But under the reign of Charles Wick and the Reagan Administration, it became increasingly restrictive, resorting to more and more baroque forms of censorship. The guidelines above were devised before the Reagan/Wick era, but the Administration interpreted them to fit their conservative agenda. Among other paranoid policies, beyond knuckling down on the exportation of subversive and dangerous documentary films, was Mr Wick's creation of an agency blacklist—a list of speakers banned from government-sponsored overseas speaking engagements. Among them were such threatening revolutionaries as Walter Cronkite, Shirley Chisholm, Coretta Scott King, Senator Gary Hart, author James Baldwin, arms treaty negotiator Paul Warnke, Betty Friedman, John Kenneth Galbraith—just a few in a list of 84 bad guys.

In order to determine whether "In Our Own Backyards" should be granted a certificate, the USIA referred our film to the Department of Energy (DOE) for

review—kind of like the fox guarding the chicken coop, since DOE was one of the agencies specifically criticized in the film for failing to enforce more stringent safety regulations in the nuclear industry. They USIA found that "In Our Own Backyards" impermissibly attempted to influence opinion because, while presenting other points of view, nevertheless, "both the beginning and end emphasize the danger of nuclear power and the evils of uranium mining." Another problem was that we allegedly failed to use expert testimony. Among those we interviewed were Dr. Joseph Wagoner, formerly of the Environmental Protection Agency, who, while he was with the US Public Health Service, was commissioned by the government to perform the definitive epidemiological study on Native American uranium miners and lung cancer. He found that they were dying of radiation-induced lung cancer at five times the normal rate of lung cancer among the nonwhite population of the area. I don't know how one is supposed to get more

**Show the American system at its best, get certified as educational; show the American system at its worst, get labeled "propaganda."**



**Documentary footage or propaganda? A scene from "In Our Own Backyard."**

expert testimony than that. Clearly, the USIA just didn't like what Dr. Wagoner found. We also interviewed the manager of Kerr-McGee's largest underground uranium mining operations in Grants, New Mexico, a representative from the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, a nuclear physicist; a pediatrician with the US Public Health Service (PHS); and a US Congressman.

Next transgression: The film implied that the uranium industry is "callous to the public need and unwilling to spend the money for the adoption of adequate safety measures." That is exactly what we found to be true in the course of our research and filming and what we intended to imply. Specifically, one segment in the

film concerned Dr. Jorg Winterer, a pediatrician with the PHS in Gallup, New Mexico. He described how he was threatened with insubordination charges and a court martial for declaring publicly that there was a grave danger to public health from a radioactive waste spill at Churchrock, New Mexico, after the United Nuclear uranium processing plant had claimed that all danger from the spill was over. When he asked his superiors why the PHS wasn't doing something about it, they told him they "didn't want to antagonize the business community in the area." Maybe that is what the USIA was referring to.

The agency claimed the film implies that "the United States government is too concerned with pleasing industrial leaders to protect the public interest." That must be the segment where US Congressman Toby Moffett, then Chairman of the House Subcommittee on Energy, Environment and Natural Resources, speculated that the US Congress may be too numbed by campaign contributions from the nuclear industry to really stand up for the public's well-being. And finally, the film implies that "the American society is once again taking advantage of the Native American Indians."

Our film is guilty of all those implications. It is not, however, guilty of inaccuracy. It may not augment a particularly favorable view of one aspect of the United States; but that does not mean that it misrepresents the United States in any way.

The ability to speak out about any subject is what a true democracy is all about. The fact that our own government is trying to shut us up when we make an attempt to share our information and our point of view with the rest of the world is a dark and shameful blemish on our national character.

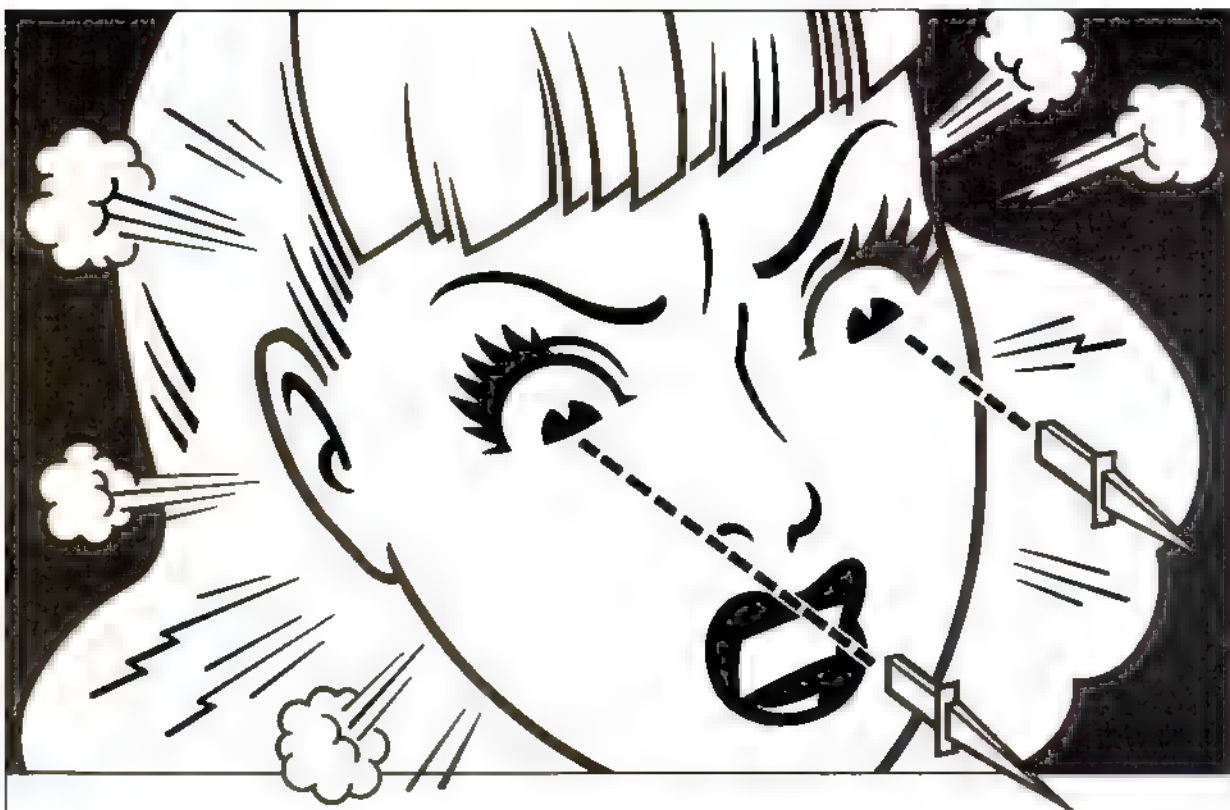
In October 1986, the case was argued before Judge Wallace Tashima of the US District Court for the Central District of California in Los Angeles. He ruled in our favor, deeming that indeed, our freedom of expression had been compromised, and that the criteria used by the USIA in the certification process were unconstitutional under the First Amendment. In May 1988, his ruling was affirmed by the US Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit. That same week, Judge Tashima declared a second set of guidelines devised by the USIA as also unconstitutional. Those guidelines required, among other things, that the film be primarily factual, and that the facts be verifiable; they also allowed for the issuance of propaganda stamps on the certificate, which might have a worse impact than no certificate at all.

"In Our Own Backyards" was denied certification under this second set of guidelines, because, "There is a definite link between cigarette smoking and lung cancer . . . the agency is unable to verify that uranium was the cause of the lung cancer in the miners." All they had to do was call the expert on the subject, Dr. Joe Wagoner, which they did not do. He would have told them that NONE of these miners smoked cigarettes. Why they found it so hard to verify is a mystery.

At this point, Judge Tashima found it necessary to order that the USIA, which had stopped issuing certificates altogether, immediately grant certificates to the six uncertified films at issue in the suit. The USIA's solution, in the case of "In Our Own Backyards," was to grant a provisional certificate.

A clearly frustrated Charles Wick responded to the court setbacks by suggesting that the United States withdraw from the Beirut Agreement since it was

*Continued on page 119*



SHE SHIFTED UNCOMFORTABLY IN HER SEAT. HER BACK CLUNG TO THE SIMULATED VINYL. A BEAD OF SWEAT DRIPPED OFF HER CHIN. THEN, IN A FLASH, IT CAME TO HER. BINGO! (TO BE CONTINUED)

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"*Married With Children*" is the highest-rated show on the Fox network. Because it captures the perfect American family. Al Bundy works in a shoe store at the mall. Peg Bundy uses credit cards well but can't make instant coffee. Kelly dates the football team. And Bud is always underfoot, like the dog, just uglier.

The Bundys are in the backyard, taping "Hot Off the Grill," the season premiere of "*Married With Children*." They're having a barbecue, eating potato salad and trading bathroom humor by the picnic table. Their familiar living room—huge RCA ColorTrak TV framed in simulated wood, plastic tchotchkes, Kenwood hi-fi, porcelain figurines above bookshelves filled with *Reader's Digest* Condensed Books, Al Bundy's bowling trophies, a set of matching sofa, chairs and end-table from the 1972 Sears catalog, and dog hair—is empty.

Each of the half-hour sitcom's three seasons have been better, raunchier, more controversial and more profitable than the last. So Fox TV has moved Al, Peg, Kelly, Bud and their dog, Buck, to a new time—opposite the networks' *Movies of the Week*. But there's no competition. "People almost feel cool watching the show," says 17-year-old



Christina Applegate, who plays the brazen, peroxided adolescent Kelly Bundy. "It's become quite a cult thing. People have '*Married With Children*' parties and they won't leave their houses on Sunday evening. It gets kind of obsessive. It's hilarious."

The *Wall Street Journal* calls it "the deliberate antithesis of the revived family sitcoms of the 80s." People call it "the

anti-Cosbys." Executive producer Ron Leavitt (who wrote for "Happy Days" and produced "Laverne and Shirley") calls it "the flipside of 'Father Knows Best.'" "*Married With Children*" is the grime in the corner of your bathroom that you can't be bothered to clean, it's the Tupperware bowl of leftover tomato sauce molding in your fridge; it's the day you go without a shower, letting your hair get greasy, just because you feel like it. It's all the unpleasant moments you forget, the moments prime-time edits out to make room for Jif peanut butter commercials.

On the barbecue set, David Faustino—the spotty-faced 14-year-old who plays Bud (and is not nearly as ugly in person as he is on TV)—is goofing off with his neighbor, Steve. Ed O'Neill is in a denim shirt and jeans, talking about his new house without the gorilla-with-a-banana-in-his-mouth cadences of his character, Al Bundy. Katey Sagal, the buxom bowler Peg Bundy, is entertaining the crew with an ad-libbed version of the National Anthem.

When they slip into character, it's the scene in your very own backyard; everyone's home, and everyone would rather be somewhere else. So you trade insults with your brother, gang up with your mother against your father and chew with your mouth open, maybe push baked beans out through your front teeth with your tongue. "We're different," says Applegate. "We're not afraid to say or do anything."

"No other network would let us do some of the things Fox lets us do," says O'Neill. "Like the show when a mouse chewed through the electrical wire and all the lights went out, and I said, 'Stand back, I'm going to kick some mouse ass.'" Al Bundy gets by on the same sort of obtusity, crassness and goofiness that Ralph Kramden did. And like "The Honeymooners," "*Married With Children*"



"*Married With Children*," clockwise from Buck the dog—Marcie, Steve, Bud, Kelly, Al and Peg.

centers around a lower-middle-class household with a dumbass, breadwinning husband and a dominant wife. Both shows strip the audience of life's luxuries and posturing, exposing the nerve ends and then tickling them. "*Married With Children*" gives us



Family Feud: At left, Marcie, Kelly and Peg scowl; at right, Al, Bud and Steve look stupid.

characters we all recognize—and to a point identify with—but they're naked and sour like unbuffered aspirin. And while we're laughing at their vulgarity, their messes, we're laughing at exaggerated versions of ourselves. Ed O'Neill, a former football player, says, "We all know an Al Bundy."

Last season, Terry Rakolta, a Detroit housewife, thought the show hit a little too close to home. Objecting to references to masturbation, good sex, bad sex, adult sex, adolescent promiscuity, bowel movements, menstruation and TV dinners, she led a campaign to get "*Married With Children*" taken off the air. She appealed to advertisers and asked them to withdraw their support. But

after a brief hassle, all she got was an apology from the president of Coca-Cola and a crate of Coke. "The show won't be toned down," says Sagal, who has her own rock band and, at varying times in her career, has been a backup singer for Bette Midler, Etta James, Olivia Newton John and Bob Dylan. "Threats just spur us on."

"People don't understand what would happen to them if we got pulled off the air," she says. "The fans are so passionate about the show they would go and kill these people. I swear to god."

During the summer, the cast played in a charity softball game against LA radio station KNAC. The bleachers weren't big enough to hold all the fans. And after the game, the Bundys were stormed for autographs, most shamelessly by members of Mötley Crüe, Anthrax, Queensryche and Guns N' Roses. "That's our audience, bowlers and

rock'n'rollers," says Christina Applegate. Off-screen, Applegate is far from the slutty sex bomb whose pin-up poster sold 100,000 copies in its first two weeks and whose fan mail arrives in trucks. She's soft-spoken, demure, wears sweatpants, Reeboks and no makeup. She idolizes Janis Joplin. She also thinks of her character, Kelly, as the last American virgin. "We like to make people think she's wild. But maybe she doesn't do everything people think she does. That's left up to your imagination."

The Bundys are rehearsing scenes for the season premiere. Ed O'Neill takes bits of his own life, mixes them with the characters of Jackie Gleason, Sid Caesar and Sergeant Bilko, and becomes Al Bundy. Kaley Sagal changes out of her loose-fitting black outfit and into zebra-print spandex pants and clingy pink top. "They're tight clothes, that's Peg Bundy's deal," she says. "But she's fun and kind of liberated. She does what she wants and

has good self-esteem—a great gal." Sagal says she was always the weirdo in her family, she still leads an unconventional life and laughs like a sailor. "People will always love to laugh," she says. And "Married With Children" makes them laugh the way a kid does when his sister gets braces. It takes the piss out of family values; it's the perverse side of family tradition—cynical but somehow affectionate.

"I think we're successful," says Sagal, "because so much TV presumes that people are stupid. And people aren't buying the pabulum quite as readily as they used to." As the scene from "Hot Off The Grill" closes, Al Bundy needs more ashes for the barbecue. Next door, his neighbor Marcie cradles the urn containing the charred remains of her dead aunt.

—Steven Daly

## Breaking In

Director Bill Forsyth and screenwriter/director John Sayles are two of Hollywood's most confident and capable outlaws. Both are drawn to lives out of balance; they specialize in quirky characters with personalities perched on the cusp between endearing eccentricity and outright loserdom. Forsyth's films include the oddly comic "Gregory's Girl," "Local Hero" and "Housekeeping," while Sayles' recent credits include "Matewan," a Steinbeckian account of a coal-miners' strike in West Virginia, and "Eight Men Out," the story of the corrupt 1919 White Sox team that threw the World Series.

In Mike, the central character of "Breaking In" (directed by Forsyth from a 10-year-old script of Sayles'), the two have come up with a humdinger anti-hero. Mike (Casey Siemaszko, from "Young Guns" and "Three O'Clock High") isn't a criminal, exactly. An auto mechanic living the low life in Portland, Oregon, Mike has a habit of breaking into houses—not for traditional reasons, like stealing appliances or jewelry or cash, but just to take advantage of the little things: stocked refrigerators, cushioned chairs, color TV sets.

One night, after entering through an upstairs window and short-sheeting a bed just for the heck of it, Mike ambles into a prim suburban living room carrying a tray full of chow and a cold beer, and discovers a guy in the dark. A tall, oldish guy with skin the color and texture of a Grandma Barbie doll and off-white hair that looks as though it were combed out of a shag bathroom mat. He says he's there to fix the TV antenna, but he's actually a burglar. He'd

been busy cracking a safe when Mike interrupted him. His name's Ernie, and when he realizes Mike is more naive version of himself, he takes the kid under his wing and decides to teach him the tricks of the burglary trade.



Casey Siemaszko and Burt Reynolds on the job in "Breaking In."

For some inexplicable reason, Forsyth chose Burt Reynolds for the role of Ernie, an aging thief who's hoping to pull off one last heist and retire. Reynolds had to spend 2 1/2 hours in the makeup chair to adopt the look of a worldly, time-worn crime pro more than 10 years past his real age. The fact that he looks like a stiff wouldn't be such a problem if he didn't act like a corpse, with wooden gestures and a sense of sputtering discomfort every time he delivers a line. But the miscast Reynolds doesn't totally bog down "Breaking In." Beyond the talents of Forsyth and Sayles, the film owes much of its lyrical offbeat charm to Siemaszko. As Ernie's fumbling prodigy, Siemaszko's Mike has a jittery way of carrying himself, as though he can't quite quell his natural fear of being caught; yet once he's pulled off a successful job or two and gained some confidence, his ego blows up like one of the pair's unlucky safes. Mike basks in the newfound criminal identity Er-

nie has unlocked in him (he's finally able to live like those people whose houses he used to break into), and Siemaszko perfectly transforms the character from unself-conscious nobody to swaggering cocksure braggart (during one brief, greedy period, Mike ditches Ernie to try and make it solo, with little success).

From time to time, "Breaking In" overreaches its own modest goals, taking on too many plot twists (girlfriends, cronies, etc.). And Sayles and Forsyth are such sticklers for detail that inordinate amounts of time are spent on obscure things like Ernie teaching Mike how to cook up nitroglycerine. But "Breaking In," like their best work, lends an unsuspected grandeur to small-time living. Sayles, Forsyth and Siemaszko make you think that a misfit may be the best thing to be.

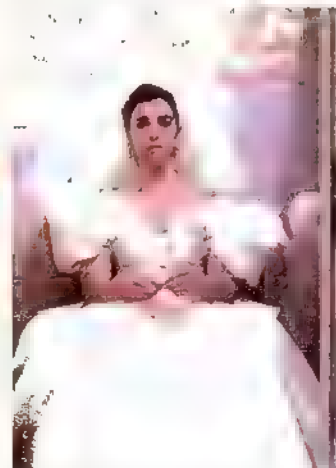
Karen Schomer

Would you want dyed-blue mashed potatoes at your wedding? Donna (Annabella Sciorra) does—they'll match the bridesmaids' dresses, and she wants everything at her wedding to be perfect. Unfortunately, her fiancé, Michael (Ron Eldard), finds the idea of pastel potatoes nauseating—just one of the many fights for two young lovebirds on the road to marriage.

"True Love," the first feature from director Nancy Savoca, is set in a Bronx Italian neighborhood where girls tease their hair into sky-high mousseedos and take Cosmo compatibility quizzes while the guys guzzle boiler-makers and find truth in "The Honey-mooners." After the hormonal rush of

their engagement party, Donna and Michael start to feel the dizzy lovey-dovey bliss of being "perfect for each other" slip away as the grim hardships of real life flop onto their heads like pizza dough. "Better look now, Michael," warns one old-time Ital doomsayer as the groom-to-be gazes euphorically at his bride. "After the first kid she's going to blow up like a balloon." It's kind of like "Married to the Mob" without the mob.

"True Love" 's success, however, comes less from the subject matter than Savoca's treatment of it. She's as obsessed with color and movement as Susan Seidelman; every frame is as cluttered with detail as Donna's knickknacky bedroom (there's a poster of *True Blue* on her wall, so you know



Annabella Sciorra celebrates her wedding day in "True Love"

what her values are). But Savoca wants naturalism, not garishness, and the cast (including Sciorra and Eldard, both making their feature-film debuts)



has a spunky, uncontrived ease. These are people who lose their temper at bad drivers, talk back to their parents ("Ma, speak English!" complains Donna's little sister) and flick bottle caps when they're bored.

At the center of it all is the downward spiral of Donna and Michael's relationship. When Michael disappears to Atlantic City the night of his bachelor party and pukes his way back to Donna's door, she is ready to punt him all the way to Never-Never Land. It's a good thing Savoca (who also cowrote) finds humor in disaster, because "True Love" is not a story about happy endings.

— Karen Schoemer

Author Whitley Strieber made a bundle off *Communion*, his best-selling nonfiction book about how aliens landed in the backyard of his remote Vermont home and abducted him for experimental purposes. But perhaps aliens are best left to a reader's imagination.

At least, these aliens were better left to the imagination. In this post-"Close Encounters" era, any movie about extraterrestrials that doesn't give the special effects credit until somewhere after the key grip has problems. Adapted for the screen by Strieber and directed by Phillippe Mora ("The Howling II" and "III," "Death of a Soldier"), "Communion" laboriously sets the scene for the beings' appearance. Strieber is having nightmares, he's got writer's block, he's irritable with his family, he spooks easily. Then one night in Vermont, the house becomes bright as day and eyes are peeking out of the closet at the "dreaming" Strieber. Next thing you know, the house is full of aliens! Some are willowy orange people-things with insect eyes, delicate noses, and lipless mouths. Others look like giant 3-D dancing California Raisins. A little brown fur on the face and they'd be Ewoks.

Christopher Walken, a Tony Perkins for the VCR age, plays Strieber and does a terrific job at making him an unlikable character. As his wife, Lindsay Crouse gets knocked into a deep slumber every time the aliens want to play with Whitley. The film is awkwardly structured, making us live through Strieber's experiences over and over while he goes through therapy. And the special effects just don't cut it. Much scarier are pseudo-philosophical scenes full of torpid script lines such as, "Is God real?"

— Karen Schoemer



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# Malcolm McLaren

*More than a pop star, Malcolm McLaren is a concept: Shopkeeper, fashion designer, media manipulator and cultural saboteur. He invented the Sex Pistols and Hip Hop Opera. His latest album, Waltz Darling, is a blend of Johann Strauss and voguing.*

*Orchestrated by Scott Cohen*

## A ROOM I'D LIKE TO ROOM IN

John Keats's room, with the flowers painted on the ceiling, in the Piazza di Spagna in Rome, just before he died. He always imagined himself dying with all those flowers falling on top of him. It was the ultimate erotic suicide.

## THREE FLOWERS I'D MOST LIKE TO BE CRUSHED TO DEATH BY

Lilies, roses and forget-me-nots.

## MY FAVORITE EPITAPH

"Here lies a man whose name was written in water."

## ROCK STARS I WISH I INVENTED

Eddie Cochran and Gene Vincent. I'm such an oddball, though, that I would never have met anyone as talented as they were, but perhaps in those days they weren't. I only meet people who can't do anything but want to do something. Although, at the end of the day, I've represented the gods in some shape or form with the Sex Pistols.

## TWO RECORDS THAT INFLUENCED ME MOST

Johann Strauss' Overture to "Die Fledermaus," which I thought a lot about when I made *Fans* and *Waltz Darling*, and Gene Vincent singing "Somewhere Over the Rainbow." There was something so fantastically incongruous about him doing it and at the same time so romantically tragic. I first heard it 15 years ago when I opened a teddy boy shop on the King's Road, the last time I played it was when I moved to Hollywood and met Lauren Hutton and suddenly decided to buy some records for the apartment. I always went for the soppy songs.

## THE FIRST RECORD I EVER BOUGHT

"Heart and Soul" by Jan and Dean.

## TWO CHILDREN I WISH I HAD

Madonna and Melanie Griffith.

## A TRUTH THAT IS NOT TRUE

Musicians are at the cutting edge of our culture. They are followers; music's not a leader's medium.

## AN ADVANTAGE I HAVE OVER OTHERS

Being an artist in a medium I am not prepared in. I make music a little like a painter would make music or like a film director would. I go out and look at music, rather than play it. If a musician walks down a street and sees a building, he will never see that building; he will only hear the sound around it. I will be constantly concerned about the facade. That is a very different way of conceptualizing things.

## MY NEXT PROJECT

*Eight Lessons in Deportment*, a dance record inspired by Emily Post's *Guide to Modern Manners* that's designed to be very instructive—the South Bronx goes to charm school.

## SOMEONE I'D LOVE TO DESIGN CLOTHES FOR

Sylvester Stallone. I don't know how I'd dress him but I'd definitely give him a pipe.

## WHERE I HANG MY HAT

I live in my dreams; I have always refused to live in reality. Right now I'm being truly cursed for it. I've been cursed for it earlier on, but I'm paying for it like hell right now. It's a tough road to keep going down and for one reason or another, I don't seem to be able to change.

## IF I WERE A LADY

I feel my whole life has been that of a kept woman.

## AT THE TOP OF MY SHOPPING LIST

I used to be proud of being the ultimate brat but now I want to be a bit more useful. You can't fall in love unless you feel useful. I want to be in love, but the more you try, the more you'll never find it.


## THE NEAREST FARAWAY PLACE

Cuba. It lies somewhere in my body. I don't have any genuine English blood; I'm half Spanish-Portuguese-Jewish and half Scottish, although the Scottish part comes from Cuba. My grandfather was born in Havana, and my ancestors lived in Havana. The McLaren clan emigrated there to escape the wrath of the English when they invaded Scotland in 1810, and my grandfa-

ther emigrated back to England at the turn of the century. I've always been attracted to things Latin and only found out why two weeks ago when I met my father for the first time since birth.

## SOMETHING I WAS AFRAID TO REVEAL ABOUT MYSELF IN THE PAST

I never wanted to reveal the existence of my past. Now I'm very concerned to fill up that hole and create my past in order to become—before it's too late—a little real. That's why I made a conscious effort since last Christmas to find my father. Lauren Hutton persuaded me to make the effort. I exposed the idea across the British Isles through all the daily and weekly press. That's how I discovered that he was alive, which I didn't know, and that he was living in England. His fifth wife saw the notice and informed the newspaper that I should contact him through her.

I met my father on a marsh, in an old dilapidated cottage on the site where *Great Expectations* was literally written. When I arrived, he was already there, waiting in the shadows for 10 minutes while I stood alone wondering what the hell was going on. He looked like something out of the movies; he didn't look anything like me. He was extraordinarily suave, weary, suspicious and a little guilty. He knew everything about me and I didn't know anything about him. He didn't want to talk about himself, but I did find out that I had another brother and sister who are professors at Cambridge University who I never knew existed. I'm going up to see them next. My brother is a man who talks to trees. My father showed me photographs of my ancestors from Havana. I was silent most of the time; I just looked at him, at his deeply creased face, his tiny moustache and golden yellow wavy hair and a very debonair emerald green silk shirt and white trousers. I saw things in him that I didn't like in myself; extreme volatility; self-obsessed; very unwilling to show affection easily; a person who is as much a dreamer as I have been and has been fairly caddish about life. I suddenly felt it wasn't healthy for me to be like that, although—let's face it—all the characters we adore in life's dramas are the most irresponsible spoiled brats: Don Giovanni, Casanova, Don Juan, Mick Jagger, rock'n'roll. 

*Photograph by Kevin Davies*





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# Straight, No Chaser

*Once jazz and drugs went  
hand-in-hand, a combined  
ticket to improvisational genius.  
Now the game has changed.*

**Article by Mike Zwerin**

*"Sometimes she thought music that she especially liked was a drug for her, magic and unreal, and yet necessary"—Patricia Highsmith, Edith's Diary*

David Sanborn was sitting in his New York apartment staring with affection at a quarter-ounce of cocaine and a package of heroin next to it when the telephone rang. It was the woman he loved. She said she loved him, too, but she could not handle his habits anymore. She was leaving him.

"Oh? Well, O K. Bye," he said. After 20 years of escalating chemical self-abuse, he loved his drugs more. Much more. If there were a bubble over his head like in a comic strip, it would be full of powders, pipes, boxes, decanters and drug paraphernalia. There might be music, too, but only along with the drugs. It used to be the opposite. He shivered. What was he doing to his life? He called his friend and fellow saxophonist Michael Brecker and cried, "I need help." Brecker took him to a meeting of Narcotics Anonymous.


Sanborn played saxophone with Stevie Wonder, David Bowie and Gil Evans, he was a member of the "Saturday Night Live" band, he sold millions of records under his own name. He is one of the greatest success stories in contemporary instrumental music. But behind the "swinging" facade were the chemicals that have plagued jazz since its birth. They are gone now. Clean today, he's host and musical director of NBC's "Night Music."

Enormous ingestive capacities like Sanborn's were once much admired. (Charlie Parker is a better-known example.) It was a game of chicken with the devil. How blasted could you get and still play your best? Or could it be even better than your best? Last one vertical wins. Eric Clapton once admitted that for him hard drugs had been a test of strength—how close to the edge could he get and still come back.

In the 80s, the nature of the game has been changing. Jazz and drugs no longer go together. A short list of long-term "inactive" (the term preferred to "ex") addicts includes Clapton, Sanborn, Brecker and his brother trumpeter Randy, Bob Berg, John Lurie, Mike Stern, Frank Morgan and Miles Davis.

The list is growing and it adds up to a clear-cut trend. The prototype of the jazz musician and the nature of the music itself is changing.

*Illustration by Michelle Barnes*

arking eras by one specific event or another is bound to be arbitrary. Nevertheless, it can be said that the myth of the stoned jazz musician, the image of jazz and dope marching hand-in-hand, died along with Chet Baker when he fell from a second-story window of an Amsterdam hotel on Friday the 13th in May 1988.

In the 40s and 50s, Chet was one of the first generation that created bebop, the improvised urban music that injected European classical elements into jazz's


The pacesetters of the future may spend their time dealing with the control of organic functions—meditation, yoga, acupuncture, circular breathing, vegetarianism, multiphonics and tantric singing—rather than artificial chemical balance.

African roots. He was no genius like Charlie Parker, but his soft and sensitive trumpet touched us in a special summertime place where the living is not easy (this August, his album *Let's Get Lost*, the soundtrack to Bruce Weber's documentary on his life, reached number one on the *Billboard* jazz chart). People he had never met cried when he died. His death crossed the last "I" of a sad story.

The emotional breadth and revolutionary techniques discovered by bebop's creators were for many years ignored by the establishment. Jazz was considered *bordeño* music, raw, instinctive, undisciplined, fit to accompany car chases or porno films and fun for a party, maybe, but that was about it. Concert hall impresarios refused to have barbarian jazz pianists lay hands on their Bechsteins.

Jazz is a demanding art form. Six nights a week three sets a night until 4 a.m., you write your concerto, like . . . NOW! Bebop's creators heard their (uncredited) harmonies and rhythms adapted in acclaimed "serious" works by classical composers like Igor Stravinsky and Darius Milhaud. Bebop phrasing (also uncredited) turned up on film soundtracks. Collecting no royalties, bebop pioneers worked for sweatshop wages in Mafia-controlled saloons that functioned as drug distribution centers on the way from the Golden Triangle and Bogotá to Harlem rooftops. Marijuana, cocaine and heroin were basically black man's drugs, which edged into the white American culture along with black music and moeurs.

Alienated to begin with, jazz musicians found drugs in their workplace. Just as older musicians who were active in the 20s became alcoholics working in speakeasies, the next generation became addicted. They fought alienation by constructing a secret culture with its own lifestyle and language. Heroin seemed to cure the alienation for a minute. Some white musicians used it to feel closer to their black heroes. Beatniks and hippies and the image of "hip" itself grew out of the jazz hipster subculture.

f you weren't a junkie, you weren't part of the in-group. Peer pressure was once so negative that in 1955 one of the best bebop bands was based in San Quentin prison, co-led by two inmates, saxophonists Frank Morgan and Art Pepper. They re-


hearsed in the yard during the day ("friends" would drop off "presents"). They gave weekend concerts (wearing prison-made tuxedos) for up to 2,000 cons and their guards. When Morgan fell heavily into debt with his drug dealer, fellow convict Black Panther George Jackson passed the word and the debt was "written off."

Morgan mourned the death of Charlie Parker by shooting up and playing a soulful version of "Don't Blame Me" in a San Francisco club. He forged checks,

fenced stolen property, cleaned out hardware stores. He thought of himself as an expert criminal, though now he says, "Actually I became an expert at failure. I was addicted to prison life, I was a star in prison. I didn't have to think for myself, I had all the dope I needed and there were better musicians inside than out."

He spent the majority of his adult life in prison on drug-related charges. Now released and thriving, he replies to a question about why drugs were so omnipresent in jazz circles: "It's by design. We are the victims who live in the neighborhoods that they saturate with drugs. Whoever 'they' may be. I'm not so sure that the people telling us to 'just say no' are all that innocent. But I'd rather not get into a discussion where what I say might cost me. I don't want to talk about the government or the CIA and all that. There's nothing I can do about it other than work on myself and try to live life as a productive and loving human being."

Peer pressure has done a 100-percent about-face. No matter how well he plays, a hornman on drugs today will not be hired by the increasing number of leaders who have cleaned up. It is impossible to imagine a situation such as the 16-piece big-name jazz band in the 50s which went out on the road with 13 junkies in it.


azz has become a romantic big-budget subject featuring larger-than-life All-American heroes. Dexter Gordon was awarded a *Chevalier des Arts des Lettres* medal of honor by the French government for his role in the film "Round Midnight." "Bird" is a prize-winning Clint Eastwood production, Miles Davis makes millions, Dizzy Gillespie performs in the White House. Young "post bop" jazzmen wear three-piece suits, are on time for meetings, drink mineral water and negotiate six-figure contracts. They appear in Carnegie Hall, Salle Pleyel and accredited universities. There are still hornblowers who enjoy the occasional smoke, but hard drugs have just about disappeared where jazz musicians congregate.

Jazz has become as complex and creative as any music anywhere in the world. In 1959, Leonard Bernstein was so moved by Ornette Coleman's abstractions, he planted a big kiss on his brow in the Five Spot Café. "Respectable" people respect jazz now. It is

played by brilliant, thoughtful musicians who analyze Bartok and Stravinsky. They read John Cage; Picasso is important to them. They are sophisticated enough to be aware of their value, and their exploitation. Rather than a symbol of a way of life or a sociological statement or a reaction to alienation, hard drugs have come to be perceived as a refuge for empty minds.

It is no coincidence that hard drugs disappeared as respect for what came to be called the "classical music of the 20th century" and "America's native art form" arrived. As the amount of alienation was reduced, so was the need for the "cure."


Although, once again, it is hard to pin down a trend to one particular person or event, it can be said that this one began, like he began so many other trends, with Miles Davis.

he Prince of Silence looks regal sipping herbal tea in a grandiose suite in Montreux, on the Swiss Riviera. Miles Davis is accustomed to luxury, expecting it, deserving it somehow, like an African prince in his chambers.

"I had to stop doing everything." He is wearing rose-rimmed dark glasses and a white shirt of expensive linen. His hair is curled and luxuriant. There is some weight on his bones for a change. His skin tone is luminescent: "Ev-er-y-thing."

"I was snorting coke, right? Four, five grams a day. Go out drinking brandy and beer around the clock. Get up at midnight, stay out the rest of the night and half the day. Smoke four packs of cigarettes. Using sleeping pills, too. One day I wake up and I can't use my right hand. Can't straighten it out. Cicely panics. . . ." (Miles Dewey Davis III, son of a dentist in Alton, Illinois, was married to the award-winning actress Cicely Tyson—they have since separated.)

"Cicely said, 'Let's go see Dr. Shen.' He's an acupuncture doctor. I was taking physical therapy but it wasn't working. Dr. Shen gave me needles—here, here, there. He gave me herbs to clean my body out. Chinese medicine. I shed my skin. Weird stuff came out of my nose. I didn't know which drug was messing me up so I decided to stop them all."

ike Stern used to sniff what he called "paraglyphs" rather than lines of cocaine when he played guitar with Miles. Miles fired him in 1983, saying, "Come back when you cool out." Stern said, "When Miles told me that I knew I had to take it seriously. I realize now that I was that close to checking out. I joined several rehab programs. It may sound corny, but reality really is better."

Two years ago, in New York, I had an appointment for an interview with Stern at 11 a.m. Sunday morning (rehabilitated time for an ex-addict). He brewed coffee so strong it may have been illegal. He smiled slyly between sips and shrugged, "Well, hell, you have to do something." His joke reminded me of one cleaned-up drummer who said, "These young guys walking around carrying an attaché case and a portable computer are kind of scary. This is hard for me to say, and I sure hope it isn't misunderstood, but maybe we could use just a little bit more humor."

One negative aspect of the new ethic is the absence of humor. The plague is over, there should be dancing in the streets. But we have gone from one extreme to the other. Austerity has replaced the orgy. Don't mess with Mr. In-Between. Let The Good Times Roll through Gloomy Sunday. No room for Saint Paul, who said, "A little wine for the stomach's sake."



Jazz is going through a digestive period. All styles are acceptable, any combination, any new variation. This is healthy and there is a lot of high-level playing. On the other hand, there are no towering creative giants at their peak.

Plenty of talent, but not much genius. Where are the geniuses? Are they like the frog prince, praying for a kiss to awaken them? Will the princess have a magic potion? Steroids perhaps? Is it possible that some sort of chemical is necessary to produce genius in this music?

A surgeon named Dr. Patrick L'Echevin wrote a book called *Musique et Médecine*. "The ear is more intense than the eye," he says. "Sound is the first thing to touch the individual. Babies already hear inside the womb, but they wait a month after birth to see light."

The soothing effect of music is well known. David's harp calmed King Solomon's nervous depression. Bach wrote the Goldberg Variations to overcome Count Keyserling's insomnia. Elderly people are more comfortable in nursing homes which have developed musical therapy programs. Having a tooth pulled is less painful while listening to Vivaldi. Music can help calm the pain of terminal cancer patients.

A study was made in a Japanese factory involving 120 working mothers who were nursing babies. They were divided into groups which listened to Western classical music, jazz and pop. Classical music was found to result in a lactation increase of up to 100 percent. Lactation while listening to jazz and rock went down 20 percent and 50 percent respectively. L'Echevin attributes this to the "disturbing effect of syncopation."

Music is the only art that enters the body directly, physically, into the system. So in addition to the jazz lifestyle, the creative pressure and the infection of the workplace, such deep, immediate physical penetration may help explain the large number of chemically infected jazzmen in the past. The presence of all four elements, in other words, may explain the previous tie between jazz and drugs.

But musicians now work larger halls with larger audiences, so they can work less frequently for a living. The quantitative pressure is reduced. At the same time, with "world music," with increasing cross-cultural influences, it is difficult to separate one style of music or even one culture from another. Syncopation is everywhere. Jazz and its offshoots are everywhere.

With the development of a new set of givens, with its expanding personality, jazz is assuming a universal spirituality involving elements from all continents. Spiritual discipline is being seriously investigated. For many it is providing an organic chemical balance that is at once a "high," healthy, creative and fun. Sonny Rollins, Charles Lloyd and John Coltrane are only a few examples of jazzmen who moved from drugs to spirituality.

The pacesetters of the future may spend their time dealing with the control of organic functions rather than artificial chemical balance—meditation, yoga, acupuncture, circular breathing, vegetarianism, multiphonics and tantric singing, for example.

"With recordings and radios we hear much more music now than in Bach's time," Dr. L'Echevin writes. "We seem to need more music now. It is possible that music replaces the religious faith we have lost. If we seem to have need for more and more music, that is because it fills a hole in our spiritual life. Music is becoming a religion in itself."



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# SPINNS

Edited by Karen Schoemer

**Neil Young**  
*Freedom*  
Reprise

Over his last decade's worth of albums, Neil Young has revised himself endlessly, playing at brass band-leader, fogie folkie, dyslexic metal wanker, right winger, left winger, hick, technokrafter. We could see him as some scrappy agrarian version of Bowie or Madonna, playing masquerade with the stuff of stardom. But Neil lacks the metamorphic brawn of those two; his changes are stabs at vitality, the result of restlessness rather than calculation. He's an aging rock star—always was—but he doesn't have a touch of gray in him because he wants to be a young aging rock star.

On *Freedom* he employs a mixture of past strategies, mandolins and pedal steel, touching acoustic guitar and dune buggy sludge, strident topicality and lovelorn lyricism. From the guttural "Praise the Lord" and "Ugh" chants in "Someday" to the convincing raunch-slop cover of the Drifters' "On Broadway" to the monstrously flanged power chords that break up the breakup ballad "Don't Cry," *Freedom* is laced with strange visions, stronger than any he's had in years. But the record is cranky and fragmented, marked by Neil's weariness with the apparent freedom of pop flux. He can't keep the world from seeping into his songs, like on "Eldorado," a hefty Mexicali-flavored tune about a beleaguered town south of the border. Young begins the song in the faraway, long-ago mode of "Cortez the Killer," but by the end has backslid into the unrelated image of a briefcase bomb on an airplane.

Elsewhere, Young likens the desper-

ate repetition of hard living to "singing the same old song/and twistin' the words in a different way." Neil's tendency to get tangled up in self-referentiality is one of his most endearing traits, but you eventually need a clearing, he provides one in "Hanging on a Limb," a disarmingly beautiful love song given added sap by Linda Ronstadt's vocals. Here Neil hides himself in (hopefully) timeless images like trees, wind and riversides, then gives us his most subtle take

on that same old song of freedom that rock keeps twisting in different ways. "He played it through the night/She knew he had to go/There was something about freedom/He thought he didn't know."

Darker freedoms lie in "Rockin' in the Free World," a live solo acoustic tune which snips CNN images of addicted slum mothers, bums and street gangs ("There's colors in the streets/red, white and blue"), and later, in the hard rockin'

reprise of the tune that ends the album, Bush bullshit and acid rain. But the tension of the verse is broken by the EZ rock chorus: "Keep on rockin' in the free world," triumphant chords and impassioned delivery included. Cynical hippie? Dark rock ironist? Confused human? Young's broken visions offer no easy answers, but there's a kind of freedom even in that.

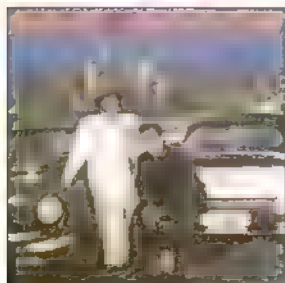
Erik Davis



**MC Lyte**  
*Eyes on This*  
 First Priority/Atlantic

**A**fter a side and a half of hip hop strafing, MC Lyte stops the music to sample Minnie Jackson, R&B's queen of dis, telling her acolytes, "Yep, it's definitely time I get nasty." The sample signals both a shift into a higher gear of belligerence and a spiritual unease between Lyte and Jackson. Disrespect doesn't come much franker than the subsequent, forthrightly titled "Shut the Eff Up! (Hoe)," and Lyte has Jackson's bloodlust. *Eyes on This*, compellingly unpolished, is like a yard recording of serious body slams. Where her first album, *Lyte as a Rock*, was uneven, failing to live up to the promise of great singles like "I Cram to Understand U (Sam)" and "10% Dis," the new album is relentlessly on, making a hard virtue of its simplicity and crudeness. When Lyte cal's rival rapper Antoinette a "ghetto slut," it is to die

But to her credit, Lyte isn't Minnie Jackson. In a genre that shows little patience for the vicissitudes of growing up, Lyte hangs onto her youth, battling more as a



tomboy than a sexual warrior, all the while slipping into a childless world of drug dealers and casual murders. Sudden death repeats itself again and again throughout the record: *Eyes on This* is a Bed-Stuy nightmare on Elm Street, where the barriers between metaphor and reality, between saying a sucker MC and just plain slaying a sucker, are constantly tumbling down. On "Cappuccino," Lyte gets killed in the crossfire of a deal at a Manhattan cafe, then returns to explain what cappuccino is. And "Not Wit' a Dealer," Lyte's nugget of dating advice to her girlfriend, ends with the ingenious told-you-so, "Born and Cecelia killed by Uzis/See why it pays to be choosy?" It is this collapsed polarity, between childhood and death, the beginning and the end, that gives the album a haunting power beyond any of Lyte's delicious dish

—John Leland

**Faster Pussycat**  
*Wake Me When It's Over*  
 Elektra

**Mötley Crüe**  
*Dr. Feelgood*  
 Elektra

**M**y sister Caroline and her friends recently held a pajama party (coven-blowout is more like it) where they chanted, "WE HATE BOYS—EXCEPT THE NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK." It was inspiring, and when I asked Caz why, she whispered, "Boys suck." But she and her friends all like Mötley Crüe's drummer Tommy Lee. He doesn't suck. I asked Caz why, and she told me all about how he now dyes his famous black mop-top red. She likes boys who invent themselves, and express themselves. She was delighted when Tommy recently mailed her a photo with a decidedly lewd autograph. I was less amused, but I saw her point. The Crüe have been true to their oaf-muse, and have maintained a consistently high standard of pop-metal sleaze with a load of personality.

Not "character"—that's for Guns N' Roses, who are such earnest little American boys that they strum their racist and sexist anthems on fuggin' acoustic guitars so we can appreciate Axl's deep moral affinities with Tracy Chapman and Indigo Girls. But the Crüe market makeup, not piety. They're a mess—if it's good for a laugh, it's part of their show. So on *Dr. Feelgood*, we get the incontinent rush of "Kickstart My Heart" and "She Goes Down." Mick Mars's guitar careens across the verses, and despite heavy-handed vocal overdubs, the songs toil for our pleasure. The mood is downright jolly. Vince Neil loses the woman in "Same Ol' Situation"

to another woman, and instead of getting mad or, worse, turning into an Axl-style voyeur, he wishes them well with resignation and confusion: "Well, girls will be girls."

Faster Pussycat's second album suffers from not enough of the Crüe's mirth. Side one is terrible, crammed with constipated glam-metal boogie that makes you wonder if this stiff Taimé Downe is the same guy who used to sing, "I got your number off the bathroom wall/Boy am I lucky I didn't use the other stall!" Fortunately, things pick up on side two. "Slip Of The Tongue" is quick-witted and succinct, and even better is the Sticky Fingers style rave-up "Tattoo": "She's got my name/She's got my name. Tattooed on the backside of her brain." It's fey-metal's answer to Kool Moe Dee's "They Want Money," but one of these songs per album isn't gonna keep anybody listening for the next one.

Sometimes boys do suck. Mötley Crüe suck when they close their best album ever with "Time For Change"—not the Brady Bunch classic, but a word-peace anthem. The push-button uplift of the chorus feels slimy, especially with Skid Row in the choir. Skid Row, man, who suck so bad they can't make me laugh even with a tune about misunderstood boys shooting each other. And Faster Pussycat are so proud of themselves for coming up with the title "Where There's A Whip There's A Way" that they sit back and choke over it for minutes on end, even including a fake fade-out that fails to amuse us cause we were hoping the song was over. Maybe it's sad that the Crüe and the Cat are most truly themselves when their minds are on their crotches. But if they're smart, and they probably are, that's where they'll keep their minds for a while.

—Robert Sheffield



**Chow chow chow.** Faster Pussycat (l-r): Eric Stacy, Brent Muscat, Taimé Downe, Mark Michals and Greg Steele.

**Nanci Griffith**  
*Storms*  
 MCA

**A**t home in the US, Nanci Griffith's blend of Kate Bush gossamer, Loretta Lynn twang and Woody Guthrie pith plays to a music hall cult. Western Europeans—particularly the Irish, lured by her wailing pitch and staunch narratives—regard her a superstar. *Storms*, Griffith's eighth LP, reciprocates the embrace. Disquiet, rich with Gaelic incantation, it snies away from the hoedown riling and pedal steel that drove recent Tennessee recordings *Lone Star State of Mind* and *Little Love Affairs*. Maintaining an expatriate distance ("I'm a back-seat driver from America"), Griffith's wuthering depths ring true. "It's a Hard Life Wherever You Go" likens the children of an American KKK member to a boy in Belfast; dustbowl slide toils against processional rhythm. Producer Glyn Johns (the Who, the Stones, John Hiatt) levitates *Storms* with Brit-pop synths and chimes; but he doesn't ice Griffith's earthy imagery. Centered on her acoustic guitar, "Radio Fragile" and "Leaving the Harbour" gently echo Van Morrison's highland meditations.

Griffith's shy lass delivery often contradicts the strength she imparts to her characters. Also a novelist, Griffith writes lyrics like short stories. The long-devoted wife of "You Made This Love a Teardrop" weighs betrayal against commitment and waiks. Pretty picking and demure vocals soften the blow: self-assertion doesn't have to be graceless. On "Drive In Movies and Dashboard Lights," a haggard middle-aged "fraternity queen" warns against banking solely on youthful good looks. The images are harsh, the melody easy. But even though Griffith advocates independence, she doesn't dismiss loneliness as an uncomely vulnerability. Weary of solitaire, the traveler in "Storms" (written by Griffith's ex-husband Eric Taylor) concedes, "There should be two to a room."

A member of the Lone Star State "twang gang" that begot Lyle Lovett, Griffith packed her bags for Nashville after earning a Grammy nomination for Best Folk Album (*The Last of the True Believers*) in 1984. There, her mule-kick, sweet-corn ballads launched other performers, like Kathy Mattea, into the C&W Top 10, while Griffith continued to build a following the hard way, on the road. Except for "Listen to the Radio," a spunky FM homage, *Storms* quietly detours north of the Mason-Dixon line. Last year's live *One Fair Summer Evening*, on which Griffith drew heavily from early folk recordings, predicted the return. On *Storms*, Griffith expertly navigates the squalor of unmoored relationships and the consequences of





uprootedness. And wherever this angel goes, I suggest you follow.

—Rosemary Passantino

**Big Daddy Kane**  
*It's a Big Daddy Thing*  
 Cold Chillin'/Reprise

**L**ike his ground-breaking debut album, *Long Live the Kane*, *It's a Big Daddy Thing* finds Kane in the forefront of the most important new direction in hip hop—the shifting of erogenous zones from balls to brains. The trick is not just to make knowledge king but to make it sexy as well; Kane doesn't want to come on like some clapped-out social worker lecturing people half his age about staying in school and staying off drugs. Throughout this album, but particularly on “Children R The Future” and “Another Victory,” Kane plays this difficult role with consummate ease.

Still, Kane finds time to indulge in some hardcore ego rapping. In a society where racism operates most effectively not via lynchings and beatings but by the more subtle route of getting blacks to shut up about their blackness, it's good to hear Big Daddy Kane declare he's “brownier than Bobby” and “young, gifted and black.” Big Daddy Kane's blackness is a multi-faceted thing. Unlike many rappers who dedicate their careers to perfecting a singular persona, Kane pulls off many disparate charac-

ters, often in the space of a single song—street regal fashion figure, hard-faced gangster, proud African warrior, serious Islamic scholar, dark and lovely ladies' man, hip inner-city pedagogue. Kane's imagery stands in contrast to the gun-toting, stick-up mythology of NWA, in that he uses Africanity to reveal blackness in all its non-stereotyped diversity.

There's lots to be admired about *It's a Big Daddy Thing*, the out-of-control-freestyle rapping on “Pimpin' Ain't Easy,” the unstoppable volition of “I Get the Job Done,” great comic insults like “lick my manure,” the smart move of getting DeFonics-style vocal group Blue Magic to back him on “To Be Your Man.” But Kane does lapse into home-boy stupidity now and again. After including a house track, “The House That Cee Built,” Kane raps, “The Big Daddy law is anti-faggot/That means no homosexuality/What's in my pants will make you see reality.” Someone should tell Kane that such life-denying ignorance directly contradicts hip hop's new commitment to diversity.

Frank Owen

**The Hooters**  
*Zig Zag*  
 Columbia

**E**arly in the 1980s, sincere, articulate artists like Bruce Springsteen and

“After the summer holidays, I decided to shed my clothes forEver.”



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The Voices  
Transvision Vamp  
Beat Farmers  
Nanci Griffith

TAPE 2



XYZ  
Red Flag  
Requiem For The Americas  
Don Dixon  
Wire  
Devo  
Close Lobsters  
Renegade Sound Wave  
The Dead Milkmen  
Bill Nelson  
Game Theory  
Crispin Glover  
The Doughboys  
Elvis Hitzler  
7 Seconds  
Old Skull  
the Tall Gators  
The Flamin Lips  
They Might Be Giants  
Rage To Live  
A.C. Marles  
Blue Aeroplanes

TAPE 3



Big Daddy Kane  
Dwight Yoakam  
54-40  
Jane Siberry  
Powermad  
Indie  
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U2 merged anthemic music with shouted vocals, slogan-ish lyrics and a high-profile snare drum to create what K-tel will probably call "Earnest Rock—The Conscience of the Eighties."

In their *Nervous Night* days of 1985, the Hooters were star rookies of the genre—diligent Philadelphia rockers with an acoustic subversiveness and hit singles ("All You Zombies," "Where Do the Children Go"). But they stumbled on their second album, and by the end of the decade jeans commercials and beer ads have co-opted the Hooters' patented mix of acoustics and electrics.

On *Zig Zag*, their third album, the Hooters finally shake off some of their earnestness and concentrate on their strong points: crafty hooks and colorful instrumentation. Despite the requisite hometown homage ("Beat Up Guitar") and the mandatory pro-rock, anti-drum machine anthem ("Give Back the Music"), the Hooters bring home the musical bacon on *Zig Zag* without burying it in hit-hungry production.

Accordion, trumpet, saxophone, organ, flute and mandolin pop through the rock mix, livening well-crafted tunes ("Deliver Me") and redeeming otherwise forgettable ones ("Mr. Big Baboon"). Memorable, riff-laden songs like "Brother Don't You Walk Away," "Deliver Me" and "Heaven Laughs"

succeed because the band uses subtlety and restraint. Where they once sounded like fans and students of Americana roots music, the Hooters now resemble inspired and seasoned session players.

Rich Strm

### The Bats Daddy's Highway Flying Nun/Communion

### Bailter Space Tanker Flying Nun/Homestead

The Clean—brilliant, nervous, and cocksure—established the Flying Nun Records scene in New Zealand 10 years ago. They inspired a generation of bands, including the Chills, who further defined the lifestyle in 1985 with the line, "Fill your life with comic books, alcohol and drugs." The Bats, led by ex-Clean bassist Robert Scott, fuel their pop fantasies differently: they sip cool water from a mountain stream and tell realistic stories of love and betrayal. The Bats are patently adult, singing from a communi-

ty of friends about compromises, inevitable truths and hardships. "That's why I sing this song/And that's why I carry on" suggests a folk philosophy of endurance and cheer in a world of uncertainty. A punk rock song sounds as if nothing else exists or matters when you hear it; the Bats' unassuming, wonderful songs—bolstered by violins, ragged vocal harmonies, and a sense of resolve—sound as if they've always existed and always will.

Bailter Space (who contain another ex-Clean member) extend the Clean's buzz of desire and regret, leaving out the cheesy organ and bouncy pop tunes. The music on *Tanker* is simple, repetitive and expansive, second-generation punk anthems whose singers aren't sure they can take another breath or stand on display for one more minute. Alister Parker's guitar, alternately gorgeous and ominous, sounds as if it's shooting off sparks underwater. On the manic "Grader Spader," the water leaks into the circuitry and the guitar explodes and fizzles for three minutes straight. In *Tanker's* best songs, unbearable tension gives way to a sense of direct connection with "sight and sound," and the music seems to have lifted itself out of misery into pure visceral pleasure.

—Ivan Kreilkamp

### Aerosmith Pump Geffen

According to standard time-space theorems, Aerosmith should be hanging out in the old folks home, freeze-framing the VCR to a scene where the long, hard choo-choo plunges deep into the dark tunnel. Instead, these glam-dads of everything from Bon Jovi to Guns N' Roses barely stop to take a breath through the adolescent boner rush of *Pump's* first side.

*Pump* is big boy rock about doing it with big girls. Doing it in elevators, doing it hanging from clotheslines. Ole blubberlips Steven Tyler sputters and howls, the jerkin' croaker getting it all over himself, while Joe Perry tears off police siren guitar solos and the rest of the band snarls along in hip grinding 4/4. The songs, from the smokystack railroad chug of "My Girl" to the wardance raunch of "E.I.N.E.," are spanking boogie epics all, booming as huge as the band's, er, Marshall stacks.

*Pump* torques through the 'Smith's gutter roots' short snippets of street corner blues or medieval stomp between the songs, occasional dips into a Stones honk ("The Other Side") or Fab Four

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1995  
VHS

Title	VHS
Aerosmith: Live Through This	1995
Artists: MTV	1995
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Blondie: Eat To The Beat	1995
Care: Heartbeat City	1995
Def Leppard: In The Round In Your Face	1995
The Doors Live In Europe '68	1995
Genesis: Live	1995
Dwight Yoakam	1995
Julian Lennon: Stand By Me	1995
John Lennon Toronto '69	1995
Stevie Nicks Live At Red Rocks	1995
Jethro Tull: 20 Years	1995
Lave & Rockers	1995
Queensryche	1995
Robert Palmer	1995
Pink Floyd: A L P O P P L E	1995
Stray Cats	1995
The The: Infected	1995
Tin Machine	1995
Tom Petty: Pack Up The Plantation	1995
The Who: Rocks America Tour	1995

### Rolling Stones Steel Wheels



1197  
697  
LP for Complete

Artist/Title	LP	Cass	CD
Aerosmith Pump (WB 24254)	06.97	06.97	010.97
The Alarm Change (RS 82016)	06.97	06.97	010.97
Animal Logic Animal Logic (RS 92020)	06.97	06.97	010.97
Art Of Noise Below The Waste (POL 837404)	06.97	06.97	010.97
B-52s Cosmic Thing (WB 25854)	06.97	06.97	011.97
Jeff Beck Guitar Shop (RS 44133)	06.97	06.97	011.97
Big Audio Dynamite Big Audio Dynamite (CBS 46212)	06.97	06.97	010.97
Big Daddy Kane It's A Big Daddy Thing (WB 25441)	06.97	06.97	010.97
David Byrne Real World (WB 25990)	06.97	06.97	011.97
John Cale Words For The Dying (WB 26034)	06.97	06.97	010.97
Camouflage Methods Of Silence (A11 82002)	06.97	06.97	010.97

### Melissa Etheridge: Brave And Crazy



1197  
697  
LP for Complete

Artist/Title	LP	Cass	CD
Belinda Carlisle Runaway Horses (MCA 6339)	06.97	06.97	010.97
Tracy Chapman Crashmade (A 50886)	06.97	06.97	011.97
The Cure Disintegration (SA 60856)	06.97	06.97	011.97
D.A.D. No Fuel Left For The Fire (WB 25697)	06.97	06.97	010.97
Bob Dylan On Mercy (CBS 45261)	06.97	06.97	011.97
Bryan Ferry 20 Great Hits (with Barry Manilow) (2 LP + 1 CD) (WB 25687)	06.97	06.97	011.97
Fetchin Bones Moshie (CAP 06411)	06.97	06.97	010.97
Five Young Cannibals The Raw And The Cooked (MCA 6273)	06.97	06.97	010.97
Flesh For Lulu Plastic Fantastic (CAP 02350)	06.97	06.97	011.97
Janet Jackson Shyness Nation (A&M 29201)	06.97	06.97	011.97
Gang Green Older (ENIG 9404)	06.97	06.97	010.97

### David Bowie: Sound & Vision



4997  
5897  
3797  
LP for Complete

Artist/Title	LP	Cass	CD
Annie Haslam Avenue Road (CBS 46233)	06.97	06.97	010.97
The Hooters Big Top (CBS 45056)	06.97	06.97	010.97
Kassav Moukoko Zouk (CBS 46338)	06.97	06.97	010.97
Rickie Lee Jones Flying Cowboys (WB 24842)	06.97	06.97	011.97
The Kinks UK Live (MCA 6337)	06.97	06.97	010.97
Dante Londoni Acadie (WB 25669)	06.97	06.97	010.97
Loudness Soldier Of Fortune (A11 91283)	06.97	06.97	010.97
Nick Lowe Basson: The Best Of Nick Lowe (CBS 45313)	06.97	06.97	010.97
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Sly & Robbie Sleazy As Usual (A11 91377)	06.97	06.97	010.97
Soul II Soul Keep On Movin' (A11 91267)	06.97	06.97	010.97
The Sugarbushes Here Today Tomorrow Next Week (A 50460)	06.97	06.97	010.97
Syd Straw Surreal (A11 91286)	06.97	06.97	010.97
Tears For Fears The Seeds Of Love (POL 83870)	06.97	06.97	011.97
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elegance (the English bugles on "Elevator"), and most especially, lowdown riffs that sound like they were written 40 years ago in the Mississippi delta. Tyler is more soulful—or more the sassy black cartoon, take your pick—than ever before, and as always, Perry's gleaming guitars boot-step a tasty line between melody and scorch. These guys pare it down to what matters: sex, fun, fun sex, high school, the blues, thunderous drums and pealing chords, sex, the mall, and mascara everywhere.

—Pat Blashill

# Janet Jackson

Janet Jackson's  
Rhythm Nation 1814  
A&M

Janet Jackson is cool in spite of her family. She's the Maria Shriver of pop music: independent from her clan in a way that doesn't deny her lineage, just gives it a tweak or two now and then. Would La Toya ever have the sense of postmodern wackiness to include the following exchange on one of her albums?

Janet [in mock lothario voice]: Hey baby. Hey baby.

[Picture Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis behind the mixing board, grinning wickedly.]

Janet [sounding mad]: Don't git me in

here acting silly now. Are you taping this?

[Of course they are.]

Janet [bursting into shneking giggles].  
Edit!

This moment of jokey banter is one of the high-points of Janet's latest, *Rhythm Nation 1814*. Because to hear Janet talk is to hear what Janet does best; more than her singing and dancing, it's the element of *Control* that grabbed attention ("Now control this . . . uh!"). It's not rap—it doesn't rhyme—it's talk. And when Janet talks, she sounds all pissed off. But here's the beautiful part. *she really isn't pissed off about anything*.

Here, as on *Control*, Janet talks best when she's giving her producers orders. Band! Bass! There's even a new one: Count! And they do it—1-2-3-4—like good boys. Also carried over from *Control* is the speech-concept that starts the album and sets the tone: "We are a nation with no geographic boundaries, bound together by our beliefs," Janet begins, sounding mad. "We are like minded individuals, sharing a common vision, pushing toward a world rid of color lines."

That's right, Janet's gone political. And if that's what the girl has on her mind, fine. The first three songs, "Rhythm Nation" (about racism), "State of the World" (homelessness) and "The Knowledge" (education), are a Spike Lee-esque trilogy made even less convincing by a tiresome house music backbeat and that unfortunate, outdated squeal on every fourth count (and Janet has the nerve to say at one point, "Ain't no acid in this house"). These tracks are

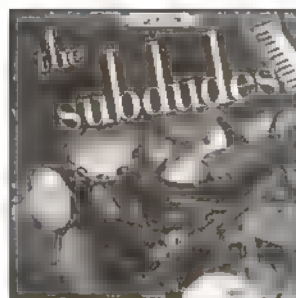
# THE D.O.C. AND THE 'DUDES



# THE D.O.C.

## NO ONE CAN DO IT BETTER

The Gold debut album is the rap album of the year. Features the tracks "It's Funky Enough," "The D.O.C. & The Doctor" and "Beautiful But Deadly." On Ruthless Records.



# the subdudes

Bred in the bayou and suckled in the swamp, The Subdudes put the new back into New Orleans and the bite back into rock 'n' roll. Features the track "Any Cure."



On Atlantic Records, Cassettes and Compact Discs

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strung together with samples of TV newscasts, gun shots, sirens and (before "The Knowledge") Janet saying, "We are a race between education and catastrophe." Then the serious stuff peters out, and Janet talks again: "Get the point? Good. Let's dance."

It's as if she lost interest in politics after three songs.

Thank goodness.

The rest of the album is more along the lines of what you'd expect from Janet: a few meaningless (good meaningless) dance songs that will provide ample video opportunity to throw accusatory looks and jerk her shoulders, and, crammed in at *Rhythm Nation's* end, a handful of slow songs full of giggles and orgasmic moans (the other thing she's good at faking). The only real surprises are the one rocker, "Black Cat," where Janet sounds like Michael singing a Robert Palmer song, and "Escapade," a tune rich in groove and melody that just might be left over from when Jam and Lewis produced the Human League's *Crash* album a few years back.

If *Rhythm Nation* is inconsistent, you can hardly hold Janet responsible. The problems are mostly in the production, and Jam and Lewis lost their touch a while ago. But no matter, Janet can talk her way out of anything.

—Jonathan Van Meter

### The Mekons The Mekons Rock'n'Roll A&M/Twin/Tone

**T**he Mekons may be the most lovable band of socialist, feminist, sex-



The Mekons: Deconstructionist drunken punks against commerce.

ually disoriented, deconstructionist, drunken punks in the world. With *The Mekons Rock'n'Roll*, they may also be its greatest pranksters. After 12 years of stylistic nose-thumbing (they've dabbled in dub, dance hall and country on previous releases), they charge into their first album for a major US label with guitars riffing, drums thumping, bass pounding, and (in the lead-off track, "Memphis, Egypt") a shouted one-word chorus: "Rock'n'roll!" It's a hook that could (should) inspire thousands of folks to turn up their radios, throw down their beers and scream joyously into each other's faces. Those who do might miss

this line electronically mumbled in between verses: "We made the devil and have met him and shaken him by the hand, embraced him and thought his stinking breath was fine perfume, just like [shout it now!] rock'n'roll."

Don't worry: The joke's on the system, not on you. In their own sarcastic fashion the Mekons love rock'n'roll (even if they accuse white America of stealing it from the slaves in "Amnesia"). Their lyrics may be sardonic, but the music is joyous. Darkness, recurring by name in two of *Rock'n'Roll's* songs and by deed throughout, is not so much an evil force as the void caused by sur-

render and censorship. Tom Green halgh describes it in "Empire of the Senseless," a song inspired by MTV's refusal to play a Mekons video because it showed men kissing. "It's O.K. we self-censored this song... Even the silent are now guilty."

He's pulling your leg again. The Mekons haven't sold out. These ragtag non-conformists have spent their career aligning themselves against the obviating forces of commerce. Three years ago, the Mekons pointed out that there's a darkness on *The Edge of the World*; three records later, they're still birthily dancing in it.

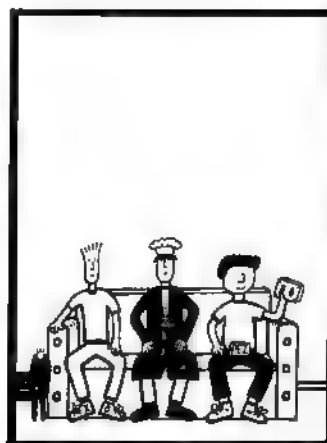
—Evelyn McDonnell

### Bonham A Disregard Of Time Keeping WTG/Epic

**T**rying to imitate Led Zeppelin (or Aerosmith) sometimes strikes me as this generation's "Beatlemania" or Sha Na Na. Jason Bonham probably figures he's got more claim to the sound than Kingdom Come—at least he's a blood relative. Unlike Julian Lennon, Bonham doesn't downplay his musical relationship to his late dad. Even his band's logo echoes lettering used by Zep, with Bonham senior's trademark three circles as its first letter.

And sure enough, "Wait For You," the kickoff track, sounds a lot like... you guessed it. Only not as good. Still, it's passable and very listenable—head-bang metal guitar in archetypal progressions, thumping bass, and the kid's authoritative skin-slams—even though

## Little Sully's Quest for Music by Mark Blackwell





you can't help wondering why Jason decided to go with a singer (Daniel MacMaster) who sounds so much like Robert Plant. Only not as good. The very brief title track is a bit of bombastic pomp that sounds like some unholy offshoot of Pink Floyd (Bob Ezzi produced both bands), and would sound just about right for the opening moments of a big arena concert were I still 15, stoned and swallowed in by such spectacles of sound. Only not as good.



Unfortunately, the one thing most of the Led Zep clones can't seem to imitate is Page and Plant's songwriting. But at least the legacy continues. Myself, I'm eagerly awaiting the debuts from Lisa Marie Presley and Justice MeJencamp, while mourning the fact that there can never be a Dino, Desi and Billy reunion.

—Bill Holdship

### George Clinton The Cinderella Theory Paisley Park

The Mudheads are ritual performers of the Zuni Indians in the Southwest. They don earthen space helmets and go ape-shit, comically pretending to thieve and booze, fuck dogs and piss on children. To be a Mudhead is a great spiritual honor, because excess is cut with cosmic vibes.

George Clinton is a musical Mudhead—he's been making ritual excess ever since he and a mess of Afrohippies high on Sly and grooving deep to Brown birthed the Parliament-Funkadelic thang 20 years ago. De La Soul built "Me Myself and I" on a bite from "(Not Just) Knee Deep" (and George bites it back on his new single "Why Should I Dog U Out?"). Longtime disciple Prince signed Clinton to his Paisley Park label, while Flavor Flav and Chuck D's humorous cameo rap on side one's "Tweakin'" ("George will tell ya/Hold my Jam-E/While I go P") is an homage less oblique.

## Works In Progress

### A guide to upcoming releases

LA rapper Ice-T's powerful new album is called *The Iceberg: Freedom of Speech—Just Watch What You Say*. Jello Biafra, who's had his share of problems with the First Amendment, guests on the title track. . . Robert Plant is currently at work in London on his follow-up to *Now and Zen*. Erasure's fourth American album *Wild*, is due by Thanksgiving. Beastie Boys producers Matt Dike and Mike Ross have worked on tracks for DC go-go band Trouble Funk. They've also signed the go-go group Superfly TNT to their own label, Delicious Vinyl. . . Russ Titelman, who produced Steve Winwood's *Back in the High Life*, has done the same for Eric Clapton's next album, tentatively titled *Journeyman* and due any day.

this past January, Marianne Faithfull recorded her follow-up to '87's *Strange Weather* with Hal Willner once again producing. According to Faithfull, the album wasn't "up to snuff," and no release date is scheduled. Instead, Island plans to record a rare live appearance by Faithfull in late November, at a Brooklyn, New York venue, for a possible 1990 live album. . . Willner has also readied an album of William Burroughs prose set to music by various New York-area musicians much like Is and's just-released Allen Ginsberg project. . . Currently in the studio for 1990 releases are Fleetwood Mac ZZ Top, Jeff Lynne, Hothouse Flowers, Mica Paris, the Time (reformed by Morris Day by popular demand and produced by Prince) and Bryan Adams, who's working with producer Steve Lillywhite.

### IN STORES THIS MONTH:

Grateful Dead *Built to Last*  
Mantronix *This Should Move Ya*  
Kate Bush *Sensual World*  
Georgia Satellites *In the Land of Salvation and Sin* . . . Psychedelic Furs *Book of Days* . . . Pia Zadora *Today* . . . Mark Knopfler, soundtrack to *The Last Exit to Brooklyn* . . . reissues of four Hanoi Rocks albums, Bangkok Shocks Saigon Shakes, Oriental Beat, Self Destruction Blues, and Back to Mystery City . . . and albums by JJ Fad, Gipsy Kings, Joan Jett and the Blackhearts, Liza Minelli, Biz Markie and Whitesnake.

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With all the vision fuel Clinton must have ingested over his 47 years, one would think he'd-a become a pumpkin-head by now. But many of *Cinderella's* grooves are as fresh as they are solid, wedding contemporary dance particle physics with Clinton's monster slang of polyrhythms and melodic licks. "Air-born" opens with a clipped Princely chord slicing through a techno snare, until a nasty bass wobble intrudes like an obscene clown. While the programmed percussion dries out some tunes, George is still "speaking in drum": percussive pops, jazzy flights, shakti wiggles and woofs that lick the earhole and then disappear into the cranium. Clinton can jack with the best of them, no surprise considering he pretty much invented the producer-as-creator game, and he's hip enough to the new blood to list his hair stylist in the album's credits (Chazz). It's a splendiferous do, too.

—Erik Davis

### Crime & the City Solution *The Bride Ship* Mute/Restless

From below barnacled and festering floorboards comes a conspiratorial whisper, an accusing, barely breathed introduction: "You know me." It's the voice of Queeg, the whore-son white slave captain, utterly doomed and sailing to the New World by way of Hell. It's the voice of Crime singer Simon Bonney, twisting and flailing and bellowing a desperate lyric of dreams and greed. As fiddles dread-saw and swirl like bees in a glass tube, and bass-guitar-drums lurch with deliberation, Queeg/Bonney gurgles and shudders, grimaces and chuckles at the dark humor he alone can see in his fever cabin. Such is the stuff of "The Bride Ship," the title song (and the first part of a semi-historical trilogy, no less) from the newest album by Crime & the City Solution.

Sound theatrical? It is goddamn theatrical. And powerful as a Theatre of Pain performance that spills a little too deep into the audience. Sound pretentious? Pretentiousness implies pretending, and that just isn't happening here. From Bronwyn Adams's heavy-hearted violin and Thomas Stern's creepy-crawl bass, to Bonney's filmy, red-eyed vocals, *Crime & the City Solution* mean it.

*The Bride Ship*, the second album from Berlin's reformed Crime (which now includes members of Einstürzende Neubauten and the defunct D.A.F., as well as Nick Cave's Bad Seed Mick Harvey; ex-Birthday Partier Rowland Howard, his brother Harry and ex-Swell Map Epic Soundtracks defected to form

These Immortal Souls in 1987) is very much Simon Bonney's show, and his boomy herald voice is mixed way above most of the music. But the band, sensitive and inexorable, is the platform from which Bonney springs. On "Stone," Alexander Hacke mud-stipples a huge wall of buzzing guitar distortion, while Harvey's drums crash and retreat, patient as a firing squad; the playing is neither desperate or resigned, just inevitable.

"The Shadow of No Man" is the bright, idealistic single from this stunningly black album. The song's irony doubles when its hopefulness is sucked and smashed through "The Bride Ship" trilogy (which finishes off the album), and Bonney is left quietly alone, murmuring, "We'll meet again . . . again."

—Pat Blashill



Camper Van Beethoven

### Camper Van Beethoven *Key Lime Pie* Virgin

Last time we heard from Camper Van Beethoven, on the final cut of last year's *Our Beloved Revolutionary Sweetheart*, life was grand. "And I say this," sang David Lowery, "at the risk of falling from favor with those of you who have appointed yourselves to expect us to say something darker."

Talk about mood swings. *Key Lime Pie*, Camper's fifth full-length LP and second on a major label, is dark enough to blacken the mood of even the most determinedly optimistic listener. Chock full of minor-key ballads, atonal guitar licks and lyrics that wrestle with the sheer emptiness of life, it's a complete



about-face from the campy psychedelia and ironic wittiness of previous Camper releases. Instead of the white-ethnic flavor of "ZZ Top Goes To Egypt" or the get-it-or-go-away absurdity of "Lassie Goes To The Moon," *Key Lime Pie* sticks to the scarier uses of new violinist Morgan Fichter's instrument: shrieking, haunting overlays on top of first furious, then dirge-like, tempos. It's like Metallica meets *Peter And The Wolf*.

Despite the gloom, *Key Lime Pie* offers some of CVB's best work. There's a sweet country ditty called "Sweethearts" that is actually a disturbing psychological examination of the mind of Ronald Reagan ("He's always living back in Dixon circa 1949," Lowery apostrophizes), and "Borderline," a beautiful, harmonica-buoyed love song about alienation that would fit on a particularly good Neil Young album. But most of the LP never punches through the harsh denseness of sound and rush of discomfort that's the underlying emotional texture of the work. Certainly this won't be the album that makes Camper Van Beethoven a household word—unless you live in a very grim household.

—Gina Arnold

#### The D.O.C. *No One Can Do It Better* Ruthless/Atlantic

Compared with the world of white rock—mainstream or alternative—where the hyped stuff year-in and -out is on the same labels and generally by the same "artists," the world of hip hop is a blur, with new acts and labels asserting themselves as the next big

thing about a month before fans tire of the last big thing. And so, after the riveting rewriting of the rap rules on NWA's *Straight Outta Compton* and Eazy E's *Eazy-Duz-It*, a new release on NWA's Ruthless label levels the same sort of weight Def Jam yoked three-four years ago, when the Cool J singles started coming out. The NWA and Eazy E records redefined hardcore as high-stylized overkill, accent on kill. Blasted from a car stereo, the words alone could scare a housewife at a stoplight shitless, but the violence and adrenalin and absence of emotion and the utter slickness of it all, as in a Sam Peckinpah movie, are both hilarious and thoroughly addictive, pure cinema.

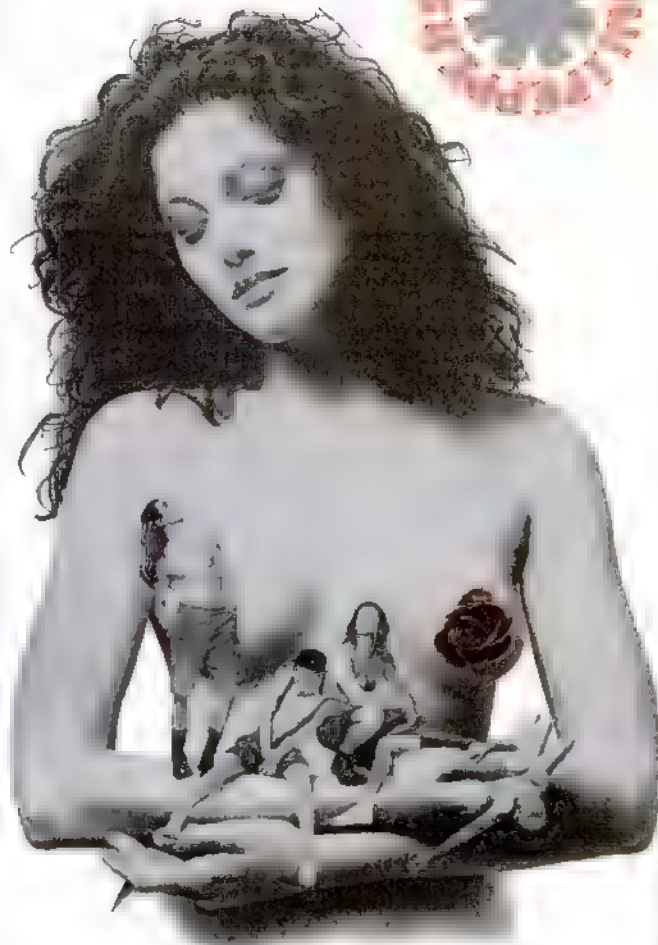
For that reason, the debut by D.O.C. ("doc"), a West Dallas rapper whom NWA's producer Dr. Dre seems to have taken under his wing, is kind of a drag. Not to say it's a dud, just that it's essentially a . . . regular record. No breasts and no dead bodies, though the M word does make a few token appearances, as do members of NWA. Maybe the lack of violence on *No One Can Do It Better* is the LA band's show of conscience, and maybe D.O.C. is Ruthless' answer to KRS-One, the model for thinking and gun-toting rappers like NWA. D.O.C. can dred-scat deftly and does so on the single "Is It Funky Enough?" And *No One*'s hard funk grooves establish Dr. Dre's claim to the best-in-the-business tag. But only one track, "Lend Me an Ear," evinces the in-your-face bo-shit of *Compton*; and only the two D.O.C.-less "commercials"—one featuring the beer-guzzling coots from Eazy E's "Still Talkin'" salivating over a sweet blues parakeet, and the other an MC Ren led chant—have *Eazy-Duz-It*'s visuals. O.K., but not the next high.

—Don Howland



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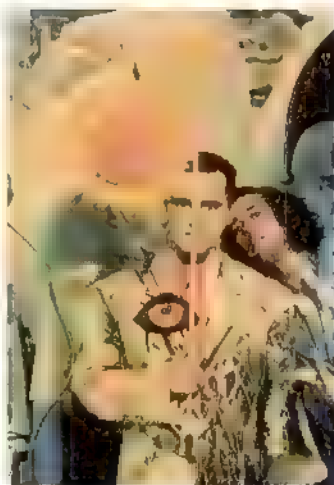
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**Squeeze**  
*Frank*  
A&M

**G**ive or take a great tune or lush arrangement, Squeeze has been making the same record over and over for a decade now. Unlike chum Elvis Costello, who periodically spruces up his act with various stylistic gimmicks, Glenn Tilbrook (music) and Chris Difford (many words) simply continue to crank out witty, housebroken pop, emphasizing superior craftsmanship over feeling. On good days the lads muster enough emotion to bring their creations to life, making you wish they'd really cut loose once in a while.

So it goes with *Frank*, which finds Squeeze at their most appealing and footloose on some tracks, at their most annoying and uptight on others. "Peyton Place" and "She Doesn't Have to Shave" feature the kind of arid, elongated melodies that give sophistication a bad name, although the latter contains a memorable example of Difford's off-kilter sensibilities, contrasting the discomforts suffered by males (the daily shave) and females (monthly cramps). As usual, comball romantic themes and hapless suitors abound: "If It's Love" beautifully captures the anxious optimism of a new relationship, topped off with a hint of Tilbrook's fluttering falsetto. Later on he shouts, "I'm a salmon who made it back upstream." Wonder what a shrink would make of that? In a rare lead role, deep-throated Difford sounds like he just polished off a six-pack on "Slaughtered, Guttled and Heartbroken," a jazzy shuffle so woeful it's comic. Thanks for not belching, Chris.

At best, Squeeze is the sound of smart folks making a dumb noise. The crackling "(This Could Be) The Last Time" (not a cover) uses Tilbrook's squawking guitar to echo the agitation when he wonders, "Will I repeat the mistakes I made?" And yivin' jools Holland's "Dr. Jazz," an easy-rollin' New Orleans salute, is sweet, simple fun, y'all. Like a tray of hors d'oeuvres, *Frank* has yummy and not so yummy portions—it's enticing enough, just not a total meal. Same old Squeeze.

—Jon Young

**Tears For Fears**  
*The Seeds of Love*  
Phonogram

**T**he British invasion of the mid-80s looks pretty remote now. Where have all the haircuts gone? Tears For Fears, who scored an unlikely pair of hit singles with "Everybody Wants to Rule the World" and "Shout," from their 1985 album *Songs From the Big Chair*, were a sober and relatively drab-looking duo who combined the synthesized immediacy of formula pop with mope-rock's relentless introspection. Joy Division meets Toto and begins group therapy? Somehow, it made sense at the time, but that's more than can be said for Tears For Fears' most recent effort.

The first single from *Seeds of Love* lands way out in left field; "Sowing the Seeds of Love" is nothing less than the entire *Magical Mystery Tour* album run through a digital trash compactor and ground down to a firmly-packed six minutes. Curt Smith and Roland Orzabal mix their cracked tenor voices into soaring android harmonies, offering a therapeutic prescription for the world's ills. "Feel the pain/talk about it/If you're a worried man/shout about it!" Problem is, the bouncy hooks that made "Shout" and "Rule the World" unforgettable have been exorcised. Instead, *Seeds of Love* delivers musicianly studio-craft—a guest appearance by Phil Collins to add cachet, the vocal assistance from Oleta Adams to add requisite soul—which accentuates the mushy-headed lyrics of songs such as "Advice for the Young at Heart."

The music rambles on, too. Halfway through *Seeds of Love* all the sweeping dynamics, instrumental breaks and mixed-in tidbits start to sound like filler. Tears For Fears are stuck somewhere between rock and a soft place

—Mark Coleman

**Deborah Harry**  
*Def, Dumb and Blonde*  
Sire/Reprise

**A**fter two tepid solo efforts, the Seventies' most coolly gorgeous, gorgeously cool woman is back to her





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bleached blonde roots. Most of *Def Dumb and Blonde* has a sparkling pop sheen courtesy of Mike Chapman, our man in the producer's seat with a can of Lemon Pledge and a feather duster.

Chapman, who twiddled the knobs when Blondie was slick and successful, helps make "Bike Boy" and "Comic Books" (two CD/cassette-only tracks) a pair of right little punk ravers, and "End of the Run" has that cheesy Blondie organ sound; it's not Jimmy Destri playing, but you'd never guess. "Maybe for Sure" is sucked from the same pumping vein as "Union City Blue." The album's only tarnish comes from "I Want That Man" and "Kiss It Better," two writing/producing contributions from Thompson Twins Alannah Currie and Tom Bailey. Deborah Harry—cooler than a popsicle in the North Pole at Christmas—deserves better than bland track written by some Australian sheila in a stupid hat and a guy guilty of multiple hairstyle violations. But the rest of *Def, Dumb and Blonde* puts Deborah Harry back on the Blondie beat, where she belongs.

—Jane Garcia

## Schoolly D *Am I Black Enough For You?* Jive/RCA

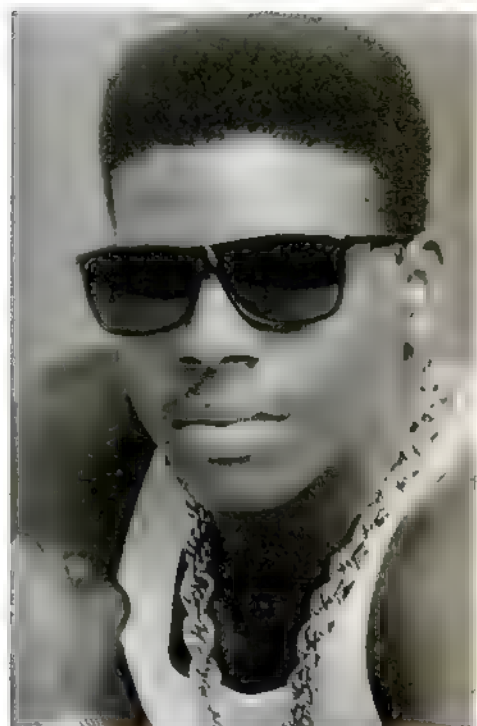
**G**angster-style rap—known for its nightmarish narratives about inner-city crime—is associated with LA rappers like Ice-T, but one of its key figures has been Philadelphia's Schoolly D. His first two albums, loaded with first-person accounts of threatening people with guns, beating folks up and getting stoned on weed and booze, were accused of being sexist and degrading to blacks. But Schoolly's critics missed the point: such musical journalism as "P.S.K.—What Does It Mean?" and "Parkside 5-2" was meant to realistically document West Philly life as he knew it growing up.

1988's *Smoke Some Kill* also had its share of gangster boogie, but homeboy broadened his artistic vision by espousing black consciousness on "Black Man" (which sampled a speech by activist H. Rapp Brown) and "Traacherous," an update of Gil Scott-Heron's "The Revolution Will Not Be Televised." On *Am I Black Enough For You?*, Schoolly D makes black consciousness

the overall theme. With its pounding drumbeats and DJ Code Money's frantic, noisy cutting and scratching, Schoolly's approach to production remains about as subtle as a knockout blow from Mike Tyson. The album's main concession to melody is a variety of 70s funk samples ranging from Parliament to the Brass Construction. Although "Livin' in The Jungle" examines the streets' treachery, it's a far cry from "P.S.K."—instead of simply reporting inner-city madness, Schoolly *questions* it; instead of putting a gun against a brother's head, he questions carrying one in the first place.

"Education of a Black Man," "Black Power" and other slammin' dopejams stress black pride, in the same league as Public Enemy, Boogie Down Productions and Lakim Shabazz, yet with Schoolly's own particular streetwise sense of humor. A funny song with a serious message, "Get off Your Ass and Get Involved" decries apathy by sampling Funkadelic's "Get off Your Ass and Jam." More than simply a statement of inner city problems, *Am I Black Enough For You?* points to some solutions.

—Alex Henderson



# MENACE

THE TITLE:  
DOGHOUSE:  
THE ARTIST:  
MENACE:  
THE PRODUCER:  
BILL LASWELL  
THE CAST:  
BOOTSIE COLLINS  
BERNIE WORRELL  
MACEO PARKER  
MUDBONE COOPER

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THREAT  
TO  
THE  
SOCIETY  
OF  
PUNK  
AND  
JUST  
IN  
TIME  
FOR  
THE  
90s

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**Red Hot Chili Peppers**  
*Mother's Milk*  
EMI

**O**bviously the June 1988 death of king-funker and guitarist extraordinaire Hillel Slovak has had a very intense effect on not only Chili Peppers' music, but their general direction as well. On '87's *Uplift Mofo Party Plan*, they bowed to no one. Lyrics like, "No chump love sucker," and "I do what I wanna do" paralleled the band's piss-on-authority attitude.

In 1989 a much tighter, more mature group emerges. What are we to think when Anthony wails, "If you see me getting mighty/if you see me getting high/knock me down?" Along with these toned-down lyrics, an instrumental, "Pretty Little Ditty," descends upon us, a total deviation from the flippant Peppers sound. Is this necessarily bad? Are they going the route of Air Supply lull'n' roll, losing their in-your-face attitude?

Don't believe the hype.



As much as the Chili Peppers have turned down the flames these last few years, they certainly have not turned into Bush-era rockers. The old Peppers sound—an incomparable mix of funk, punk, rap and hardcore—comes knocking with "Magic Johnson." Imagine one part marching band and one part funkadelic Peppers and you have a piquant rocker that overwhelms even a Celtics fan. "Good Time Boys," the opening track, starts out as a typical funkier, then midway samples X's "White Boy," Fishbone's "Bonin' in the Bone Yard" and Thelouious Monster's "Try." It's an aural history of LA rock through sampling, in the style of De La Soul or the Beastie Boys.

What's made the Red Hot Chili Peppers one of the most decadent, untamed bands of 80s isn't their fuck-you attitude (the Replacements have already cornered that market); rather, it's the inclusiveness of their out-of-bounds party. There's nothing they won't do burn the house down. A little dash of mother's milk helps put out the fire.

—David Bourgeois

**Jason and the Scorchers**  
*Thunder and Fire*  
A&M

**T**he early Scorchers were one of the genuine rock and roll spectacles of the 80s. To watch Jason Ringenberg back then was to watch the whole bug-eyed, Adam's-appled, dexedrine, Bible-banging, Dixie-fried underbelly of country culture riding into the big city on guitarist Warner Hodges's ratchet punk/metal jalopy.

Now the Scorchers have a new label and a new album. And while they're not what they were, what they are isn't half



bad. On paper, their synthesis of Stones, 70s hard rock, and pop-metal sound like what much of the pop world is up to these days. But Ringenberg and Hodges's vision of it is a lot more interesting than most. They're after really giant, cataclysmic noise that they can abandon themselves to, kind of like the Pistols or the MC5, rather than the strained, look-at-me frenzy of a Guns N' Roses. Heavy music, indeed. And still there is a lingering fatback savor of down-home roots, buried now more in the attitude than the sound, but there nonetheless. When these two are combined in songs like "My Kingdom For a Car" and "Away From You"—basic rockabilly underpinnings under total sonic avalanche—well, we're rocking like we don't hardly rock no more.

It's still Jason's adenoidal down-state Illinois voice and moral rigor that give the Scorchers their best textures, like in "When the Angels Cry," which combines vicious chomping chords and lump-in-the-throat poignancy. Here, as throughout the album, Warner is in his ascendancy, a lover of behemoth noise whose playing is also witty and expressive.

So Jason still sounds like Jimmy Swagart getting down at the Lilac Lodge, Warner's still blowing the walls back, but now they sound like they finally had fun making a record. And that's very good news.

—Christopher Hill



**Bad Brains**  
Quickness  
Caroline

**I**n Kalamazoo, where I'm from, Living Colour and the South Bronx's own 24-7 Spyz got their mugs pasted onto big cardboard cutouts standing in every record store. And heavy metal kids are buying, few realizing they're hearing the second generation of a deeper noise that only scratched the surface of serious notoriety in the first half of the 80s. The Bad Brains are unarguably the tightest, loudest, fastest, most raunchy-yet-melodious Rastafarians on vinyl and the best fuckin' live band I've seen in this decade. Two years ago, Vernon Reid told me straight out that Living Colour were the prodigies of the Bad Bs. At the July Brains gig at Brooklyn's metal church, L'Amours, Corey Glover swam screaming over the brutal mosh to pay tribute at Joseph's (H.R., that is) feet. And 24-7 Spyz were the opener.

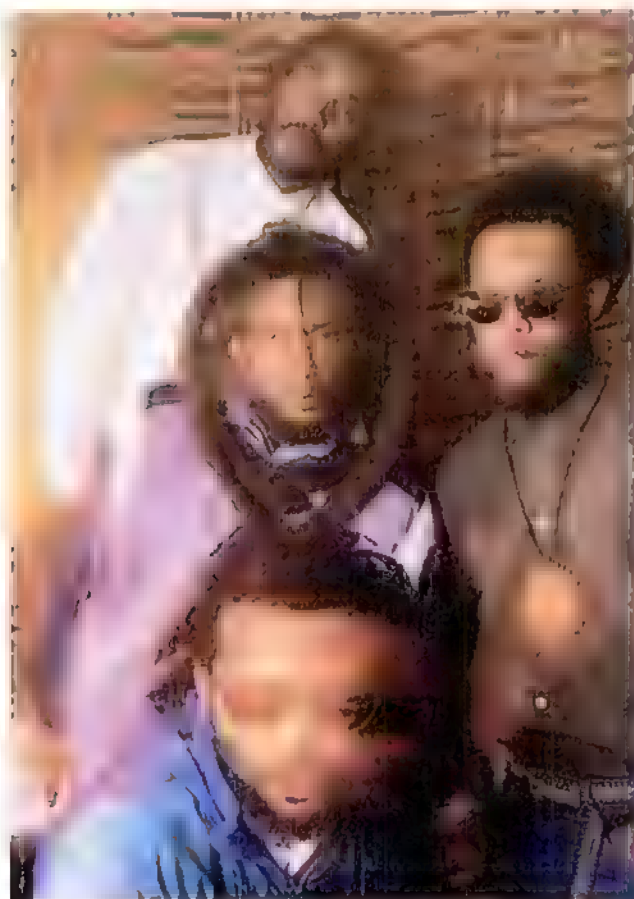
So much for history—now the Brains are gonna crush it. They're back like a hardcore Khan invasion, with the original cast: Gary "Dr. Know" Miller on

guitar, Darryl Jenifer on bass, H.R. (stands for Human Rights) on throat, and his brother Earl Hudson on skins.

H.R. and Earl left the band for a year when Jah led them to work the heavy-heavy reggae unit Human Rights for one album. Now they've pulled their angry, unapologetic Rasta luv dubs back home to where Dr. Know can ram 'em full of hyperkinetic juice and cram the whole package at ya in a bleeding stream of near-lethal hardcore. You can't get that Brains mix anywhere else—that curious, infectious non-battle for superiority between Dr. Know's thick, staccato, metal 1-2-3-4-5/1-2-3-4-5 chord chops and H.R.'s feline growling. The way the Doctor's guitar is somehow loudly tucked under the vocals rewards the disciple who's willing to risk blowing out Dad's new Po'k speakers.

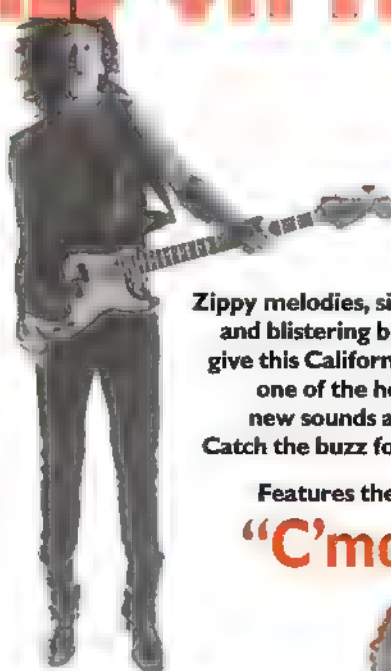
"With the Quickness" is a beat James-Brown-to-the-ground bone-breaker in the genre gulch between funk and hardcore (Funkadelic meets the Ramones). "We're on a mission for ONE!" roar the Brains. "This alarm will open . . . up . . . your . . . HEART!" The metal kids in Kalamazoo are going to get a heaping helping of the real thing.

—Dean Kuipers



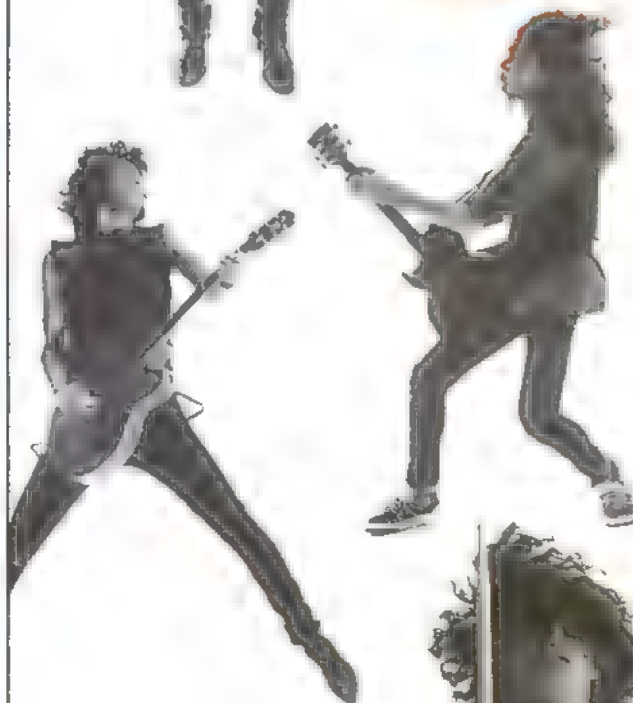
**Bad Brains (clockwise from top): Darryl Jenifer, Earl Hudson, Dr. Know and H.R.**

# FLIES ON FIRE



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# INDIE CASSSETTES



Caroliner: Part of the cream of the San Francisco crop.

## Cassettes, cassettes, cassettes

Column by Byron Coley

Every once in a while (like, two or three times a day) some turd calls or writes to upbraid me about not reviewing more cassettes. And yeah, it's true, there aren't many cassette reviews in here and the reason for that is THE FORMAT SUCKS. If you put on some record and it sounds like a piece of shit you can easily jump the needle around to see if the whole thing has (f'rince) perky syndrum rhythms. If it does you can destroy the record in good conscience. There's no such option with cassettes. Nor is it easy to cruise around cassettes' sonic landscapes to replay golden moments. So allow me to repeat meself, the things SUCK SUCK SUCK. The same can be said for many of the jokers unleashed on the public by the cassette "revolution."

Of course there are exceptions. Lots of 'em. People like Calvin Johnson and his K label (write for catalog, Box 7154, Olympia, WA 98507) have a grasp of aesthetics and packaging that make their tape releases as pleasurable as any record. All the Smurfs who send out barely-labeled demos on beat-up Radio Shack C-120s would do well to follow suit.

Anyway, in response to the public outcry, here are a wee few of the cassettes I've got sitting around here. The order is completely random

The compilation *A String of Pearls* (Nuf Sed, c/o Revolver, 520 Clement St., San Francisco, CA 94118) has 17 bands—Caroliner, Idiot, 3 Day Stubble, World of Pooh, etc.—that represent the creamy crop of SF currency. Even

bands I didn't think I liked (Glorious Din) sound sapphire-deep in this setting. Most everything is somewhere between Tim Buckley and the Buttholes and this is all a local comp could hope to be.

**X-Pressway Pile-Up** (X-Pressway, 16 Bernicia St., Port Chalmers, Otago, New Zealand) is a lovely collection by one of the world's best tape labels. It compiles demo and live tracks by great NZ oddballs, some known (This Kind of Punishment, Dead C., Doublehappys, Snapper, Terminals), some not (Pagal Gnnd, Stephen Kilroy). Most of it's amazingly odd and mashed left-field pop that merits your full support.

**Thinking Fellers' Wormed By Leonard** (TFL, P.O. Box 2827, Oakland, CA 94605) is 60 minutes of drugged-up, home-brewed jam-bo-ree. The Thinking Fellers are an avant-garage band with some of the same wisenheimer proclivities as their pals, the Idiot. Excellent and graphic.

**Archipelago Brewing Co.'s Open Your Foot** (Nuf Sed, c/o Revolver, 520 Clement St., San Francisco, CA 94118) is filled to the rimmer with crazed and non-generic attic/tribal skuh that actually "works" in conventional rock terms. At their most dumped-up these guys sound like a blast o'tard version of LK DIY geniuses (TV Personalities, Desperate Bicycles, et. al.), but everything here's viewed through a vaguely Buttholey opening and it's as enjoyable as heaving hot mud

**Robert Musso's Absolute Music** (MU, 111 4th Ave. #5A, New York, NY 10003) is also available on CD, but what the hey—I'm listening to the cassette and it's pretty sharp. Musso is the guitarist for mind-fuck-sploot jass

kings Machine Gun, and this tape explores a lotta the same sonic frequencies (a.b.eit in a less charged fashion). Similar in texture to Frith's work with Massacre and McLaughlin's with Lifetime, Robert's string work can sear your face hair as well as anyone's, and the Eastern grid that overlays much of this makes it an exceptional thing. By whacking all kinds strings in all sorta manners, Musso gets a full combo sound without resorting to synthesized hackery. Even if I'd prefer a bit more rage I ain't gonna gripe

**Impossible Years' My You Museum** (I Y, 9200 Bustleton Ave. #1706, Philadelphia, PA 19115) presents four fine bursts of parsley-splatter pop that sound like early Rain Parade crossed with Game Theory. This is exactly the sorta thing that should appeal to fans of the Heyday Records crowd and I hope that it'll see light soon as the band's third wax by-product.

The eponymous debut from **Fuzzhead** (Fuzzhead, P.O. Box 257, Kent, OH 44240) is the latest tape by one of the cassette subculture's true scunge scourges—Bill Weita. His tapes with Col. Tom & the Epstein Bros. are always weed-killing lunges into sonic blood pudding and Fuzzhead does something similar. Grotty uber-skunk-guitar-fires blaze in the gas-filled darkness while lizards dressed up like King Ubu recite the lyrics to Beatles songs in a very threatening manner. Put *this* in your pipe. You know the rest.

**Roadkill's Guitar Vomit** (Flying Bomb, 277 Lake Ave., Worcester, MA 01604) is a fairly nice one-man guitar-runch project intercut with lotsa tape'n'grunt hokey. The "tunes" don't have a lotta melodic function, but the sound of squirrels gnawing meat underneath Don Kirschner's toupee is sorta intriguing, yes?

**Mazlyn Jones's Water From The Well** (Isle of Light, P.O. Box 1, Polzeath, Cornwall, UK PL27 6YZ) is the fourth release by this mystically-inclined Englishman. Perhaps I am just a bit too much the drug punk to enjoy this. The earlier material I've heard by Jones was more ethereal semi-cosmic folk-psych in an early-70s style. This has much more of a contempo feel to it and, apart from a coupla interestingly spacey instrumentals it sounds sorta . . . new age. Hey, the only crystal I understand is meth.

**Eugene Chadbourne's Country Music From the World of Islam 9 & 10** (Chadbourne, 2306 Sherwood St., Greensboro, NC 27403) is as interesting as you'd expect. Including contributions by such modern noise bowlers as Elliot Sharp, Jon Rose &



David Moss, the best parts of this are radical arrangements of tunes Eugene's been doing on the recent Camper Van Chad tour like "I'm Not You," "Private KK Klub," and "Hippies and Cops." A whole host of boo-addled political hijinkery is rampant here. And if you're not a fascist you're sure to dig it.

**YXIMALLOO's** *Bush of Bamboo* (Sakura import, avail. through NMD5, 500 Broadway, New York, NY 10012) sports some fabulous Jad Fair cover art and takes all listeners on a weird, tinkly trip through some real awkward bamboo forest. The tracks are largely instrumental and some of them have repetitive ninky-dinkery that'll drive you bats. The whole is fairly reet, however, and the few vocals that aren't moany have smart Residential lines.

**Knut Remond's** *Over Spagen Schlaeger* (V. Tapes, c/o Andy Rathgeb, Sound + Vision, CH-8052 Zurich, Switzerland) is a wild-ass live solo tape by a member of Unknown Mix and 16-17. Knut's "Big Drum" and "Electric Metal Rattle" initially make him sound like a thunderstorm approaching fast across the Kansas plains. Then he lets out a CROAK, the effects kick in and all hell becomes a mere handbasket. This is a very impressive child searer.

**Fire In The Kitchen's** *The Fog* (Bannister, 230 W. 105th St. #5C, New York, NY 10025) is the latest by a quartet who've gotten much ravist u-ground press as no-frills, post Television guitar hunchers. There are a few passages here where the Television influence becomes mighty damn overt, but I'm more often reminded of non-goof Embarrassment and the pre-Crazy Rhythms Feelies. Focusing more on tight song construction than all-for-none string explosions, Fire in the Kitchen are a beautifully straight-ahead band and I eagerly await further instalments

**What Went Wrong's** *Everything & Anything* (T.S. Cramula, 5707 E. 6th St., Tucson, AZ 85711) is packed with great big gobs of gnndy, distorto grunge, homemade sockodel in the style of PK & the Weathermen, Col. Tom and early Crystalized Movements. This is what I wish a lot more tapes sounded like—tons and heaps of huzzing flubber all piled up and just about ready to collapse on you and yours! Yay!

O.K., look, there's more than a baker's dozen of the things dealt with. And believe me, there're plenty more where they came from so please hold onto your own hot toot for now. Thanks.

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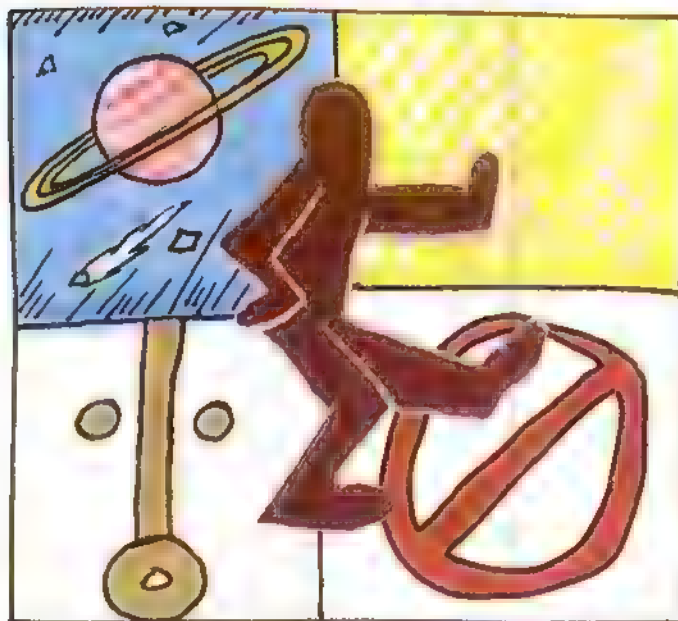
1½ oz. of Southern Comfort.

½ oz. of Dry Vermouth.

Pour ingredients into glass; stir. Add a twist of lemon.



# SINGLES



Column by John Leland

## Turtles With Attitudes

**I**n July, Flo and Eddie, formerly of the Turtles, sued **De La Soul** and Tommy Boy Records in a California court for \$1.7 million, over the rap crew's sample of the Turtles' 1969 hit, "You Showed Me." Mark Volman, now Flo, heard the sample when his daughter played him De La Soul's funky French instructional song, "Transmitting Live From Mars."

On September 3, N.W.A. was kicked off a concert at the Capitol Centre in Landover, Maryland. Under pressure from local police, who threatened to boycott the show if the Compton rappers performed—as police in Toledo had earlier in the summer—the concert promoters asked N.W.A. to sign a contract prohibiting them from performing their best song, "Fuck tha Police." When the group refused to sign, it was banned from the bill.

In a season without a center, these

trifling events define the breadth of the hip hop spectrum: one crew gets sued because it is too much like the Turtles, another gets banned from the stage because it isn't enough like the Turtles. This has been a field day for the prognosticators and the believers in long shots. At the start of the year, the odds against the Turtles suing a hip hop crew for copyright infringement were 62 to 1; odds against the Maryland police familiarizing itself with the repertoire of a Los Angeles rap crew were 39 to 1. (For the record, odds that music business types would walk out of a **Two Live Crew** performance at an industry seminar when the group's onstage strippers peeled down to the altogether and began having oral sex with men from the audience—as occurred August 19 in Atlanta—were only about even, or pick 'em as they say in the trade; odds that the pilot to an upcoming Italian sitcom, positioned to compete with dubbed reruns of "Happy Days" and "The Cosby Show," would focus on a young man who hops a boat to New York to become "the world's greatest Italian rap singer," were an astronomical 123

to 1.) But heck, it all happened. As N.W.A. stew, and the people of Landover miss the closest thing to a group of the moment, the prescient and the blind fools celebrate quietly across the land.

Or you could measure the spectrum this way. Two Live Crew, who until N.W.A. came along were the most vigorously persecuted act in hip hop, recently released two albums at the same time. The first, *As Nasty As They Wanna Be*, looks like a No. 1 black album, one of a half-dozen hip hop LP's currently clogging up *Billboard's* Top 10, the second, *As Clean As They Wanna Be*, featuring sanitized versions of the same songs, looks like a loss leader, an anti-censorship device, and one of the better collector's items of the year. The second album is as flagrantly sexist as the first, but that doesn't seem like a stumbling block, just as long as those nasty four letter words are gone. The Crew have taken to throwing Homeboy brand condoms into the audience, an act displaying both a social consciousness and a sharp public relations acumen. Long shooters take note: Early odds that Two Live Crew will by year's end release an alternative, green album, *As Environmentally Conscious As They Wanna Be*, with songs like "Eat Pussy, Not Irradiated Food Products," are 1 in 238. Don't sleep on it.

But probably the best way to look at the spectrum is like this: **The D.O.C.** produced by N.W.A.'s Dr. Dre and Yella, comes from Dallas; **Three Times Dope** from Philly; N.W.A. from LA, Two Live Crew from Miami, **Heavy D. & the Boyz** from Westchester; and so on. A year after producer Ted Demme and host Fab 5 Freddy made "Yo! MTV Raps" the music's most powerful market force, hip hop has found the national ubiquity only possible through television and the explosive pluralism—a reduction of everything to trivia, and at the same time an open-ended artistic license—that is television's gift to humankind.

The upshot is the death of the hegemony of the b-boy—what Public Enemy producer Bill Stephney calls the Professor Defbeats syndrome. Although

**Boogie Down Productions' KRS-One**—whose production of **Sly & Robbie's** *Silent Assassin*, complete with Turtles cop, is the hip hop album of the season—was probably the first off the bandwagon, the newest wave of hip hoppers includes a generation that never got on: conceptual groups under no pressure to define their concepts. As **L.L. Cool J** retrenches and refines, the **Jungle Brothers**, **De La Soul**, **A Tribe Called Quest** and **Digital Underground** recognize that hip hop is no longer a subset of urban music: it is now bigger than the host. Literate and willfully idiosyncratic, with the courage to be soft as well as hard, these four groups are relocating the music in the suburbs, the jungle, the pop world at large. Key philosophical touchstones: from A Tribe Called Quest's "Description of a Fool" (Jive)—"Read it to me, would you please"; from the Jungle Brothers' "Black Is Black" (Warlock), featuring De La Soul and A Tribe Called Quest—"Black is black is black is black"; from Digital Underground's "Doowutchyalike" (Tommy Boy)—"Just act a fool/It's O.K. if you drool/'Cause everybody's gonna strip/And jump in the pool"; from De La Soul's "De La Orgee" (Tommy Boy)—"Ooooooh ohhhhhh ooooo uhhh."

Gee. Kinda makes sex sound fun again. Odds as of January 1989: 1 in 16

### THE A-LIST:

**Black Box**, "Ride On Time" (deConstruction import)  
**N.W.A.**, "Express Yourself"/"A Bitch Iz a Bitch" (Ruthless)  
**Morrissey**, "Interesting Drug"  
**Rolling Stones**, "Mixed Emotions"  
**After 7**, "Heat of the Moment" (Virgin)  
**Mary Margaret O'Hara**, "Body's In Trouble" (Virgin)  
**Funkadelic**, "By Way of the Drum" (MCA)  
**MC Lyte**, "Cha Cha Cha" (First Priority/Atlantic)  
**Kevin Paige**, "Don't Shut Me Out" (Chrysalis)  
**Otis Day and the Knights**, "Somethin' Dumb" (MCA)



IT WAS A HUMID EVENING LIKE ANY  
OTHER, EXCEPT THAT IT WAS HOT.  
I WAS WORKING ON A CASE THAT  
WAS HOT, BUT HAD NOTHING AT ALL  
TO DO WITH HUMIDITY.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)



# TOP 20 VIDEO COUNT DOWN

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AND SUNDAY AT  
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ing them, I have to stay within bounds. So I get to have a certain freedom when I sing the songs of others.

That's the younger girl in me who's singing the songs; she sounds pretty young to me. She's telling you to get up, get out, 'cause it's a new day—[sings] "Come back into the light!"

**What comes to mind these days when you hear "Chuck E.'s in Love" on the radio? Did you celebrate when it first became a hit?**

I don't listen to the radio enough, but I often listen to it. [laughing] And back then, the company I was keeping, they weren't the kind of people to go out and celebrate your success with you.

The song was originally a lot faster—which served the purpose of getting the record company's attention. It was more like a Big Band thing when I first did it. Then I think I had a fight with Chuck E. [Weiss] and Tom [Waits], and I went home, really sad, and started playing this song very slowly, which made me even sadder. The record company had already picked it for the album in its fast, peppy incarnation, but it was too dumb.

**"Girl at Her Volcano," how did you come to give your 1983 EP that name?**

I was reading *Under the Volcano* by Malcolm Lowry. It's an odyssey into the abyss of alcoholism. The character in the book is at the point of dying and he's hallucinating. This was a person who, every single move he made and everything he did, led to his bottle. He had to be sure that wherever he was gonna go, there had to be a bottle there. The autobiographical novel was a perfect diagram of an addiction. All of his life was about his next drink, and he was still trying to function as a British consul in Mexico. There's also a love story taking place in the book, which was quite secondary to me. What I was so taken with was how thoroughly he depicted alcoholism and addiction.

There was one vivid scene where he was crawling through the grass, and he could see a bottle on the other side of the yard, and he was trying to get to it. And in this scene I knew exactly what was happening. *I was there.*

So when I was making the songs on that little EP, I quit drinking and I quit taking drugs, and I think I must have felt the book was an appropriate synopsis of the total effect of the songs, where they came from, and who I was in the ones that were recorded live.

A so, the drawing I had made for the cover was perfect, with the fire and light outside the window. It all fit well together—it was me.

**"Away From the Sky" is so bittersweet. It seems to depict the exact instant when illusions fade. What does it mean for you?**

The way I wrote it was I had a dream and I saw John Lennon on a bicycle, and behind him was Yoko on another bike, and behind them was their little baby. It seemed like they were on a little road next to the sea in a rural town in England, but it was a town at the edge of another kind of England. He was about to turn onto a pier, and as he turned the dream became slow-motion, and he turned and looked at me and he said [singing], "There was a crooked man who lived on a crooked shore, but now he'll never have to go away anymore. A-way from the sky, a-way from the sky." And then he finished and turned away.

I woke up and I ran over to a tape recorder and sang that into it. It was so clear that I went ahead and wrote

the song, but with a different verse than the one he sang to me. [Smiles] Still, I think I had a cowriter on that one.

**There's an old Welsh folk belief that the only way you can see a ghost is out of the corner of your eye. Your background is Welsh-Irish, I know, and you've told me your dad used to tell you as a little girl that your Irish side generated music and your Welsh side generated magic.**

Yes, right! But the Irish know about magic, too, with the leprechauns and so forth. As for the Welsh, they're pretty tough folk. I went to Wales right after my dad died, and found that everyone there is named Jones. They have that stubborn miner's outlook. I read in the book *A Distant Mirror* by Barbara Tuchman, that the Welsh were the great archers in the Middle Ages. The

**"I don't contemplate the message nearly as much as I used to. It's important to let the songs write themselves, and not interfere between the source and the piece of paper."**

Welsh developed the longbow, and they would also be hired to carry the crossbows at the front lines, in the heat of the battle. They've always been notoriously brave warriors; nobles would hire them to fight. The book takes place during the 14th century and the Black Plague—another era of great turmoil when everybody believed the world was ending. In life, I think it's fear that weakens you.

**Have you ever written about conquering fear?**

I think *The Magazine* was about conquering fear. It was about a walk up a really scary street for me. The Magazine was the name of a drug. When I lived in the Village around 1970, they used to sell drugs on the Lower East Side in New York by yelling them out by name. "La Tuna! Magazine!" like they were selling magazines. Walking through "the A and the B" in the lyrics of the title song meant Avenue A and Avenue B and it was definitely describing walking into and out of a great deal of fear.

My favorite songs off *The Magazine* are "The Magazine" and "Deep Space." I find myself singing the melody of "Deep Space" a lot. [Crooning in a sing-song cadence] "Things that you do are always with me/When you're laughing you're always here." It's one of the most-unlike-me pieces I've written, but I like that one a lot.

"The Real End" was the most difficult on that album because it was a song about me retracing the same old things in life, the same old love affairs that don't work out, with the same endings I came back to again and again.

**I was listening the other day to a track you sang on bassist Rob Wasserman's 1988 *Duets* album, a song called "The Moon Is Made of Gold," which was written by your father, Richard Loris Jones. It has a timeless quality to it, maybe because it was so obviously written for a child. But there's a finality to it, also.**

I did that session just a few months before my father died, so he didn't get to hear it. I used to do it in shows before I got signed to Warner Bros., in the early days in Venice, when I was 21 or 22. And I always did it if there was an appropriate place in my shows.

I wasn't born yet when my dad wrote it. He copy-

righted it the month that my mom got pregnant—the month I got made. I think he wrote it in response to Hoagy Carmichael's "Star Dust," thinking he could write a song like that.

I've always had trouble singing "The Moon Is Made of Gold." I was thinking today that songs that mean a lot to me I have trouble singing. Sometimes I'll get an allergy because it's so emotional, and my nose'll get stuffed up, or it makes my muscles get really tense and I have to struggle to perform it.

I never felt comfortable with it because I sang it way too sad, and it's not a sad song. I finally worked out how to sing it and not be so sad—I wanted the song to be transmitted the way it had been intended—so I told Rob I'd like to do it.

**You used to sing about the need for refuge on a song**

**like "The Last Chance Texaco" from your first album. Now, on songs like "Horses," you sing with self-assurance about offering refuge to others.**

[Softly] Well, I'm grown up now. I'm glad I'm doing that. I was toying around with not that exact song but the feeling of it while I was pregnant. And I'd sit and play this open tuning [she sings], "We walked down by the water, when we were making Char-lotte. . . . And then after I had her, there was another song I'd written about my dad called "Pick Me Up" that was just too depressing. Eventually those two songs kinda meshed together and became one.

**"Horses" to me sounds like a modern lullaby about the quality of mercy in our lives, especially between a parent and a child.**

It's funny, because the sentiment in that song about my dad was about picking him up, and taking care of him. And also maybe his feelings towards me, so I think those things became the big parental presence in the song.

My dad died about a year after I was married, which was in January of '86. He was dying from cancer and he still kept smoking—he wouldn't quit. Pascal and I went to where he lived in Bisbee, Arizona, to get married, so my dad could give me away.

I think it was really great for him to be able to have a daughter around for a while, and do that. It was really emotional, too, because all the old stuff from when we last all lived together was still there intact, so I found myself arguing with him about little things.

I think I felt a lot of tension because he was dying. I was yelling at him about smoking and dying, and he said this crap to me—"It's all I have left, and I'm gonna do it!"

It's a big thing to accept somebody's decision to die, particularly your own dad's. On one of our last days there in Arizona I sat on his lap and he hugged me, and it was like being a little girl again. We were on the best terms we'd been. And in the last five minutes or so that we were together, we said goodbye.

**Your stories can be so sad, Rickie Lee, yet when you sing them, you do it with such strength. . . .** [Nodding, softly]. . . Because now I'm a rodeo girl. 🐾



**A**t 1.30 p.m. on Saturday, August 12, the Soviets got their first taste of New Jersey. Skid Row opened the show. Every band was there at 1:00 in the afternoon—we weren't even going on till 10:00 that night—because of the anticipation. The head of the Soviet Peace Committee, a gray-haired guy in a sky-blue suit, made the opening announcements and lit the torch for the first time since the 1980 Olympics. Here's this very heavy guy telling the kids in Russian, "Have a good time, enjoy this. You are the future." Even he had opened up to the idea of exposing the kids to the West.

The Skids came out, the first thing Sebastian Bach said was, "Check this out, motherfuckers." And I thought, "Oh no. They give us carte blanche and we give them Sebastian." But no one did anything, there was absolutely no censorship. They played a good set and were fairly well-received for a band that had never ever been heard of. But when they went off stage, the entire stadium started this chant, "Ozzy! Ozzy! Ozzy!" And it kept building.

We were saying, "Fuck, Ozzy's gonna steal this fucking show. This is wild, this is great." Ozzy was right behind the stage, and I saw him perk up like a fucking 2-year-old. He was so excited. And I was so happy for him—this guy who's been in the business 20 years, about to do the last show of his tour. He was going to go home for a while, going to take it easy.

So Oz had his hands up in the air, knowing that it was his day. But he went on to a pretty lukewarm reception. And he didn't play bad, he played very well. Immediately, I had the whole event in perspective. I understood. For 20 years, they'd seen his picture, for

20 years they'd heard his music—from Black Sabbath to his last solo album. But he wasn't a real person to them. He was imaginary. And in their imagination, he could have been blue and 30 feet tall. But on that stage, he was just a man. He'd been reduced to a mortal. At that moment, I understood. We weren't just doing a rock show, we had to make an impression, one that would last. We had to make friends with these people even with the terrible language barrier and all the preconceptions.

I was in the recording truck watching the Scorpions, the only ones who had the advantage of having played in Russia before. For me, there was a nervous anticipation, knowing I had to close the show after such a killer live band. The first tour I ever did was opening for the Scorpions. But I was always real dangerous if I was your opening act, because if I found a hole I knew how to utilize it.

So there it was, right down the center of the stadium, hundreds of Soviet soldiers, arm in arm, formed a human barricade to separate the seas of people. And I saw the hole. So after the Scorpions, when the house lights went down, Bon Jovi came on, and the band hammered out "Lay Your Hands On Me," I did Rocky Balboa in a full military outfit right down the middle of Lenin Stadium. Right down the center of those soldiers, in front of 90,000 kids. They were smiling, trying to reach at me, and the Olympic torch burned brightly over their heads. Going right down the center in a Russian uniform, that was all it took. I felt like one of them then.

I definitely think the Moscow Music Peace Festival did something for peace. The American ambassador attended and he had nothing to do with the show. Absolutely nothing. He showed up there and said, "This is something that we couldn't have done, politicians

could have never done. I can't believe you guys pulled this off." Because we didn't understand where the red tape was, we just pretended it didn't exist. "Trust us, trust us, it'll work." When the ambassador to America is there, you think that maybe somehow he relayed the message back to the President of the United States. And all of a sudden, in a roundabout way, the President's aware of who Bon Jovi is. You think, Check that out. Of course, I'm pulling my own strings, because if he knew anything, he knew of this event. But you have to build it up in your own mind. Yeah, man, and I bet he's got the last two albums, too. But it was an amazing feeling.

The trip, the event, really made me think about the freedom in my life. I learned all the words to "God Bless America." You bet I did. There's a lot of problems in America, mind you. But I've been just about everywhere and if I haven't been there yet, I'm on the way this tour. And there's nothing that even comes close to America. Some guys wrote a constitution 200 years ago and it still stands up today. That's some insight, foresight. That's pretty amazing. There's the opportunity to do anything. Christ, that's the basis of my entire life: You can do anything.

I'll never forget being onstage in Lenin Stadium, that guy from the Peace Committee to my left in the front row and a girl sitting on a guy's shoulders waving a huge American flag, the politicians, the soldiers tapping their feet along with the music, and then over to my right was the fucking Olympic torch. I felt like an athlete and I felt like a politician and I felt like we were the focal point of something pretty historic. Of course, we won't remember that the sound sucked or things like that. You try to forget all that and you make your mind believe that it was the most beautiful thing in the world. I hope it did good. And I think maybe it did. ☺

## AIDS from page 44

came back up. This fact was well-known when the advisory panel voted for approval. As panel member Dr. Stanley Lemon said in the meeting, "I am left with the nagging thought after seeing several of these slides, that after 16 to 24 weeks—12 to 16 weeks, I guess—the effect seems to be declining."

A follow-up meeting, two years after the original Burroughs Wellcome study, was scheduled to discuss the long range effects of AZT, and the survival statistics. As one doctor present at that meeting in May 1988 recalls, "They hadn't followed up the study. Anything that looked beneficial was gone within half a year. All they had were some survival statistics averaging 44 weeks. The p24 didn't pan out and there was no persistent improvement in T-4 cells."

HIV levels in the blood are measured by an antigen called p24. Burroughs Wellcome made the claim that AZT lowered this level, that is, lowered the amount of HIV in the blood. At the first FDA meeting, Burroughs-Wellcome emphasized how the drug had "lowered" the p24 levels, at the follow-up meeting, they didn't mention it.

As that meeting was winding down, Dr. Michael Lange, head of the AIDS program at St. Luke's-Roosevelt Hospital in New York, spoke up about this. "The claim of AZT is made on the fact that it is supposed to have an antiviral effect," he said to Burroughs Wellcome, "and on this we have seen no data at all. . . . Since there is a report in the *Lancet* [a leading British medical journal] that after 20 weeks or so, in many patients p24 came back, do you have any data on that?"

They didn't.

"What counts is the bottom line," one of the scientists representing Burroughs Wellcome summed up, "the survival, the neurologic function, the absence of progression and the quality of life, all of which are better. Whether you call it better because of some antiviral effect, or some other antibacterial effect, they are still better."

Dr. Lange suggested that the drug may be effective the same way a simple anti-inflammatory, such as aspirin, is effective. An inexpensive, nontoxic drug called indomethacin, he pointed out, might serve the same function, without the devastating side effects.

One leading AIDS researcher, who was part of the FDA approval process, says today, "Does AZT do anything? Yes, it does. But the evidence that it does something against HIV is really not there."

"There have always been drugs that we use without knowing exactly how they work," says Nobel Prize winner Walter Gilbert. "The really important thing to look at is the clinical effect. Is the drug helping or isn't it?"

"I'm living proof that AZT works," says one person with ARC on AZT. "I've been on it for two years now, and I'm certainly healthier than I was two years ago. It's not a cure-all, it's not a perfect drug, but it is effective. It's slowing down the progression of the disease."

"Sometimes I feel like I'm swallowing Drano," says another. "I mean, sometimes I have problems swallowing. I just don't like the idea of taking something that foreign to my body. But every six hours, I've got to swallow it. Until something better comes along, this is what is available to me."

"I am absolutely convinced that people enjoy a better quality of life and survive longer who do not take

AZT," says Gene Fedorko, President of Health Education AIDS Liaison (HEAL). "I think it's horrible the way people are bullied by their doctors to take this drug. We get people coming to us shaking and crying because their doctors said they'll die if they don't take AZT. That is an absolute lie." Fedorko has drawn his conclusion from years of listening to the stories of people struggling to survive AIDS at HEAL's weekly support group.

"I wouldn't take AZT if you paid me," says Michael Callen, cofounder of New York City's PWA coalition, Community Research Initiative, and editor of several AIDS journals. Callen has survived AIDS for over seven years without the help of AZT. "I've gotten the shit kicked out of me for saying this, but I think using AZT is like aiming a thermonuclear warhead at a mosquito. The overwhelming majority of long-term survivors I've known have chosen not to take AZT."

**T**he last surviving patient from the original AZT trial, according to Burroughs-Wellcome, died recently. When he died, he had been on AZT for three and one-half years. He was the longest surviving AZT recipient. The longest surviving AIDS patient overall, not on AZT, has lived for eight and one-half years.

An informal study of long-term survivors of AIDS followed 24 long-term survivors, all of whom had survived AIDS for more than six years. Only one of them had recently begun taking AZT.

In the early days, AZT was said to extend lives. In actual fact, there is simply no solid evidence that AZT prolongs life.

Continued on page 116

### Danger, for one thing.

Danger. Fun. Indulgence, in the bad sense. Pain. Insecurity. Trying to find another line for a lyric or another note for a song. Searching. Curiosity. Sex. Mortality, proving your mortality, subconsciously.

I've been through it. I've just got through it. In the psychological sense. Not so much in the physical sense. In the physical sense it's been up and down. But I think I just got through it in a psychological sense, which is most important.

### How Long Is It?

There's a green Jaguar and a driver waiting. It's a 40-minute drive out to the photographer's studio. Part of the time is spent on the car phone trying to locate Chris Bailey. Bailey, a fellow Australian and lead singer of the Saints, is supposed to be in London but has disappeared to the continent. Hutchence is disappointed. "I don't really know anybody anywhere. I don't really have many friends, so I'm always just catching up with my old ones. They're all over the place." The night before, he and Johnnie went out for an hour to a club that was having a drag night. Some of the men, he says, were better-looking than the women. "Nick Cave was there at a table in the corner. He looked so heterosexual."

During the photo shoot, Hutchence sings along to a Roxy Music tape. His voice is wide and strong, with the unashamed exhibitionism of someone who knows he's good at what he does and isn't embarrassed by it. At one point the makeup artist interrupts to pull a stray bit of his hair back from his face. "I'm sorry," she

apologizes, "but it's at that in-between length."

"I know," he says. "It sucks."

After the shoot, there's talk of going to the corner pub, which turns into a discussion of varieties of sambuca, vodka and wine. "I bought 12 bottles of champagne once," says Hutchence. "Didn't last a week. Don't have alcohol in the house, it doesn't last."

"It's dangerous," says Johnnie.

### Pop the Cork

Generous, Michael Hutchence gives his confidences away freely. He's a TV junkie happiest with the remote control in his hand, he went to his first LA party and it would have been really boring if not for the mountain of lobster and the fact that he and Ian Astbury were a bit fucked up; one of the guys from Guns N' Roses was asking him for drugs, which doesn't seem like the way it should be; he thinks Kylie Minogue is very talented. Not a leader, not a threat, not an arty wanker, Hutchence is one of a new generation of pop stars who float above the age they define, trading your fantasies, however wild or tame, for the fame, leisure time and cool clothes you'll never have. More than anything, he is likable, good-looking and smart. Before the end of the night the Jaguar driver starts calling him Mike.

Later, at dinner, Hutchence orders Bollinger champagne, mostly out of deference to his guests. When the second bottle arrives, the waiter stands by the side of the table displaying it, waiting for approval. "Fine," mutters Hutchence without looking up. "Just pour it." It's not rude, not drunken (no one has had more than two glasses of champagne), just offhanded, conspicuously careless, and for a moment you see the rock star lurking behind the nice guy.

"I think AZT does prolong life in most people," says Dr. Bruce Montgomery of the State University of New York at Stony Brook, who is completing a study on AZT. "There are not very many long-term survivors, and we really don't know why they survive. It could be luck. But most people are not so lucky."

"AZT does seem to help many patients," says Dr. Bernard Bahari, a New York City AIDS physician and researcher, "but it's very hard to determine whether it actually prolongs life."

"Many of the patients I see choose not to take AZT," says Dr. Don Abrams of San Francisco General Hospital. "I've been impressed that survival and lifespan are increasing for all people with AIDS. I think it has a lot to do with aerosolized Pentamidine (a drug that treats pneumocystis carinii pneumonia). There's also the so-called plague effect, the fact that people get stronger and stronger when a disease hits a population. The patients I see today are not as fragile as the early patients were."

"Whether you live or die with AIDS is a function of how well your doctor treats you, not of AZT," says Dr. Joseph Sonnabend, one of New York City's first and most reputable AIDS doctors, whose patients include many long-term survivors, although he has never prescribed AZT. Sonnabend was one of the first to make the simple observation that AIDS patients should be treated for their diseases, not just for their HIV infection.


Several studies have concluded that AZT has no effect on the two most common opportunistic AIDS infections, Pneumocystis Carinii Pneumonia (PCP) and Kaposi's Sarcoma (KS). The overwhelming majority of AIDS patients die of PCP, for which there has been an effective treatment for decades. This year, the FDA finally approved aerosolized Pentamidine for AIDS. A recent Memorial Sloan Kettering study concluded the following. By 15 months, 80% of people on AZT not receiving Pentamidine had a recurrent episode of pneumocystis. Only 5% of those who did get Pentamidine had a recurring episode. "All those deaths in the AZT study were treatable," Sonnabend says. "They weren't deaths from AIDS, they were deaths from treatable conditions. They didn't even do any autopsies for that study. What kind of faith can one have in these people?"

"If there's any resistance to AZT in the general public at all, it's within the gay community of New York," says the doctor close to the FDA approval, who asked to remain anonymous. "The rest of the country has been brainwashed into thinking this drug really does that much. The data has all been manipulated by people who have a lot vested in AZT."

"If AIDS were not the popular disease that it is—the money-making and career-making machine—these people could not get away with this kind of shoddy science," says Bialy. "In all of my years in science I have never seen anything this atrocious." When asked if he thought it was at all possible that people have been killed as a result of AZT poisoning rather than AIDS he answered: "It's more than possible."

**A**ugust 17, 1989: The government has announced that 1.4 million healthy, HIV antibody-positive Americans could "benefit" from taking AZT, even though they show no symptoms of disease. New studies have "proven" that AZT is effective in stopping the progression of AIDS in asymptomatic and early ARC cases. Dr. Fauci, the



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head of NIH, proudly announced that a trial that has been going on for "two years" had "clearly shown" that early intervention will keep AIDS at bay. Anyone who has antibodies to HIV and less than 500 T-4 cells should start taking AZT at once, he said. That is approximately 650,000 people. 1.4 million Americans are assumed HIV antibody-positive, and eventually all of them may need to take AZT so they don't get sick, Fauci contended.

The leading newspapers didn't seem to think it unusual that there was no existing copy of the study, but rather a breezy two-page press release from the NIH. When SPIN called the NIH asking for a copy of the study, we were told that it was "still being written."

We asked a few questions about the numbers. According to the press release, 3,200 early ARC and asymptomatic patients were divided into two groups, one AZT and one placebo, and followed for two years. The two groups were distinguished by T-4 cell counts, one group had less than 500, the other more than 500. These two were then divided into three groups each: high-dose AZT, low-dose AZT, and placebo. In the group with more than 500 T-4 cells, AZT had no effect. In the other group, it was concluded that low-dose AZT was the most effective, followed by high-dose. All in all, 36 out of 900 developed AIDS in the two AZT groups combined, and 38 out of 450 in the placebo group. "HIV-positive patients are twice as likely to get AIDS if they don't take AZT," the press declared.

## The results, finally and ironically, are what damns AZT.

However, the figures are vastly misleading. When we asked how many patients were actually enrolled for a full two years, the NIH said they did not know, but that the average time of participation was one year, not two.

"It's terribly dishonest the way they portrayed those numbers," says Dr. Sonnabend. "If there were 60 people in the trial those numbers would mean something, but if you calculate what the percentage is out of 3,200, the difference becomes minute between the two groups. It's nothing. It's hit or miss, and they make it look like it's terribly significant."

The study boasted that AZT is much more effective and less toxic at one-third the dosage than has been used for three years now. That's the good news. The bad news is that thousands have already been walloped with 1,500 milligrams of AZT and possibly even died of toxic poisoning—and now we're hearing that one third of the dose would have done?

With all that remains so uncertain about the effects of AZT, it seems criminal to advocate expanding its usage to healthy people, particularly since only a minuscule percentage of the HIV-infected population have actually developed ARC or AIDS.

Burroughs-Wellcome has already launched testing of AZT in asymptomatic hospital workers, pregnant women, and in children, who are getting liquid AZT. The liquid is left over from an aborted trial, and given to the children because they can mix it with water. Children don't like to swallow pills. It has also been proposed that AZT be given to people who do not yet even test positive for HIV antibodies, but are "at risk."

"I'm convinced that if you gave AZT to a perfectly healthy athlete," says Fedorko, "he would be dead in five years."

In December 1988, the *Lancet* published a study that Burroughs Wellcome and the NIH do not include in their press kits. It was more expansive than the original AZT study and followed patients longer. It was not conducted in the United States, but in France, at the Claude Bernard Hospital in Paris, and concluded the same things about AZT that Burroughs Wellcome's study did, except Burroughs Wellcome called their results "overwhelmingly positive," and the French doctors called theirs "disappointing." The French study found, once again, that AZT was too toxic for most to tolerate, had no lasting effect on HIV blood levels, and left the patients with fewer T-4 cells than they started with. Although they noticed a clinical improvement at first, they concluded that "by six months, these values had returned to their pretreatment levels and several opportunistic infections, malignancies and deaths occurred."

"Thus the benefits of AZT are limited to a few months for ARC and AIDS patients," the French team concluded. After a few months, the study found, AZT was completely ineffective.

The news that AZT will soon be prescribed to asymptomatic people has left many leading AIDS doctors dumbfounded and furious. Every doctor and scientist I asked felt that it was highly unprofessional and reckless to announce a study with no data to look at, making recommendations with such drastic public health implications. "This simply does not happen," says Bialy. "The government is reporting scientific facts before they've been reviewed? It's unheard of."

"It's beyond belief," says Dr. Sonnabend in a voice tinged with desperation. "I don't know what to do. I have to go in and face an office full of patients asking for AZT. I'm terrified. I don't know what to do as a responsible physician. The first study was ridiculous. Margaret Fischl, who has done both of these studies, obviously doesn't know the first thing about clinical trials. I don't trust her. Or the others. They're simply not good enough. We're being held hostage by second-rate scientists. We let them get away with the first disaster; now they're doing it again."

"It's a momentous decision to say to people, 'If you're HIV positive and your T-4 cells are below 500, start taking AZT,'" says the AIDS doctor who wished to remain anonymous. "I know dozens of people that I've seen personally every few months for several years now who have been in that state for more than five years, and have not progressed to any disease."

"I'm ashamed of my colleagues," Sonnabend laments. "I'm embarrassed. This is such shoddy science it's hard to believe nobody is protesting. Damned cowards. The name of the game is protect your grant, don't open your mouth. It's all about money... it's grounds for just following the party line and not being critical, when there are obviously financial and political forces that are driving this."

When Duesberg heard the latest announcement, he was particularly stunned over the reaction of Gay Men's Health Crisis President Richard Dunne, who said that GMHC now urged "everybody to get tested," and of course those who test positive to go on AZT. "These people are running into the gas chambers," says Duesberg. "Himmeler would have been so happy if only the Jews were this cooperative." ☛

## COLLEGE RADIO TOP 30





## Michael Penn

Startling and refreshing. Melodic and lyrically inspired. *March*, featuring "No Myth," "This & That" and "Brave New World."

"This singer and songwriter makes music with a quiet unassuming strength," says *Interview*. *Smart Magazine* hailed Michael Penn's new album as "a cross between the Beatles and the LA sound that used to blast out of the Whisky a Go Go."

Produced by Tony Berg  
Management by Nick Wechsler  
& Associates



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Alice Cooper from page 51

who was using his drinking to punish Alice for taking over his life. See, there were really three faces of Alice: Vince the Square, Alice the Madman and now, Drunken Vince, who was attempting to somehow tame the Madman and change him into Mr. Sensitive.

By the time *Lace and Whiskey* was released in 1978, it wasn't even Alice on the album cover. It was loverboy Vince, dressed as Sam Spade trying to woo you over.

"Yeah, that was Vince coming out on *Lace and Whiskey*—writing songs that at the time seemed O.K., but there was nothing behind it, it wasn't real!"

Poor Alice would rather have been tortured by death squads than have released the soppy ballads Vince unleashed during his grab at the spotlight "Only Women Bleed," "I Never Cry" or "You and Me." But Alice was no longer in control. Drunk and obsessed, Vincent Furnier had set out to destroy Alice—the chicken-killing psycho. And he wasn't happy just destroying the legend, he hated Alice too much to let it go there. What Vince really wanted was to actually kill Alice—dead. Even if it meant killing Vincent Furnier, along with him.

"I went too far. The whole thing. I didn't want to work anymore. I didn't feel like going out and working. I didn't feel like recording. I just felt like drinking and watching TV."

Fortunately, one of the two realized they were dying fast and managed to check themselves into a hospital in White Plains, New York, to undergo the true horror of alcohol detoxification in 1978. Suddenly, everything that Alice Cooper had sung about, especially in "The Ballad of Dwight Frye," was now a reality. The irony was that it wasn't the madman Alice who got them into this mess, but the mild-mannered Vince.

"Yeah, it was probably Alice who got me into detox, because he's always been stronger. It was probably him saying, 'Look, I'm gonna keep going, if you're coming or not.' Alice has never cared what happened to me, all he cares about is getting onstage and performing, and detoxing was the way to get back onstage."

After the detox, Vince and Alice called a truce. Even when he fell off the wagon, from 1981 to the beginning of 1983, the Alice Cooper Machine continued on. Churning out product: albums like *Flush The Fashion*, *Special Forces*, *Zipper Catches Skin* and *Dada*. But now it was neither Vince nor Alice. This character that appeared in the name of Alice

was a generic pop star in search of an identity. A completely harmless rock'n'roll singer trying desperately to be bad, and not succeeding. Because Alice and Vince had better things to do, like trying to stay sober. In 1983, after another detox at Camelback Hospital in Arizona, it finally took.

The Furniers moved from Belair to Chicago, before finally settling in their winter house next to Barry Goldwater's home in Paradise Valley, Arizona. But the house held so many drinking memories for Vince that he had it razed and built a new one to make a fresh start. Now after 17 albums in 14 years, Alice and Vince needed a rest. Alice sat back and waited until he was strong enough to take over the world again. Meanwhile, he let Vince be Vince—going to church, worrying about the crabgrass.

"I'd go to PTA meetings and they'd think, oh, it's him, but when they saw me just being a parent, hanging the crepe paper in the gym with everyone else, we'd just talk about the football game on TV."

By 1986, Vince trusted Alice enough to introduce an entirely new generation to what had been so great about Alice to begin with. The comeback began with "The Nightmare Returns" tour. But it had been 10 years since *Billion Dollar Babies*, and while Alice could always blow 'em away onstage, the madman was a little rusty translating his visions to vinyl. Especially when he tried to cash in on the new wave of thrash- and hard-core-influenced heavy metal on his *Constrictor* and *Raise Your Fist and Yell* albums. But Alice never was heavy metal, he was the farthest reaches of hard rock. Then he found Desmond Child, the songwriter and producer whose credits include Aerosmith, Bon Jovi and Joan Jett.

"Whenever I found myself turning up the car radio, which was a very rare act, I always found myself listening to a Desmond Child song. So I contacted him and told him, 'Don't worry about the guitars or the image, let's just write some songs.'"

"Oh, the gates of Hell—they're really swell!!!!" Alice was singing to me, imitating a whining Satanic heavy metal band.

"Where do these bands come from?" he asked, staring into a vanity mirror, applying a little touch of eyeliner. We were waiting for the security guards to come and escort us to yet another record store, where another few hundred kids had been lined up for hours waiting to meet their hero.

"The gates of hell... I mean, come on guys, what are you talking about? Is this a personal thing in your life? Do they

think about this stuff all day long? You know, when you're trying to scare the shit out of somebody or excite them into madness, it's gotta be coming from the heart."

"Alice has something you can't describe. Jim Morrison had it. David Bowie has a lot of potential, but he doesn't kill himself. There's always gotta be that danger, so people think, 'What's he going to do next?' People that are worth looking at, for me, gotta have something volatile. Axl's got that. Guns N' Roses really intrigued me because there was something about them that reminded me of Alice Cooper. I heard a tape and I couldn't put my finger on it. Then I realized they sounded like they meant it! Like the Stones, like Alice, but those other guys out there singing, 'The gates of hell—they're really swell,' I think we're going to hafta give them an F."

Just then another five oversized ex-football players appeared at the bus door, and it was time for the huddle that would take us inside.

"Come on," Alice laughed, "Let's just take one more look at what Tiffany has done to our malis!"

And as we left the bus to run, inside the huddle of security, past of the hundreds of fans lined along the mall's entrance way, I had to ask Alice what he would have done if the devil appeared in the very beginning and offered him a deal.

"Nah, I never needed it," he laughed. "And the reason I went back to church is because I found that to really pull this off, I needed some part of me to be grounded in reality."

Somehow it started to make sense. For Alice the madman to work so well, Vince Furnier, son of a Baptist minister, had to grow up as the normal churchgoing wimp. He had to or he never would have had all those great fantasies about how to be such a thoroughly rotten human being. And for him to keep it going now, 20 years later, some part of him had to return to being the square. Because Vince/Alice had become so confused about who they were, they almost blew the whole show.

And after what they'd both been through, I couldn't help wondering if Vince would ever dare let Alice get that powerful again. Or if Alice, fed up with church and PTA, might make another try to seize total control. Yeah, today Vince and Alice are at peace, a rock'n'roll Jeckyll and Hyde, coexisting with mutual benefits so that they both get to live. But now that the madness was really back, with the *Trash* tour selling out across the country, I wondered how long the cease-fire would hold. Because you just knew that Alice Cooper would never really, really be satisfied with being Number One. What Alice really wants is to rule the world... again.



causing such a ruckus—a blatantly misleading and ineffective solution to the problem. It's like taking his toys and going home. The Beirut Agreement itself is not at fault. The Beirut Agreement is a great idea. It is the USIA's own restrictive guidelines and overzealous interpretation of the treaty which is at fault, and their thoroughly inconsistent and biased application of its principles

**D**ocumentary films by definition and by tradition are not big money-makers. They are not designed to be. They are designed to bring information on a wide range of subjects to the public, to express the point of view of the filmmakers about the subject. That is why the nations involved in the Beirut Agreement decided to set them apart from the highly competitive market of commercial films, giving them a financial break. Most documentary filmmakers literally spend years raising a few dollars here, a few dollars there to finish their projects. So paying extra costs on the distribution end in order to reach an international audience is simply out of the question for most—it certainly was for us

We must never underestimate the role of economic sanctions in censorship, in whatever form, institutionalized or otherwise. Even this magazine suffers threats of withdrawal from high-powered advertisers, for publishing articles which strongly express a point of view contrary to the advertiser's own.

Aside from the economic punishment, the stigma of being considered "propaganda" by our own government is poison in most foreign markets. One of our distributors in Canada—one of our prime markets—won't even accept uncensored films. This certainly would tend to skew the vision of the Canadian public in favor of the "everything's-fine-here" picture they are presented of the United States in USIA-approved films. It means they do not get to see Pamela Jones's and my point of view, though we are two members of the vast body of American citizens whose collective experience makes up the real character and truth of the nation.

Sometimes the customs duties are relatively small—sometimes, not always. And as the Justice Department is quick to point out, we are not being technically prevented from distributing our film abroad. But the point, ultimately, is this: that if it costs one American citizen one nickel more, or one breath more of effort, to express her point of view than it costs one other whose opinion squares more evenly with the current Administration—be it Republican or Democrat—then a grave danger is being posed to the First Amendment. It is the most basic freedom on which this country was founded, and it is what makes us most proud to be American citizens. To

see that right soiled in any way by the self-protective interests of the very agency designed to further the reach of that unique quality of American democracy, is a betrayal of the Constitution and the intent of the founders of this nation.

Which brings us to the point of patriotism. Somehow over the years in this country it has come to be seen as unpatriotic to criticize our government. Well, as I understand it, open criticism of government is the basis and foundation of the democratic system. That is the revolutionary ideal upon which this country was founded. So how did it get to be "subversive" to speak out against injustice, to speak one's mind about one's own government?


The First Amendment is assaulted every day in all sorts of subtle and insidious ways. This case is only one example among many. The USIA blacklist is another; the McCarran-Walter Act is the tool for a whole range of such violations. That act has been cited by the State Department to prevent countless writers and politicians from even entering the United States to speak—Gabriel Garcia Marquez, Carlos Fuentes, Italian playwright Dario Fo, Farley Mowat, Bernadette Devlin, Ruben Zamora and many others.

The Justice Department is quite active in these areas as well. The same Justice Department that defended the USIA in *Bullfrog v. Wick*, also banned from import three Canadian films in 1983, including one on the environmental effects of nuclear war, entitled "If You Love This Planet," which subsequently won an Academy Award.

A look at other federal agencies finds that just this year, the Office of Management and Budget rewrote the testimony of NASA scientist James Hansen to soften his frightening predictions on the greenhouse effect. Similarly, a few years earlier, a government official had been prohibited by Reagan's Secretary of Health and Human Services from testifying before the Senate Judiciary Committee on the dramatic decline in abortion-related illnesses due to legalized abortion. The list of violations of the right to free expression goes on and on.

Certainly there is nothing more important to a democratic nation than freedom of expression. Without it, all the other freedoms become eroded day by day by the really subversive people—the ones who would bury the truth; silence their opponents and compromise the safety and well-being of those around them to protect their image and their profits. If we can't criticize the nuclear industry as freely as others can praise it, or the military, or our institutions or our leaders, where will we eventually get? Obviously, the United States is not soon to become like China in its repression of its citizens. But repression begins somewhere, and the only weapon against repression is expression. Today it was me, tomorrow it could be you

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# Oh Boy,

## There's a Peter Fonda Movie on TV in 10 Minutes

Article by Michael Corcoran

Illustration by David Ricceri

**I**t was a great one. Everyone with their underwear on their heads. Lampshades. Volume on the Ramones pushed to eleven. But now it's time to call it a night. Yup, time for the sand man. But who's this guy sitting on the beer-soaked couch wanting the party to go on forever? The guy who reminds you of the "Saturday Night Live" sketch "The Thing That Wouldn't Leave"?

This lump of questionable humanity—invariably single, male and a former coin collector—is oblivious to everything except that carrot sticks don't taste half bad with bean dip. You exaggerate a yawn, stand at the door and tell him how much you enjoyed his visit. He wants to know if you have cable. The kid who never asked to be born has grown up into someone who thinks the world owes him a living room.

The easiest thing for you to do is to tell him he has to leave. The success rate of this method is very high, but then so is the percentage of hurt feelings. Many pathological overstayers are very nice people otherwise. Often they're such good friends that it's almost easier to put up with the inconvenience of their continued presence. If that's the case, you might want to try one of these harmless, more subtle ways to speed up their exit.

1

Play a Yoko Ono record at an annoying volume level (On).

2

Tell them you're going to put an obscure Ken Russell film in the VCR and they're welcome to stay as long as they watch the entire three hours. Considering what's at stake, you might want to add, "It's almost as good as Lisztomania."

3

Get a wild look in your eyes when you talk about Henry Rollins and use the word genius a lot.

4

Ask if he wants to play "Twister," the silliest game of all time, which explores new heights of embarrassment when only two people play.

5

Suggest a game of chess, then after setting up the board, admit that you don't know how to play. Ask him to show you how each piece moves and call the knight a "horsey," even after being corrected.

6

Ask him if he read that you called the Ku Klux Klan "a bunch of pussies" in the newspaper that morning.

7

Turn the Yoko Ono album over.

If the Unwanted One remains after all these steps, you might want to check their pulse. If he's obviously full of life and suggesting two out of three for the "Twister" title, don't blame me. You're the one who didn't want to hurt their feelings.





# Newport



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A close-up, artistic photograph of J&B Scotch Whisky bottles and glasses. In the foreground, a large, dark, polished metal shaker with a trigger spray nozzle is prominent. Behind it, several clear glass bottles of J&B whisky are visible, some with faceted stoppers. In the foreground, two cut-crystal glasses are partially filled with whisky. The background is a warm, golden-brown color with a subtle pattern. The large, stylized 'J&B' logo is overlaid on the left side of the image.

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